

# A Fool's Work Never Ends

Volume I:  
Only Fools Rush In Where  
Angels Fear to Tread



**Good luck trying to kill our ego, but perhaps there are ways to help it send less May Day distress signals**



That hair piece was given to me by a good friend in Key West, who felt it needed a good home.

I seem to be getting nudges to post more regularly at this blogspot, which hatched in 2017 after [goodmorningkeywest.com](http://goodmorningkeywest.com) and [goodmorningfloridakeys.com](http://goodmorningfloridakeys.com) were recalled by the factory. The title of this blog, A Fool's Work Never Ends, seems to fit my often stranger than fiction meanderings.

It's not just because I clerked for a federal judge who presided over every federal criminal prosecution in north Alabama that I keenly follow the criminal prosecution of Donald Trump's pecker in a New York State Court in Manhattan. I enjoy watching his Christian supporters in the U.S. Congress and across America keep trying to pretend God and Jesus trust in Trump as much as they do.

After receiving today's Erik Rittenberry's Poetic Outlaws Substack newsletter, where truth, beauty, love, irony, irreverence, etc. still breathe

pretty good, I took a nap and dreamed of sex and woke up and wrote a comment which gets to that topic deep in the comment, and has do with with the spiritual sage G.I. Gurdjeff, mentioned by Alan Watts.



### **Transcending Yourself**

By: Alan Watts

POETIC OUTLAWS

MAY 01, 2024



*The following is a brief segment of a lecture Alan Watts gave on **The Psychedelic Experience**.*

The following is a brief segment of a lecture Alan Watts gave on The Psychedelic Experience.

In a way, all consciousness-expanding drugs have something to do with death. Why?

Because all spiritual disciplines are, as Jung pointed out, preparations for death. And every spiritual discipline involves a form of death, that is to say, of what is called dying to one's self; what the Christians call dying daily, or being identified with the crucifixion of Christ.

In the famous words of St. Paul, "I'm crucified with Christ, yet I live. But not I, for it is Christ that lives in me." That is to say, he also uses the phrase "being baptized into Christ's death."

Now, that's all very funny language to the modern mind, but it is a commonplace of these spiritual disciplines that what you do in them is die in the midst of life: you are born again a second time. And that death refers to the death of the ego—that is to say, you leave behind the state of consciousness in which you thought you were no more than an isolated individual center of consciousness.

That drops back.

And so, in that sense, you've died. And spiritual disciplines very often involve, as an aid to that, the contemplation of death. We think it's rather ghoulish nowadays, but monks used to keep skulls on their desks.

Buddhists meditate in graveyards. Hindu yogis meditate beside the burning ghats on the banks of the Ganges, where they are always confronted with death, knowing: this is going to happen to me.

Gurdjieff once said that if anything would possibly save mankind from its idiocy, it would be the clearest possible recognition by every individual that he and all others around him are most certainly going to die.

Because this, when it becomes something perfectly clear to you, surprisingly becomes a source of intense joy and vitality. Because when you have accepted your own death in the midst of life, it means that you've let go of yourself, and you are therefore free.

You are not any longer plagued by worry and anxiety. You know that you're done for anyhow. So there's no need constantly to fight to protect yourself—because what's the point?

And it isn't just, you see, that people spend all their time really doing something to protect themselves—like, say, taking out an insurance policy or seeing that they eat properly—it's what we do that doesn't issue in any action at all: the constant inner worry, which leads to no action except more worry. And that is what is given up, you see, by a person who really knows that he's dead.

So do you see that transcending yourself, going on beyond your ego, is the great preparation for death?

### **Sloan Bashinsky**

Alan Watts was refreshing.

I think, though, without the ego, we would cease to function, for the ego is what does what we do after we wake up each morning :-).

As for using psychedelics, many people have done that, and many people do it now. What happened to me was au naturel, which quite a few people I knew, who had used psychedelics, could not believe.

Over time, I learned there are critters out there in the other realms, some very nasty, others opportunistic, that are pleased to hop onto psychedelic travelers and return to earth with them and be with them indefinitely. I told some people about that, and that it might be safer for them to trip with an adept shaman leading interference, who knows a bit about what's out there and how to deal with it.

From all I read and heard and personally experienced, the spiritual path is the ego grows up, changes, as life's servings show up- or that does not happen, and people stay the same- or maybe even regress, and I think that is what reincarnation is about.

Saying it another way, my experience is the spiritual path is becoming someone new, reborn, so to speak, but not in the quick born again sense mainstream Christianity panders. In my wanderings, it wasn't just one death of the old, but many, many deaths of the old. Along the way, I heard or read somewhere, "When we ruin our reputation, we can be free."

For it certainly does take a heap of effort to defend a reputation. And, it certainly does take a great deal of effort to try to be someone we are not, which our social, religious, political, educational upbringing made us become.

Re Gurdjieff quoted by Watts, I got involved with a Gurdjieff group in my hometown Birmingham, Alabama, via my publicist for my early books, which were written for people buying and selling homes and using lawyers. The leader of the group, about my father's age, was a physician. He and his students referred to Gurdjieff as "Mr. Gurdjeiff". Over time, I read and was fascinated by Gurdjieff's books, *Meetings With Remarkable Men*, *Beelzebub's Tales to his Grandchildren*, and *Life Is Only Real Then, When I Am*, which ended in mid-sentence, because he died before completing it.

In *Beelzebub's Tales*, Gurdjieff is himself when he was young and not very far along and himself after some ego adjusting. Beelzebug says humans are three-brain beings: a brain in the skull, a brain in the heart, and a brain in the solar plexus. He describes several saints who tried to help humanity, some well known, others not. He says, of all of those saints, the one whose teachings has the best chance of helping humanity is St. Jesus. When I mentioned that to my publicist, she looked like she had been jolted by a cattle prod.

When I lived in Boulder, Colorado in the early 1990s, the heavens opened to me in many ways, mostly brilliant, but some not at all pretty. Looking back, two poems that leaped out of me jump-started it.

### "Living Poets"

Dead poets are poets who never write

Who obey shoulds and oughts

Who live to please others

Who value money over God

Who die without ever having lived

Death is their mark

Dead poets are remembered by the living.

Living poets are remembered by time

Dead poets never sing their song

Living poets never stop singing it

The difference between the two is this:

One worships fear, the other life

To be a dead poet is hard

It requires being someone else

To be a living poet is easy

It only means being myself

One choice is hell, the other heaven

That is what is meant by free will

(1991)

"The Mockingbird"

I happened upon a mockingbird

singing its fool head off –

I asked it how and why it sang?

But all it did was look ahead,

all it did was sing.

It never turned to see if I was watching,

or listened for money jingling in my pockets,

or asked if I liked its music,

or expected a recording contract –

It was too busy singing

to pay any attention to me.

Thus did I learn

the greatest sin of all

is to kill a mockingbird.

(1992)

The really rough stuff, internally and externally, would show up after I moved back to Birmingham in 1995. Not quite as rough has continued to now, but the never-ending course in mirrors angels imposed on me began in Boulder.



In Boulder, I read the fascinating book *On a Spaceship With Beelzebub: By a Grandson of Gurdjieff*, by professional writer David Kherdian. The book is about his Kherdian's time in a Gurdjieff group in New York City, and what it was like to leave that group, what he learned about doing The Work, which is what spiritual work is called in esoterica circles, and about Kherdian's time later with a Gurdjieff group in the Pacific Northwest of America, and what it was like to leave that group. As Kherdian described it, it looked to me like leaving a cult, and it was pretty interesting what he wrote about how the two group leaders behaved over his leaving them.

The main thing I took away from the Gurdjieff group in Birmingham and Khedian about The Work was, when something punches my buttons, I should try not to react, and I should try to sit with the emotions, because it strengthens my will over time. My publicist in Birmingham told me that patience is the mother of will. That also is the method presented in *A Course in Miracles*, which says anyone really acting out is actually screaming for help!

I bumped into that stewing in emotions method many times in situations with people on the spiritual path, and I thought that method explained why Jesus spoke of turning the other cheek and loving and praying for one's enemies. Lot easier said than done, of course.

In Boulder, I met a man and a woman involved in a Gurdjieff spin-off group. The man was a lawyer, and one day he told me his dream had come true via the group leader, who was a man, becoming his partner. The woman came to me hoping I could help her wean from that group, and when she eventually asked me if I was coming on to her sexually, I said I was married and had all on my plate in that regard that I could handle. My sense was she was sexually involved in the group, and she was having a hard time leaving it, but she wanted to leave it. How it finally turned out for her, I don't know.

I met people people, who had belonged to different spiritual groups in which the group leader, eg. guru, had sex with his/her students. Those people seemed to me to be really struggling with being who they really were. it was as if they were possessed by their teacher, and getting over that was not easy, or for some of them even possible.

After moving back to Birmingham from Key West in 2019, I met the granddaughter of the man who led the Gurdjieff group in Birmingham. She told me that it was well known in Gurdjieff circles that he produced babies with his female students. I grinned and said I wondered why I never heard about that when I was in the group? She grinned and said they felt it was disrespectful to “Mr. Gurdjieff” to speak of it.

As for using psychedelics, many people have done that, and many people do it now. What happened to me was au natural, which quite a few people I knew, who had used psychedelics, I could not believe.

Over time, I learned there are critters out there in the other realms, some very nasty, others opportunistic, that are pleased to hop onto psychedelic travelers and return to earth with them and be with them indefinitely. I told some people about that, and that it might be safer for them to trip with an adept shaman leading interference, who knows a bit about what’s out there and how to deal with it.

I wonder how many MAGA women secretly wish Donald Trump would have sex with them?



In 2004, I highjacked *Meetings With Remarkable Men's* title for *A Few Remarkable Alabama People I Have Known*, which got attaboys from most people I knew, who read it, which wasn't how my other books about the spiritual path were generally received by people I knew, who read them :-). The "He Was a Parish Priest" chapter is about the pastor of my mother's Episcopal Church, who told his vestrymen, if they turned away blacks who wanted to worship at the church, he would close the church. A free read, no ads, no soliciting, at the internet library, [https://archive.org/details/a-few-remarkable-alabama-people-i-have-known\\_202210](https://archive.org/details/a-few-remarkable-alabama-people-i-have-known_202210), and at its blogspot, <https://afewremarkablealabamapeople.blogspot.com/2019/11/a-few-remarkable-alabama-people-i-have.html>

**Greetings American Christians from the Melchizedek priesthood, in which  
Jesus was high priest**



Yesterday evening, I talked with my friend Bob on the telephone about watching an episode of The Vikings on Netflix, in which a young boy was killed by marauders and my heart started heaving and I felt the presence of my son who died of crib death in the the 7th week of his life, which so unhinged me that I was never able to fit myself in to the plans my parents and their parents and I had made for me, and i went off and had an entirely

different life about which I wrote many books, which are free reads at the internet library, archive.org, thanks to Bob.

I had told Bob of sometimes feeling that metaphysical experiences with my son actually were experiences with what i was raised to call the son of God, Jesus in the Gospels.

Yesterday evening was pretty topsy turvy, and I was not feeling well, and around 8 pm I laid down on my bed wondering if, given my experience while watching The Vikings, if my time was up?

Around 3 a.m. this morning, I woke up and texted Bob:

Fell asleep on my bed around 8, wondering if my time was up? I awoke around 3 out of a dream in which I was the new police chief in some town on or near the Florida Gulf coast, I told a woman I was a lawyer, who didn't charge money. I'm wondering what that's about? Heavy Wait? Port St. Joe? Panama City? My Helen, Georgia friend, JE, who met me when I was hitichinking in 2001. after I was dome writing Heavy Wat in the Helen library, was on St. George ilsland last week.

Set in Birmingham, Port. St. Joe, Apalachicola, and St. Georgie Island, Florida. *Heavy Wait: A Strange Tale*, is about a Birmingham lawyer named Riley Strange, and two very different women, who look like twin sisters, who together had some seriously intense experiences with God and church people, who thought they knew everything there is to know about God.

After texting Bob, I crawled out of bed and looked at my email and saw:

**PERSONALITY DISORDERED** followed you on Substack

I was brought back to life. Not by medical miracle nor my own strength. Isaiah 40:31 - but those who hope in the Lord will renew their strength. They will soar on wings like eagles; they will run and not grow weary, they will walk and not be faint.

I went to her substack and found at the top:

**Have you been called by the Holy Spirit lately?**

**PERSONALITY DISORDERED**

APR 2

I feel I've been called by the Holy Spirit to come back to Christ. I answered that call in a heartbeat.

Has anyone else noticed a supernatural shift lately?

**PERSONALITY DISORDEREDApr 2**

Regrettably, all my life was lived as a lukewarm Christian. It was only recently I discovered biblical seminars on YouTube. Primarily Bible study focused. I never understood the parables in the Bible until I started watching these. It was as if everything just clicked and suddenly, as a revelation on its own I grasped it!

Likened to an automatic download, the information was infused into my body, heart, soul and spirit. Since I don't have a church to go to as of yet, I continue to use audiobooks about the word of God, Jesus' life before/during his teachings and the Gospels of John, Paul (all the apostles).

I truly feel throughout my life, there were so many times I was being called by the Lord and Holy Spirit but I didn't recognise it.

After sustaining a life changing spinal injury, it took away my sanity too. For the mind is susceptible to deception, especially in times of conflict/crisis. I allowed anger, grief and frustration to take hold of me. In the destitute state I fell into there was no room for faith in our Father, Jesus and the Holy Spirit to dwell upon me. The cadaverous influence that entered my life was malevolent and most certainly contributed to a multitude of strongholds which consumed any hope for my future. Then a miracle came.

Through repentance and prayer, I sought forgiveness for all of my transgressions and sins. I surrendered and submitted my body, heart, soul, mind and spirit to God.

As if was being prepared for this amazing spiritual awakening seven years ago (which is quite prophetic in itself), I finally removed myself from a violent, abusive relationship that plagued me for five years. I also abstained from all fornication, alcohol, drugs and completely cut out all negative, demonic influence from my life.

So seven years on, I feel emphatically that it's so important to share my testimony. My journey on here began before I was called upon by the most merciful and loving God.

In keeping with sharing my journey living alongside mental illness, that facet of this publication won't change. In addition going forward, I'll be including the spiritual transformations in my life.

For the first time my spirit is fired up for the Lord. The truth is the minute I was reminded of the word, I came out of the enemy's strategy of deception and was supernaturally guided back to scripture.

These days I have a completely new perspective of life. I am blessed, highly spirited, motivated and inspired to share how the unconditional love and forgiveness of our Lord and Saviour can truly transform your life too!

For many years searching for answers, the Genesis of my pain.

Through the Trinitarian guidance I've received, I realise the answer was right in front of my face all along. I'm beginning a new journey, and this time I have an advantage. I have the armour of God.

I figured that was what my dream was about, and I subscribed to her newsletter and took a while replying to her post.

### **Sloan Bahsinsky**

Interesting. In my spirit code, 7 is the mark of God on a person or an event. Paul went through an intense time of preparation before he was sent back into the world. Peter, also. Other of the 12 known men disciples, as well. The women disciples, well, that's not talked about much in Christendom :-). I'll get to that in a bit.

I am pretty sure I dreamed about you about an hour ago, and I woke up thinking the dream might be about my novel Heavy Wait: A Strange Tale, not for the faint of heart, a free read at the free internet library,

archive.org. The redneck heroine in that tale had some really awful experiences in her backwoods Christian family, including being raped repeatedly by one of her brothers and being made out to be crazy by her family, after she started talking about it, and she got locked up and fortunately the psychiatrist didn't believe her family entirely. But she needed a great deal more help than the psychiatrist could provide, and that's where the hero came into the story, after his heart had been ripped out of him and run through a wood chipper by the love of his life suddenly dying and he had his own time with a psychiatrist in a facility, who figured out there was something a lot bigger than psychiatry going on with his patient.

Heavy Wait fell out of me in about 6 weeks on a public library computer in Helen, Georgia. I was homeless, and the library let me use one of its desktops to write the tale, which very definitely is not for the faint of heart, and was not entirely all made up. The Preface tells how I was led by the Spirit to write the tale.

Last year, I wrote Heavy Wait's sequel, Return of the Strange. Also not for the faint of heart.

Both novels are free reads at the free internet library, archive.org, which is run and funded by American colleges. You might be asked if you are sure you want to open that website, which is used by people all over the world to read out of print books and books by authors who offer their books for free. The free library's digitized books can be read in at least 33 languages, including English.

To bring up my dozen or so books, enter Sloan Bashinsky in the search space and press Enter, and icon links for the books come up and clicking on their icon opens them. My books are averaging about 10,000 complete reads, per book, per month.

My books at archive.org, and my Susttaack writings, and my blogs, granffossil.blogspot.com, redneckmysticlawyerforpresident.blogspot.com, and afoolsworkeverends.blogspot.com, are for grown ups.

I tell Christians, to the extent they live as Jesus in the Gospels lived, they are saved by him, and they should not forget he said in the Gospels, many are called, but few are chosen, and they should not



forget he did not baptize in water, but in fire and spirit he baptized, and that was the baptism he lived in the Gospels, and how people live is far more important than what they say and believe.

I wrote to you elsewhere that I was grabbed by Jesus and Michael in early 1987, after I had figured out that church Christianity and the New Age and moving out west had not helped me, and I was desperate and prayed to God to help me and offered my life to human service.

How those two grabbed me was, they woke me up in the wee hours and I saw them hovering above me in the darkness, but did not know who they were, but I thought they were angels, white, shaped like shifts, no wings that I saw, and I heard, "This will push you to your limits, but you asked for it, and we are going to give it to you, and I saw a white flash and was physically and otherwise jolted by something electrical, and that happened two more times, and I was sweating and shaking in my body, and the two faded out, and that was how it started.

The changes came slowly at first. I was moved to another city, met a new woman, and had a vision about writing a book about practicing law in a new way, and I tried to write the book and wrote garbage many times, but eventually stuff happened and I actually did start writing the book, and the two used that process and various editors I was provided to force me to take many long hard looks at myself in the mirror, and one fearless and searching personal inventory after another became the core of the discipline, still in progress at 81 years and climbing.

I experienced many wondrous things, a number of what sure looked like miracles to me. I was ever aware of the two's presence, via dreams, revelations, ah has, body and sensory sensations, some were brutal- corrections, spankings, redirections, etc. Eventually, the two were joined by what I called Rosa Myytca. Then came Melchizedek, and then Kali, in the Hindu tradition. I learned Kali really doesn't care for how men think.

I was told it is very easy to mistake Lucifer for the Holy Spirit, and I was given many experiences to show me why that was true, inside of me and outside of me, in other people, in the world's goings on. Every

person has a demonic twin, and coming to terms with that is part of the journey. Jesus wrestled with his demonic twin in the wilderness and thereafter, but that is not discussed in churches, where the Devil is pleased to hide in plain view, but is not seen usually.

I was sent into churches and various other situations, and then into politics. I came to view everywhere I was, I was in church, which is how it was for Jesus in the Gospels, and for Paul, and Peter, and for other disciples known in the Gospels and not known there. A number of disciples were women, the most prominent was Mary Magdalene, Jesus's wife, mother of his child, but you'll never get Christendom to acknowledge that. Every person in Christendom should read the book, Holy Blood, Holy Grail, which is about their child and its bloodline.

In 1992, as I recall, this came to me from very far away, very slowly.

Melchizedek

Melchizedek is an Order of angel that comes to a planet in trouble to prepare it to receive the Christ

Christ does not come to a planet without Melchizedek

Mary Magdalene was of the Order Melchizedek

In 1999, I was told to read the Letter to the Hebrews, which generally is viewed as being written by an unknown author. I was told Magdalene wrote it, and she did not put her name on it, because it was known that no man would read anything a woman said or wrote about God, Jesus, etc. Hebrews was written to Jews who had accepted Christ, but had fallen back to their old ways, because the discipline was so rugged. They were told they should be teaching, they should be eating meat, but they were still drinking milk. They were urged to return to the cleansing of the Lord, which I was experiencing in spades at that point of time in my life, and it was awful, and it was completely beyond the ken of psychiatry, medicine and church Christianity. Hebrews is about being turned into a priest after the Order Melchizedek forever, in which Order Jesus is a high priest. That priesthood is recognized in the Catholic, Episcopal, Lutheran and

Mormon sects, but is not really understood by anyone in those sects, who does not experience the training. Women are just as welcome as men in that training, which is about dying and becoming someone else entirely.

In Judaism, the Spirit of God is called Shekinah, female gender. Christendom made the Holy Spirit male. In the Old Testament, Wisdom is assigned the female gender. In the Old Testament is said, fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. The Star of David is the universal symbol of the Melchizedek Order. Jesus was a Jew. Jewish men in that day had a solemn duty to God, to marry and make children. Jesus said in Gethsemane, not his will, but God's will be done. There is nothing in Paul's letters about him being married or having children. He preached men were above women in relationship to Christ. He preached celibacy. His thorn in the flesh was he was gay, and every woman around him knew it.

Judas, who also was of the Order Melchizedek, did precisely what Jesus asked him to do. If Judas had not killed himself, he would have taken over where Jesus left off, and we might never have heard of Paul, whom Christendom quotes far more than it quotes Jesus, in my experience, because Paul is a bit easier to swallow and digest? Judas was not in favor of making miracles, because he felt they distracted from the steep and narrow Jesus was teaching. Today, Christendom has a fast miracle salvation formula, which is not the formula Jesus lived and taught in the Gospels.

only fools rush in where angels fear to tread...



Ok, youngugs, ole Grandfossils' not sure how to wrap all of the tales up today, perhaps something beautiful and raw from Erik Rittenberry's Poetic Outlaws and my an another reader's discussion of it:



## Stanley Kunitz: A Poem has Secrets that the Poet Knows Nothing Of

APR 17, 2024

*"The deepest thing I know is that I am living and dying at once, and my conviction is to report that dialogue."*

— *Kunitz*

Stanley Kunitz is certainly one of the greatest American poets of the 20th century.

He received numerous awards for his poetry, including the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry twice (in 1959 and 2005). His works often explored the vital kinship between nature and the human experience. He had a profound awareness of the natural world and often used it as a metaphor for human emotions and the passage of time.

Kunitz's poetry is steeped with images of loss and regeneration, aging and mortality, and a sense of grappling with the ultimate questions of spirituality and transcendence.

Before we get into Kunitz's most notable poem, "King of the River," I wanted to share with you what inspired him to write this profound piece. This poem explores the cyclical nature of life, the passage of time, the spiritual dimensions of an "upstream" struggle, and "the inexorable process" of his own fate.

Below is a brief exchange Kunitz had with an interviewer who asked him how this brilliant poem came into being.

Hope you enjoy it.

**Interviewer:** My favorite poem of yours is "King of the River," and I believe my reason is that the salmon, ostensibly the subject of the poem, is half-fish, half-Kunitz. Could we talk a little about how the poem came into being?

**Kunitz:** What triggered "King of the River," I recall, was a brief report in *Time* of some new research on the aging process of the Pacific salmon. I wrote the poem in Provincetown one fall—my favorite writing season. The very first lines came to me with their

conditional syntax and suspended clauses, a winding and falling movement.

The rest seemed to flow, maybe because I'm never very far from the creature world. Some of my deepest feelings have to do with plants and animals. In my bad times they've sustained me. It may be pertinent that I experienced a curious elation while confronting the unpleasant reality of being mortal, the inexorable process of my own decay. Perhaps I had managed to "distance" my fate—the salmon was doing my dying for me.

A poem has secrets that the poet knows nothing of. It takes on a life and a will of its own. It might have proceeded differently—towards catastrophe, resignation, terror, despair—and I still would have to claim it.

Valéry said that poetry is a language within a language. It is also a language beyond language, a meta-medium—that is, metabolic, metaphoric, metamorphic. A poet's collected work is his book of changes. The great meditations on death have a curious exaltation. I suppose it comes from the realization, even on the threshold, that one isn't done with one's changes.

### **The King of the River**

If the water were clear enough,  
if the water were still,  
but the water is not clear,  
the water is not still,  
you would see yourself,  
slipped out of your skin,  
nosing upstream,  
slapping, thrashing,

tumbling  
over the rocks  
till you paint them  
with your belly's blood:  
Finned Ego,  
yard of muscle that coils,  
uncoils.

If the knowledge were given you,  
but it is not given,  
for the membrane is clouded  
with self-deceptions  
and the iridescent image swims  
through a mirror that flows,  
you would surprise yourself  
in that other flesh  
heavy with milt,  
bruised, battering toward the dam  
that lips the orgiastic pool.

Come. Bathe in these waters.  
Increase and die.

If the power were granted you  
to break out of your cells,  
but the imagination fails

and the doors of the senses close  
on the child within,  
you would dare to be changed,  
as you are changing now,  
into the shape you dread  
beyond the merely human.  
A dry fire eats you.  
Fat drips from your bones.  
The flutes of your gills discolor.  
You have become a ship for parasites.  
The great clock of your life  
is slowing down,  
and the small clocks run wild.  
For this you were born.  
You have cried to the wind  
and heard the wind's reply:  
"I did not choose the way,  
the way chose me."

You have tasted the fire on your tongue  
till it is swollen black  
with a prophetic joy:  
"Burn with me!  
The only music is time,  
the only dance is love."



If the heart were pure enough,  
but it is not pure,  
you would admit  
that nothing compels you  
any more, nothing  
at all abides,  
but nostalgia and desire,  
the two-way ladder  
between heaven and hell.  
On the threshold  
of the last mystery,  
at the brute absolute hour,  
you have looked into the eyes  
of your creature self,  
which are glazed with madness,  
and you say  
he is not broken but endures,  
limber and firm  
in the state of his shining,  
forever inheriting his salt kingdom,  
from which he is banished  
forever.

**Sloan Bashinsky**

That poor salmon,  
what did it do

to deserve  
reminding the poet of his  
own self? :-)

### **Ethan**

Try it the other way, what did the poet do to feel that his self resembled a salmon? 😊

### **Sloan Bashinsky**

Or, what the poet didn't do, which caused him to feel he was no different from a salmon that did what it had to do? :-)

### **Ethan Summers**

Truth is Sloan, that you asked a very good question. I didn't manage to understand the poem until I started to think how to answer to you. So, imagine that you'd be slowly, gradually, morphing into a salmon trying to swim against the stream towards your birthplace, and then try to read the poem with the eyes of a fish. Ultimately read the title and you might just feel poet's admiration for those who against all hardships, battered, with the blood dripping from their belly, fight to their last breath against the current, only to meet their fate, unwavering, almost defiant in their steadiness

### **Sloan Bashinsky**

Erik's title is what caused me to post my question:

"A Poem has Secrets that the Poet Knows Nothing Of".

Kinda reminds me of the heart has its own reasons that reason cannot know.

It Kunitiz didn't uncover the poem's secrets, how can we?

The Sockeye, or any saltwater-freshwater salmon, makes that arduous return because its genes demand it, it has no choice in the matter, and it reaches its spawning ground, or dies trying, naturally, or killed by a fisherman, bear or eagle.

There's a religious theme in this poem, heaven and hell, and swimming against a current without assistance of greater knowledge, perception, awareness, understanding, by rote, a computer program, like a salmon. Or a lemming, as each salmon has the same genes as its own kind driving it.

Salmon are herd creatures, they do not deviate, until they are killed, or they die of exhaustion, although some kinds of salmon do not die spawning, such as the Atlantic salmon and the Siberia salmon, I think.

### **Ethan**

True, I wonder though, are we more free than the salmon is, or just as constrained by our genetic structure as it is? Is our freedom a real or just an illusion?

### **Sloan Bashinsky**

The salmon and human genetic codes are one thing, human social, religious, political, educational programming, egos and karma are something else altogether. 😎

### **Ethan**

Obviously, our world is far more complex than the one of a fish for our body is a far more complex machine and has a far more complicated structure than the one of a fish.

What I suspect though is that our emotions could be entirely explained by the work of hormones combined with the amount of oxygen delivered to the brain. Little modifications in how the hormones work,

anomalies, malfunctions and you have a different individual altogether. My thought is that we are not as free as we think we are, and in this regard we subtly resemble that fish after all.

But even in those conditions, the title of the article is challenging indeed, just as you said, and could easily be the object of a separate discussion 😊

### **Sloan Bashinsky**

For the reasons you and I stated, for most people, freedom is an illusion. Look at the qualifiers in the poem, mocking freedom.



In early 2004, I started attending a very different kind of church service in an office building. No collection plate was passed. Each Sunday, someone different spoke for a little while, and the meeting ended.

One day, someone else came forward at the end and said, “Close your eyes and ask what you can do to best serve God?”

I closed my eyes and saw a beautiful white quill writing pen, tears came to my eyes, and got up out of my chair and walked out of there and drove home.

That night, sitting in the easy chair in my and my wife’s bedroom, staring out the window at large, bare-limbed black willow tree in moonlight, I opened my writing journal and put my pen on the pater and one word came, and another word came, and I started balling my eyes out, as more words came, each a poem, but not cast into verse, and that went on for several weeks, and then it slowed down, and then it stopped.

Here are two of the poems, which I remember verbatim.

He is the paper, the ink his blood, the pen his soul, and the poet is God.

Although he sometimes tries to write fiction, every character is a character in himself, ever plot a plot a plot in himself- there are no surprises, only his to discover parts of himself he has lost, forgotten, thrown away, or ever even knew were there. Perhaps in that way he and God are somewhat alike- they both create to discover just who and what they really are.

Then, this fell out of me:

Only fools rush in  
Where angels fear to tread,  
But if there were no fools,  
Who'd lead the angels?

That evening, I felt something huge and wonderful-feeling trying to wiggle its way into me. It was a really tight fit. There were lots of tears. that went on for about two weeks.

Every morning I took the same walk of about 4 miles.

This particular morning, when I reached the turn around point and headed home, I felt angels' presence, and then I heard in my thoughts, "This thing coming into you is your angel twin. All people have an angel twin, and yours will live out this life with you."

I thought, "That's neat!"

Then, I heard, "By the way, this is your son."

I nearly collapsed to the ground.

My 7-week-old son had died of sudden infant death syndrome just before I entered my last semester at the University of Alabama School of Law in Tuscaloosa. His death had so unhinged me that I was not able to fit myself into the plans and molds my father and this father

and my mother had made for me, nor into any plans and molds I had made for me.

In 1988, I had gone to his unmarked grave several times carrying a yellow peace rose like the one on his simple oak coffin. I cried oceans of tears and snot at his unmarked grave. When no more tears and snot came, I had the cemetery put a marker on his grave, on which was engraved: "Infant Son: He opened out hearts and set us on our journey."

I put all of those poems into a floppy disc document and took it to a copy center and they made it into a saddle stitch pamphlet, which I named *A Crazy Person's Bible*. I was anonymous. I gave away hundreds of copies by leaving them in cardboard boxes at a city mall.

Many years later, after my [goodmorningkeywest.com](http://goodmorningkeywest.com), [gooddoodmorningfloridakeys.com](http://gooddoodmorningfloridakeys.com) and [goodmorningbirmingham.com](http://goodmorningbirmingham.com) went to a cyber cemetery, I created [afoorldworkneverends.blogspot.com](http://afoorldworkneverends.blogspot.com) and started writing their most days.

I wrote there after I moved from Key West back to Alabama in late 2018, and I continued writing there through the Covid-19 shutdown.

By then, I had reverted the first half of the blog posts to draft.

Then, I started new blogspots, which became books at [archive.org](http://archive.org).

Yesterday, I felt it might be time to return to writing at [afoolsworkneverends.blogspot.com](http://afoolsworkneverends.blogspot.com), because its title fits me better than anything else.

Having said that, I wonder what's next?

What can I do to best serve God?

Meanwhile, from *The Christian Science Monitor* today:

**She's worth \$1 billion, but can Taylor Swift write poetry? We ask experts.**

Do poems and lyrics serve the same function in art? Or are they entirely different mediums? We asked poets (and Swift fans) for their analysis of Taylor Swift's wordsmithing.

Taylor Swift's new album, "The Tortured Poets Department," comes out April 19.

By Stephen Humphries Staff writer  
@steve\_humphries

Taylor Swift occupies a position in popular culture that makes Beatlemania seem like a passing fad. Her every move is scrutinized.

The April 19 release of her new album has been shrouded in a blackout. No advance singles. Zero interviews. But Ms. Swift's 11th LP does appear to follow a poetic theme. The album's tagline is "All's fair in love and poetry." It's being released during National Poetry Month.

Consequently, "The Tortured Poets Department" is heating up a debate that's been simmering since before Bob Dylan won the Nobel Prize for literature in 2016: Can lyrics qualify as poetry?

Historically, poems were often performed aloud with musical accompaniment. The etymology of "lyric poetry" is the Greek word *lyrikos*, which means "singing to the lyre."

"There are people out there who would argue that a pop star can't be a poet," says Elly McCausland, who teaches the "Literature (Taylor's Version)" course at Ghent University in Belgium. "She's deliberately pushing back against that and also asking us to examine our own attitudes. What is poetry? What can poetry be?"

Any damn thing it wants to be, Elly. Any damn thing it wants to be.

For who, yes please tell me, just who invented the rule that poetry must rhyme, have pentameter, be cast into verse? Surely it wasn't the maker of

the first stone- otherwise there'd be no stones to break all those slaving rules!!!



**Reincarnation? Or die and burn forever in hell if you aren't a Christian?**

Sometimes it's fun take a break from the hard rock pile and yank a few chains.

From religion.com yesterday:

**Indigo/Child5550**

**Evidence of reincarnation? I think not.**

I quite often hear from people who believe in reincarnation that they have "memories" of past lives, sometimes in dreams, or in vivid visions in their heads, or revealed through regressive hypnosis.

I take no stand on whether reincarnation actually exists. Maybe it does and maybe it doesn't.

But this I will say for certain: those evidences prove absolutely nothing. How do I know? Because I have those experiences, and they cannot possibly all be true, because the time periods overlap. Let me give just a couple of examples:

1. I once had a series of recurring dreams that I was a Jewish man in an upstairs room, wearing spectacles and reading. The first thing I heard was dogs barking. The sound of glass shattering. Boots, boots on the

stairs. Pounding on my door. The door explodes inward with a deafening crash that I can still hear today. A lot of very painful things happened next that I prefer not to share. It is one of the most terrifying dreams I ever had. I would wake up, go back to sleep, and find myself back in the same dream. This went on for days. It was only years later that it clicked for me that this was a dream about Kristallnacht.

2. I also have had many dreams, both sleeping and awake, of being a thin man, an author, at a table outside a Paris cafe. The tweed suit, turtleneck sweater, and beret I'm wearing indicate the 1930's. I compulsively smoke cigarettes and drink gin or whisky. I think about the meaninglessness of my existence. My mentality is defined by disillusionment. I cannot tell you how disturbing this was when I would wake up, or how dark it felt. I'm quite certain these images were inspired by Sartre, whose novels I read as a young adult.

Since both dreams happen in the thirties, they cannot possibly both be memories of past lives. it doesn't matter than in both cases it is extremely vivid, that I can even smell the humidity or the food, or feel the breeze on my face. It's simply impossible that these are past lives.

Moving to my next point. Using hypnosis for regression, either into past events of this life or into so-called past lives, is absolutely notorious for creating false memories. The individual tends to see whatever they think the therapist wants to hear, and then they assume that these visions are actual memories.

We had a big Satanic scare in the 90s, where everyone thought Satanic covens were kidnapping children, molesting them, and sacrificing them. All sorts of people were saying they had seen these things. But when the FBI investigated extensively, they found there was no truth at all to it. Some had false memories either due to hypnosis or due to leading interrogations by police and others. Others were lying for attention or due to mental problems. A few were outright hallucinating. So we had 100s of eyewitnesses to something that never happened at all.

Next point. Stop and consider for a moment how many people "remember" they are Julius Caesar or Joan of Arc. They cannot all have been the same people in the past. And isn't it curious that these "memories" are always of very famous people in history. At least most of my dreams of the past are of insignificant people, like a black slave girl running through the field, or an

ordinary woman in a Puritan village picking out cloth for a dress. I think my Sartre dream is the only one with a recognizable person from history.

So no. For all the above reasons, vividly "remembering" past lives is not evidence of reincarnation.

### **Redneck Mystic**

Consider in the Gospels, Jesus gave sight to a man who was born blind, and then:

**John 9:1-5** His disciples asked Him, "Rabbi (Teacher), who sinned, this man or his parents, that he would be born blind?" Jesus answered, "Neither this man nor his parents sinned, but it was so that the works of God might be displayed and illustrated in him.

Jesus did not tell his disciples their question was wrong, but that there was a different reason. How could the man have sinned before he was born, if not in a previous life?

Consider also hidden in plain view in the Gospels:

**Matthew 17:**

10 The disciples asked him, “Why then do the teachers of the law say that Elijah must come first?”

11 Jesus replied, “To be sure, Elijah comes and will restore all things. 12 But I tell you, Elijah has already come, and they did not recognize him, but have done to him everything they wished. In the same way the Son of Man is going to suffer at their hands.” 13 Then the disciples understood that he was talking to them about John the Baptist.

### **Redneck Mystic**

Once upon a time, a woman friend of mine was on my massage table and she said she was getting an imagine of a woman, and asked her to ask the woman if she was an ally, and my friend said she heard the woman say, “Yes,” and I asked my friend if she wanted to ask the woman if she had anything she wanted to say, and my friend said she wasn’t sure, and I waited and she said, okay, and she asked the woman if she had anything to say, and my friend then started crying and shaking, and I asked her what that was about? She said the woman had told her, “You abandoned your children in 1863.”

That was in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

I moved to Boulder, Colorado, but sometimes drove back to Santa Fe to see friends there, including her. During one visit, she introduced me to a Hawaiian man she had met and was dating. It got serious. Then, they were engaged, and he was back on the Big Island, Hawaii, waiting for her to join him.

One day she called me in Boulder, all out of sorts. Her hair was falling out, she was losing weight, she had pimples on her face, and what seemed most distressing to her was she said she no longer could manifest what she wanted to happen. I asked her if she was trying to get out of marrying him? She admitted she was. I said, well, look at what that caused. She groaned. She called him and made a date to come join him. Her symptoms left.

Unrelated, if you believe in such, my lady at the time and I flew to the Big Island for a vacation. I called my friend's boyfriend and we drove the rental car to where he worked and had a short visit, then we left. My wife flew back to Boulder and I stayed behind for few days. He called and invited me to drive up for dinner, and I did that. While he was cooking dinner, his bride to be, my friend, called him and I could tell by how the conversation was going that she was trying to back out, and he was being very easy with her but not

saying okay. Finally, I asked him to hand me the telephone, and when I did, I said, “Hi, Linda, it’s me.” And she said, “What are you doing there?” And I said, you are trying to get out of it again, and you forgot what happened when you did that before? Come on out here and marry him, and if doesn’t work out, you can get a divorce.” She said, “Okay,” and that’s what she did, and they got married, and eventually they had a child.

## **Redneck Mystic**

### **Discovery as Dalai Lama**

**<https://www.dalailama.com/the-dalai-lama/biography-and-daily-life/birth-to-exile>**

When Lhamo Thondup was two years old, a search party that had been sent out by the Tibetan government to find the new incarnation of the Dalai Lama arrived at Kumbum monastery. It had been led there by a number of signs. One of these concerned the embalmed body of his predecessor, Thupten Gyatso, the Thirteenth Dalai Lama, who had died aged fifty-seven in 1933. During the mummification process, the head was discovered to have turned from facing south to the northeast. Shortly after that the Regent, himself a senior lama, had a vision. Looking into the waters of the sacred lake, Lhamoi Lhatso, in southern Tibet, he clearly saw the Tibetan letters Ah, Ka and Ma

float into view. These were followed by the image of a three-storied monastery with a turquoise and gold roof and a path running from it to a hill. Finally, he saw a small house with strangely shaped guttering. He was sure that the letter Ah referred to Amdo, the northeastern province, so it was there that the search party was sent.

His Holiness the Dalai Lama at the age of four at Kumbum Monastery in Amdo, Eastern Tibet.

By the time they reached Kumbum, the members of the search party felt that they were on the right track. It seemed likely that if the letter Ah referred to Amdo, then Ka must indicate the monastery at Kumbum, which was indeed three-storied and turquoise-roofed. They now only needed to locate a hill and a house with peculiar guttering. So they began to search the neighbouring villages. When they saw the gnarled branches of juniper wood on the roof of the His Holiness's parent's house, they were certain that the new Dalai Lama would not be far away. Nevertheless, rather than reveal the purpose of their visit, the group asked only to stay the night. The leader of the party, Kewtsang Rinpoche, then disguised himself as a servant and spent much of the evening observing and playing with the youngest child in the house.



The child recognized him and called out “Sera lama, Sera lama”. Sera was Kewtsang Rinpoche's monastery. The next day they left, only to return a few days later as a formal deputation. This time they brought with them a number of possessions that had belonged to the Thirteenth Dalai Lama, together with several similar items that did not belong to the Thirteenth Dalai Lama. In every case, the infant correctly identified those belonging to the Thirteenth Dalai Lama saying, “It's mine. It's mine”. This more or less convinced the search party that they had found the new incarnation. It was not long before the boy from Taktser was recognized to be the new Dalai Lama.

The boy, Lhamo Thondup, was first taken to Kumbum monastery. “There now began a somewhat unhappy period of my life”, His Holiness was to write later, reflecting on his separation from his parents and the unfamiliar surroundings. However, there were two consolations to life at the monastery. First, His Holiness's immediate elder brother Lobsang Samden was already there. The second consolation was the fact that his teacher was a very kind old monk, who often seated his young disciple inside his gown. Lhamo Thondup was eventually to be reunited with his parents and together they were to journey to Lhasa. This did not come about for some eighteen months,

however, because Ma Bufeng, the local Chinese Muslim warlord, refused to let the boy-incarnate be taken to Lhasa without payment of a large ransom. It was not until the summer of 1939 that he left for the capital, Lhasa, in a large party consisting of his parents, his brother Lobsang Samden, members of the search party, and other pilgrims.

### **Redneck Mystic**

Or perhaps reincarnation doubters prefer Christianity's view, you only get one chance when you die, you go to heaven or hell, and that's it, forever, and if you aren't a Christian, you don't get heaven.

Consider this poem that fell out of me as fast as I could write in the spring of 1995:

Earth-  
the sacred prism  
through which souls are refracted  
into their elemental parts,  
purified in Holy Fire,  
then one-forged  
and sent on their way  
to not even God knows where,  
simply because they are all  
unique emanations of God,

Evolving...

### **ajay0**

Reincarnation was part of original Christianity as taught by Christ. The heavy persecution of Christians by the romans in the early centuries and tampering of Christian scriptures as per their sensibilities and conditioning in the councils of Nicea meant that reincarnation became a non-Christian teaching later on.

Christmas was actually a roman pagan festival in the beginning. There is no conclusive date on when Christ was born.

### **Redneck Mystic**

You are correct on both counts. The early church moved Jesus's death from Pices to December to make Christianity more attractive to the Pagans. The early church didn't want people to think they had more than one chance, because that would weaken the church's hold on them and their coin purses. Likewise, the early church wanted people to think it was simple as pie to be saved by Jesus, just believe what the Church told them about how easy it was, he was the son of God, he was crucified, and he died for their sins, he descended into hell, he rose again from the dead, according to the Scriptures, and ascended into

heaven, to sit on the right hand of God, which he very well probably did, but he did not teach that was how to follow him there, rather, he taught them how to live entirely differently and in that way follow him there.

**Poems for the Father, only the poet lives in the poet's skin**



Every now and then, something crosses my path...



**Poem for the Father**  
By: Alejandra Pizarnik

POETIC OUTLAWS  
JUN 27, 2024

And it was then  
that with a tongue dead and cold in the mouth  
he sang the song others allowed him to sing  
in this world of obscene gardens and shadows  
coming at unseemly hours to remind him  
of songs of his youth  
in which he could not sing the song he wanted  
the song they allowed him to sing  
yet through his absent blue eyes  
through his absent mouth  
through his absent voice.  
Then from absence's tallest tower  
his song resonated in the opacity of what is hidden  
in the silenced extension  
full of moving hollowness like the words I write.

---

***Translator's Note***

*Translation is home. Whenever I travel, I seek it either by reading translations, or by translating as a grounding exercise. Lately I have been translating into English poems from Jewish Latin American poets, specifically works by conversos or those written in*

*Yiddish and Ladino by immigrants and their offspring.  
And—in a room of her own—Alejandra Pizarnik,  
whose life makes me think of Emily Dickinson. I  
recreated these two poems while visiting my mother,  
who has been suffering from Alzheimer's. Pizarnik  
distills the fibers of existence so as to reveal the  
madness that palpitates underneath. Her poetry is  
contagious. The toughest part is to convey her  
silences. I wish I had met her.*

*—Ilan Stavans*

**Sloan Bashinsky**  
**Sloan's Newsletter**  
Jun 27

**Poetry Foundation**  
**Alejandra Pizarnik**  
**1936–1972**

Alejandra Pizarnik was born in Buenos Aires to Russian Jewish immigrant parents. She studied philosophy and literature at the University of Buenos Aires before dropping out to pursue painting and her

own poetry. In 1960, she moved to Paris, where she befriended writers such as Octavio Paz, Julio Cortázar, and Silvina Ocampo. Considered one of mid-century Argentina's most powerful and intense lyric poets, Pizarnik counted among her influences Hölderlin and, as she wrote in "The Incarnate Word," an essay from 1965, "the suffering of Baudelaire, the suicide of Nerval, the premature silence of Rimbaud, the mysterious and fleeting presence of Lautréamont," and the "unparalleled intensity" of Artaud's "physical and moral suffering." Pizarnik's themes were cruelty, childhood, estrangement, and death. According to Emily Cooke, Pizarnik "was perennially mistrustful of her medium, seeming sometimes more interested in silence than in language, and the poetic style she cultivated was terse and intentionally unbeautiful." Her work has continually attracted new readers since her suicide at age 36.

Pizarnik published several books of poetry during her lifetime, including: *La tierra más ajena* (1955), *La última inocencia* (1956), *Las aventuras perdidas* (1958), *Árbol de Diana* (1960), *Extracción de la piedra de locura* (1968), and *El infierno musical* (1971). She also published the prose essay "La condesa sangrienta" (1971), a meditation on a 16th-century Hungarian countess allegedly responsible for the torture and murder of more than 600 girls. Pizarnik's



work has been translated into English in the collections Alejandra Pizarnik: Selected Poems (translated by Cecilia Rossi, 2010) and Extracting the Stone of Madness (translated by Yvette Siegert, 2016).

**Patricia Carter**

**Patricia's Substack**

July 5

Thank you. That was very informative and well written. I now have a better understanding of her. I have little knowledge of well known poets or any poets for that matter. Poetry has not been my genre of written works. But the passion and creativity behind it? That I get. To write a story or an article you express your idea in everyday language for the average reader. But poetry appeals to and speaks to a select audience: the deeper thinker, one who can read between the lines and see the beauty or tragedy of the words on the page. Hats off to those who can reach into the soul of humanity with words.

**Sloan Bashinsky**

**Sloan's Newsletter**

Sometimes, knowing something about a poet helps with context: where a poet might be coming from, how a poet lives or copes personally with what he/she

expresses. Suicide has to raise questions. Yet, only the poet lives in the poet's skin.

I was 50 years old when the first poem came out of me. I had been in a dark night of the soul for about a year. The dark night had arrived very soon after I was told in my sleep by a familiar voice, "With respect to St. John of the Cross, you haven't seen anything yet." Then, in the dream, I was awash in pure, raw, black Evil, which caused me to gasp and gag and try to escape its grasp, and I woke up and it was still there for a few moments and I was terrified.

At the suggestion of a friend the year before, I had found a book in a local bookstore written by a Spaniard poet, Antonio T. de Nicholas, *St. John of the Cross: Alchemist of the Soul*. But for that book, I would have had no clue about the dark night of the soul. Nor that some people experience a second dark night, which is much worse than the first dark night, which is awful. I often thought of killing myself during the first dark night, which lasted 4 years. But it was only thoughts. The black night arrived in early 1997 and lasted 16 months and I was suicidal every day, but something stayed my hand.

I was raised in Christendom, but I had not attended church for a long time when the first dark night came, and it did not cause me to start attending church, for I was in daily communion with not of this world

phenomena. Except for a few brief scattered moments, all of that stopped during the black night. About a year into it, I started going to my mother's church every afternoon and sitting in the nave until the maintenance staff nudged me awake because the church was closing. Nothing changed until I left the woman I was with, for whom church was very important, and then the black night began to lift. After the black night lifted, the phenomena returned full-bore and have been with me ever since, although the presentation changed many times.

Before, during and after the dark night and the black night, I was turned every which a way but loose, upside down and inside out. I was stood before endless mirrors looking at me. I was carried, nudged, pushed, shoved, yanked, spanked, criticized, rebuked, encouraged, terrorized and picked back up, and it's still happening.

If you can access Google, here's a link to an epic poem of sorts, which leaped of me in early September 2005 as fast as I could type it on a public library computer about my father and me. When I typed the last word and period, my father's lawyer called me to say my father had died.

**Patricia Carter**

**Patricia's Substack**

## **Liked by Poetic Outlaws**

**July 5**

My first comment was meant for @ Sloan Bashinsky but to the author of this post @Poetic Outlaws I can say that that poem touched me deeply. In fact it wet my eyes as I remembered my father whom I lost to cancer two Decembers ago. An intense man with the military bearing drilled into him, my mother a light hearted and often jovial woman brought out his funny side. Their love was like none I have ever come across. They'd rather have sheets each other's company than anyone else. You mentioned Alzheimer's which can make familiar people unfamiliar and create a distance between them. My Mom had Parkinson's with dementia which did that and my Father was her target. But despite that he did his best to talk to and act like that didn't matter and he cared for her til the last days. I respect him for that and for all who are faced with disease that cripple people mentally and physically and emotionally challenge their loved ones. My heart goes out to you and to them. I look forward to reading more of your posts.

**Sloan Bashinsky**

**Sloan's Newsletter**

**July 5**

To Erik and Patricia, Poetic Outlaws is the main place I have found online where love, truth and beauty breathe regularly, the good, the bad, the beautiful and the ugly, I said beautiful twice :-)

### **Patricia Carter**

Sloan, thank you so much for not only your previous comments regarding knowing the life experience and origins of poets. But your introspective snapshot into those chapters of your life. Oh the similarities of your life experiences that parallel my life experiences. At least those you've touched on here. As I begin my last weekday craziness a prelude to blissful weekend I am compiling my response. As a writer (of short stories) my mind is ever full to the brim with possibilities for stories. But I will push them out of the way and put my thoughts into words for you. But I warn you, I'm notoriously long winded. But will focus on making it as succinct as possible. I admire your tenacity and courage for one, being able to survive those periods of darkness and not be left unable to continue on or even utterly dysfunctional. Surely you had parts of your life irrevocably altered as you fought to stay afloat mentally. But during and after the storm, you retained your identity: the you, you were born with. And could examine your experience with new eyes. And then share it with others like myself. And now I am touched

by it in a positive way. Sad you had to go through it. But we are both wiser for it. Thank you. Wish you well in your journey and I will look at the link.

### **Sloan Bashinsky**

Had I not gone through it, I would be someone else entirely today, or I would be dead, or in an insane asylum. My father and I loved each other dearly, but he could not fathom what I was experiencing, and although I tried several times to explain it, and sometimes I was very rough with him and he was very rough with me, I never stopped loving him, and he never stopped loving me, but we did not see or speak for many years before he passed over, it was his call. Yet during all that time of estrangement, he sometimes came to me in dreams and it was always with something that was helpful, sometimes I didn't want to hear or see it, but it was he was the father I had always needed, and but for inheritances from him, which some people didn't want him to allow, I would still be homeless, or I would be dead. He was a very successful capitalist, and despite my efforts, I became an anti-capitalist :-)

I, too, can get very long winded, which is seen in my novels and stranger than fiction books at [archive.org](http://archive.org), a free library run by American colleges that specializes

in out of print books and books donated by authors not seeking payment.

**Hey Christianity, works don't get you into Heaven?**



Yesterday brought a Facebook reply to the [writing as medicine](#) post, which led to some discussion, which led to a story.

**Jane N. Geiger**

GRACE to you, brother. I will always remember you when I think of David Cromwell Johnson, and the priceless times I had with him. The Lord allowed me to lead him to Christ, and in the end, his soul was Free Indeed.

**Sloan Bashinsky**



David was a dear friend of mine, I was living elsewhere when he passed over. I've had a few dreams about him since then, in which he showed me stuff I needed to look at so that I might deal with it in a way I might not have but for the dreams.

**Jane N. Geiger**

I'm so very glad, Sloan. I know he was dear, and he talked about you a lot. Some lawyers referred him to our little Christian Counseling nonprofit, and I took him in . . . taps on his shoes, those ties he gave away, and all. Priceless. Here we are now:  
[www.WritersCupOfGrace.com](http://www.WritersCupOfGrace.com)

WRITERSCUPOFGRACE.COM

Home - Grace Ministries & Writer's Cup of Grace

**Sloan Bashinsky**

I frequently and last talked with David in the fall of 2001, and he had nothing to do with Christianity. He was very interested in Native American and Taoism and Samurai spirituality, but he and I often talked of our relationship with God in private. He did have a spiritual counselor at Briarwood Presbyterian Church off the southern Interstate belt line, and I went with David one day to see that spiritual counselor, and we

three talked about stuff, and not even then did I hear David speak of being saved by Jesus.

David and I viewed Jesus as someone to try very hard to be like, and we were not in the least impressed by people who said they were saved by Jesus but trampled his teachings. David was in agony when I knew him then. I had known him well since around 1976? I worked in his law firm two different times, 1999 and 2001. He gave me a place to hang out. My work was very different from regular law work. It entailed viewing legal problems as messages from God about us. The beams in our own eyes.

David told people I was the holiest man he had ever known, he could tell by looking in my eyes. I thought I was the sorriest piece of shit of a man Jesus and Archangel Michael could find, and they took me on as an experiment in early 1987, to see if they could do anything about that. David knew all about that, and what all manner of ordeals those two put me through, and they kept at it afterward, and keep at it today.

I tell Christians they are saved by Jesus to the extent they live as he lived and taught. I can tell you a story about the guy that started Briarwood, and a discussion he and I had around 1992?, which convinced me that he didn't know God and Jesus very well. I told that story to David, and he shook his head.

David died in early 2003. I was homeless in Key West.

As for the guy who started Briarwood Presbyterian Church in Birmingham...

In the early 1980s, I met a MN, who was a real estate broker. He liked my books, *Home Buyers Lambs to the Slaughter?* and *Selling Your Home \$weet Home*, which laid bare the inherent conflict of interest real estate agents, brokers and companies had when they tried to represent both the buyer and the seller.

MN and I became friends.

Sometimes MN told me that he felt I should meet and get to know FB, who had started Briarwood. I kept replying that I didn't think FB and I would get along.

One day, MN said, when FB was trying to start his church, he was broke and homeless, and MN and his wife took him into their home, where he lived for quite a while, as he built up his ministry, which became a very large evangelical church over the mountain south of Birmingham.

I moved to Santa FE, New Mexico in early 1986, and then to Boulder, Colorado in the Fall of 1987. MN and I

talked from time to time on the telephone, and we got together when I traveled to Birmingham.

I had dinner one night with MN and his wife in Birmingham maybe in 1991? After dinner, I took MN aside and said that I felt he should see a doctor, because he did not look well to me. I flew back to Boulder.

About two weeks later, MN called me. He had seen a doctor. Tests were run, He had cancer, it was pretty far along. His doctor recommended chemotherapy, but he was considering alternative treatments. I told MN what I knew about alternative treatments, which had not helped many people with cancer.

MN went with chemotherapy. Later, he told me that he wished he had not done chemotherapy. It made him feel worse, it shortened his life. He asked me if I would be a pallbearer? I said, of course.

MN passed away. I flew to Birmingham from Boulder. The graveside service was presided by Birarwood's FB.

For maybe 20 minutes, FB told MN's widow sitting in front of him that MN and his physical body would be resurrected and MN would be with Jesus in Heaven.

For maybe 20 minutes, I wondered when FM would tell MN's widow how grateful he was for their help when he was broke and starting his ministry?

After FB was done, 5 men and I came forward and picked up the casket and carried it to the hole that had been dug in the ground.

After more words from FB, I walked to my rental car, and saw MN above looking at me, asking what he was supposed to do?

I said, "Tell God you are a son of God, who has come home."

I got into the rental car and drove away.

I flew back to Boulder.

I wrote FM a letter, in which I told him he owed MN's widow an apology.

He wrote back, works don't get you into heaven, blah, blah, blah.

I wrote back, he owed MN's widow an apology.

If Jesus in the Gospels didn't think doing good works were really important, why did he spend so much time doing good works and advising people to do their own good works and to live differently from how they had been living?

Jesus's brother James wrote in his letter in the New Testament:

**James 2:18**

**New International Version**

Show me your faith without deeds, and I will show you my faith by my deeds.

**Today is sufficient, tomorrow isn't here yet**



As this fossil watches America plunge ever deeper into Hell and his ailing carcass crawl inexorably to the junkyard hoping to be vaporized by lightning and cheat the torture machine\$\$\$, I'm reminded of a song I sang to my daughters when they were innocent and I wondered how I was going to be able to hold it together.

## **Today**

Today, while the blossoms still cling to the vine  
I'll taste your strawberries, I'll drink your sweet wine  
A million tomorrows shall all pass away  
ere I forget all the joy that is mine, today

I'll be a dandy, and I'll be a rover  
You'll know who I am by the songs that I sing

I'll feast at your table, I'll sleep in your clover  
Who cares what the morrow shall bring

Today, while the blossoms still cling to the vine  
I'll taste your strawberries, I'll drink your sweet wine  
A million tomorrows shall all pass away  
ere I forget all the joy that is mine, today

I can't be contented with yesterdays glory  
I can't live on promises winter to spring  
Today is my moment, now is my story  
I'll laugh and I'll cry and I'll sing

Today, while the blossoms still cling to the vine  
I'll taste your strawberries, I'll drink your sweet wine  
A million tomorrows shall all pass away  
ere I forget all the joy that is mine, today

Today, while the blossoms still cling to the vine  
I'll taste your strawberries, I'll drink your sweet wine  
A million tomorrows shall all pass away  
ere I forget all the joy that is mine, today

Along somewhat divergent lines, this arrived in my  
email yesterday:





## **To Live on a Day to Day Basis Is Insufficient**

Oliver Stacks

POETIC OUTLAWS

JUN 30, 2024

To live on a day-to-day basis is insufficient for human beings; we need to transcend, transport, escape; we need meaning, understanding, and explanation; we need to see over-all patterns in our lives.

We need hope, the sense of a future.

And we need freedom (or, at least, the illusion of freedom) to get beyond ourselves, whether with telescopes and microscopes and our ever-burgeoning technology, or in states of mind that allow us to travel to other worlds, to rise above our immediate

surroundings.

We may seek, too, a relaxing of inhibitions that makes it easier to bond with each other, or transports that make our consciousness of time and mortality easier to bear.

We seek a holiday from our inner and outer restrictions, a more intense sense of the here and now, the beauty and value of the world we live in.

*You can find this passage in Oliver Sack's great book — Hallucinations.*

### **Sloan Bashinsky Sloan's Newsletter**

In the Gospels, Jesus advised to take no thought for tomorrow, for each day has sufficient trouble of its own. That seems to have been Buddha's approach, too, and the approach of the Christian saints and the Sufi mystics, and other people who had become in but not of this world. Easy to say, of course, not so easy to do, but I have yet to find any evidence that it is not as Jesus said it is, and he did encourage people to gather and share their experiences and worldly possessions, so that they all could get by. That's how Peter's community in Acts lived. Jesus also said not to hide

your lamp under a bushel, and to let your light shine forth - even if it sometimes got you into deep doo doo :-)

### **Cynthia Come-Loupe**

It's more simply known as learning to live in the moment. It's not rocket science and all the references to various religions are unnecessary. It simply takes practice but it's immensely freeing. One stops to be anxious about the immediate or imminent future and forgets to fret about the past, both of which are immutable or unknown anyway. Instead you learn to really savour the day you're having and discover a new appreciation for life's simple pleasures. Like any habit, it takes conscious practice at first - three weeks is how long it takes to form a habit they say - and the benefits are multifold. Often things have a way of working out for the better when you don't try to interfere or control, or they just fade away.

### **Sloan Bashinsky Sloan's Newsletter**

Yes, simply living in the moment sums it up very well, as does chop wood carry water. It's important, I think, to do the best we can in whatever we do, in how we relate to what each day brings. And to be who we are, instead of what other people, including our parents and grandparents, want or wanted us to be.

I drew from different spiritual traditions, because they have promoted living day to day for a very long time, yet when I observe Christians, for example, I grew up among them, was one of them, I still deal with them all the time, they don't seem, in the main, to have accepted what Jesus said about taking no thought for tomorrow, for each day has enough trouble of its own. I'm 81 and climbing. I've had maybe a dozen entirely different lives in one lifetime. I'm amazed that I'm still alive. I wonder every day why I'm still here? I have lots of aches and pains doctors can't do anything about. I dread ending up in a facility and being so important to great industries that depend for their very survival on old people living and suffering as long as possible, which no beloved pet is allowed to do. But I keep waking up each morning, and I keep taking what the day brings and dealing with it, and that's all I can do, and it's all anyone can do.

Christianity made it so much more complicated. I tell Christians, if they lived in my skin a little while, they might wish there was no God. I have told Atheists that, too, and that if there was no God, the topic would never come up :-). I'm not stuck on the word, God. It's what I was raised to call whatever started everything. Something did :-), and I've had many direct dealings with what is not of this world, but I'd be nuts if I believed I could prove it to anyone else :-)

From Poetic Outlaws today:

## **In Order to Create, I Destroyed Myself**

By: Fernando Pessoa

Down the steps of my dreams and my weariness,  
descend from your unreality, descend and be my  
substitute for the world.

— Pessoa

Each of us is intoxicated by different things.  
There's intoxication enough for me in just living. Drunk  
on feeling I drift but never stray. If it's time to go back  
to work, I go to the office just like everyone else. If not,  
I go down to the river to stare at the waters, again just  
like everyone else. I'm just the same. But behind this  
sameness, I secretly scatter my personal firmament  
with stars and therein create my own infinity...

I live always in the present.

I know nothing of the future and no longer have a past.  
The former weighs me down with a thousand  
possibilities, the latter with the reality of nothingness. I  
have neither hopes for the future nor longings for what  
was...

My past is everything I never managed to become.  
I created various personalities within myself. I create  
them constantly. Every dream, as soon as it is

dreamed, is immediately embodied by another person who dreams it instead of me.

In order to create, I destroyed myself; I have externalized so much of my inner life that even inside I now exist only externally. I am the living stage across which various actors pass acting out different plays...

Life is an experimental journey undertaken involuntarily. It is a journey of the spirit through the material world and, since it is the spirit that travels, it is in the spirit that it is experienced.

That is why there exist contemplative souls who have lived more intensely, more widely, more tumultuously than others who have lived their lives purely externally.

*You can find this passage in Fernando Pessoa's brilliant little book — The Book of Disquiet*

## writing as medicine



Two days ago, [medium.com](https://medium.com) invited its members to apply to present at an online workshop. I applied and offered the topic: Writing as a mystical experience. The requested summary of me was at my Goggle profile:

After many moons, this southern lawyer took a road less traveled, which his family and friends viewed as stranger than fiction. I cannot prove any of it happened, and I would be crazy if I thought I could. The good, the bad, the beautiful and the ugly, of and not of this world, as I and other people experienced it.

For the theme of my presentation, I offered:

Although he sometimes he tries to write fiction, when the tale is told, every character is a character in him, ever plot a plot in him; there are no surprises- only his to discover parts of himself he has lost, forgotten, thrown away, or never even knew were there. In this way, perhaps God and he are somewhat alike: they both create to discover just who and what they really are.

I will be advised of acceptance, or not, in a couple of weeks.

In a dream around dawn today, I was told by a woman I did not recognize that the best hospital in Birmingham is at Birmingham Southern. Sitting in folding chairs off to the left were two very old people, whose skin was all dried up and crinkly, and they were almost black from aging. In my spirit code, left is female, right is male. I write left-handed.

Birmingham Southern College had an excellent reputation as a liberal arts university, but did not have a medical school. Recently, Birmingham Southern closed because it wasn't taking in enough money to cover its expenses.

I have noticed that my old worn out ailing G.I. tract, which is serpentine shaped, thus female in my spirit code, seems happier when I write about stuff that makes my soul



sing, laugh and even cry 😊. Writing about politics is like digging a ditch in a stinking swamp.

In 1990, when I lived in Boulder, Colorado, a Birmingham publicist I had used for my first three books, *HOME BUYERS: Lambs to the Slaughter?*, *Selling Your Home \$weet Home* and *KILL ALL THE LAWYERS? A Client's Guide to Hiring, Firing, Using and Suing Lawyers*, had a woman employee, who was a writer and a book editor. I hired her to help me shape up *THE HIGH LEGAL ROAD: A New Approach to Legal Problems*.

By and by, the editor asked me if I would like to present at a two-day writers conference at Birmingham Southern College, which she was helping to organize?

I said, okay, I would do it. She told me to come up with a topic. I thought about it for a couple of days, and "Writing as a mystical experience" came to me. Then, I was flooded with notions that Ernest Hemingway's novella, *The Old Man and the Sea*, the last book he completed, was his unconscious suicide note. I called my editor and told her the title for my presentation.

I flew to Birmingham and presented the first morning in a small room with about 10 people present, including my publicist and her employee, my editor. The publicist was deeply involved in the work of the East European mystic G.I. Gurdjeiff. The audience didn't seem to have any

interest in my notion that *The Old Man and the Sea* was Hemingway's unconscious suicide note.

The 2nd day, I had the main auditorium and every person at the writer's conference was there. Again, no one seemed interested in my topic. Someone asked what I did about writer's block? The audience seemed to perk up. I said I don't get writer's block. When there is something to write, I have to write. When there is nothing to write, I do something else.

I asked the audience if they read books that said they had to sit in front of their typewriter or computer for 4 hours every day, even if nothing came to them to write? Several people nodded, yes. I said not everyone is a writer, but everyone is something, and figuring out what that is and doing it is what is important.

Yesterday, I picked up a new follower at my Sutstack newsletter:

Elizabeth White  
@elizabethwhite718614

Looking for a partner who is an independent thinker and decision maker, able to make important life decisions together

I messaged her this morning:

Welcome to an old fossil's musings, hope you find a partner that suits you. Once upon a time, I wrote 5 novels about “paradise mating”, which I actually experienced with several very different women. It ain’t entirely of this world, actually. 3 of the novels survived. *Kundalina Alabama* (1991) is sophomore. *Heavy Wait: A Strange Tale* (2001) and its sequel *Return of the Strange* (2023) are for grown ups. They can be read at the free internet library, which is run by American colleges. The library specializes in out of print books and books by writers not seeking payment. Here are links to those 3 novels:

<https://archive.org/details/kundalina>

[https://archive.org/details/heavy-wait-a-strange-tale\\_202212](https://archive.org/details/heavy-wait-a-strange-tale_202212)

[https://archive.org/details/return-of-the-strange-v-20\\_202306](https://archive.org/details/return-of-the-strange-v-20_202306)

[archive.org](https://archive.org) also has about a dozen of my often stranger than fiction books about stuff that really happened, and the novels ain’t entirely all made up. Parental discretion advised.

This morning, I received a text from my amiga Mortica about yesterday's Hey you 6 right wing Christians on the US Supreme Court, your Savior was homeless! post. We met online in 2010, when I was writing at [goodmorningkeywest.com](http://goodmorningkeywest.com) and [goodmorningfloridakeys.com](http://goodmorningfloridakeys.com) about my younger brother Major, who had gone missing and later his body was found in the pond at Highland Golf Course in Birmingham, and the county medical examiner and the Birmingham police department and the FBI ruled it was suicide made to look like murder. In 2017, those blogs died and went to Internet Heaven, and I started this blog.

### **Morticia**

Sad post. Supreme Court has gone crazier. Don't ever worry about being homeless again. As long as M is alive on earth Ain't Happening!! I have never been and did not realize how terrible it is. Maybe the Courts need to live that way to see how things are. Opinions might change. I read the reason Joe Biden could not talk loud he was sick.

### **Me**

I read this morning that Biden had a cold. If that's true, why the hell didn't he say so when he spoke the first time and why didn't he ask CNN's moderators Dana Bash and Jake Trapper to turn up his mic volume?

I have plenty of my daddy's money, use yours to look after you 😎

If my brother had not done what he did, I would not have met you 😎

## **Morticia**

Oh I was just saying Let not your heart be troubled about ever being homeless. True on our meeting.

Shortly after I learned from friends in Birmingham that Major had gone missing, it came to me from out of the blue that he killed himself and tried to make it look like murder. A journalist at the Birmingham News interviewed me by telephone later that morning, as I sat in Sippin' Internet Cafe in Key West. When I told him what came to me from out of the blue before he called me, he said cold chills were running up and down his spine, because the same thing came to him from out of the blue before he called me.

The Birmingham News didn't publish what he wrote, which contained nothing about what sent cold chills running up and down his spine.

If cold chills don't sometimes run up and down the spines of people who read my books and blog posts, they should wonder why? Seek help?

**Hey you 6 right wing Christians on the US Supreme Court, your Savior was homeless!**



Just now, an amiga, who once was married to a Mexican man and was homeless in Key West and north Georgia, called me to say she is seeing on TV and reading online that the US government is putting immigrants from Mexico up in 5-star motels, but homeless Americans are not put up in motels and that ain't right, and she woke up with a splitting headache this morning, and it's still there.

I said I doubt it's 5-star motels, but I agree it ain't right, and I am writing about the 6 good Christians on the US Supreme Court, who decided today that homeless Americans can be fined and jailed for being homeless, and is your headache leaving? She said, yes.

Yesterday, an amigo down Key West way sent me link to a recent edition of the Key West Citizen, the city's local newspaper. I opened the link and saw an article about the city having upgraded the public bathroom at Higgs Beach,

so that it resembled a spa bathroom. When I lived on the street in Key West in 2000 and later, I was at that bathroom when it opened at 7 a.m. Sometimes I couldn't wait and had to pee and poop somewhere outside.

I called him and said I had received the link. He said he wanted me to see the article about the city firing yet another professional city manager. I said I did not see that article, but I enjoyed the Higgs Beach bathroom article, because of how important that bathroom was to me when I was homeless, and if I have to come back to Key West and be homeless there again, I will enjoy using the new bathroom at Higgs Beach.

I was homeless for 2 stretches of time: 2000-2005 and 2015-2017. I was homeless because I ran out of money after becoming unable to make a living wage at what I knew how to do. I tried very hard to make a living wage at what I knew how to do, and it just did not work out. I came to wonder if it was karma or something God wanted me to experience? Unlike most homeless people I met during that time, I was not an alcoholic or drug addict and I did not use tobacco. I bathed every day at a cold water public shower. I washed my briefs and T-shirts every day with soap and water and let them dry out in the sun and wind.

On Maui and in Key West, I slept on the ground, in doorways, on beaches, on fishing piers, in churchyards,

on the front porch of houses, in someone's old camper vehicle, in spare rooms of friend's homes, in tents on public land, in the back of a Chevy Blazer I owned for a while, in Key West's homeless homeless shelter, in a homeless shelter in Birmingham and a homeless shelter in Kansas City, and most recently, on a steel bench in the front lobby of the Key West Police Department, after I was banned from that city's homeless shelter because of what I wrote about it and its employees and homeless people generally at my blog, [goodmorningkeywest.com](http://goodmorningkeywest.com), which subsequently died and went to internet heaven.

But for inheritance from my father, I would still be homeless, or I would be dead.

Let me back up start over.

Standing in a Key West Church Sunday afternoon soup kitchen line with about 100 other homeless people in early 2001, I heard one of the church members helping with the event say, "If you were saved by Jesus, you would not be homeless." I said loudly, "What's wrong with being homeless? Jesus was homeless! Everyone in this line, except for a Jewish man, was saved several times by Jesus, and we are homeless."

I started eating my meal and a young pastor of the church named Mark, whom I was getting to know, walked over to me and asked why I said Jesus was homeless? I



asked Mark if he had read his Bible? He said he had. I said then you know Jesus said he was homeless. Mark asked where Jesus said that? I said, in the passage where a man told Jesus he wanted to follow him, and Jesus said the foxes have their dens and the birds have their nests, but the son of man has no place to lay his head. Mark said that did not mean Jesus was homeless. I said of course that's what it meant. Mark said Jesus could stay with his mother. I asked Mark where in the Bible does it say Jesus stayed with his mother after he started his ministry?

Key West arrested and jailed homeless people until a US District Court in Miami ruled in *Pottinger v. City of Miami* (1998), that it was cruel and unusual punishment under the the 8th Amendment to the United States Constitution for the City of Miami to use its police to stop homeless people from doing necessary things to survive, such as sleep, cook food, pee and defecate outside, if there was no place inside for them to do it. Key West had a federal courthouse, which was in that same US District Court's jurisdiction.

In 2004, my friend and personal lawyer Sam Kaufman and I, who had practiced law after clerking for for a United States District Judge in Birmingham, Alabama, convinced the Key West city government that we would bring a *Pottinger* class action in the Key West federal court if the city's police did not stop harassing, arresting and jailing

homeless people simply for being homeless. The city police stopped doing that. The city built a homeless shelter and the city police only arrested homeless people for sleeping outside at night, who were not at the shelter.

Homeless people banned from the shelter had no place to sleep at night and were arrested and put in the sheriff's jail on Stock Island, just above Key West. The sheriff's jail became the city's second homeless shelter. The city paid the sheriff nothing for housing the city's homeless and feeding and providing them medical care. The sheriff spent a lot of money housing the city's homeless people, who were banned from the shelter, or who would not use it. The local courts and probation officers spent a lot of time and money handling cases brought by city police against homeless people for simply being homeless.

Later, Key West city police started arresting and jailing homeless people for sitting on a towel or blanket on the ground during the day, which city police said violated the city's no camping ordinance, which was not applied against local people who were not homeless and tourists who sat on a towel or blanket on the ground. The city only enforced its "open container" (booze) ordinance against homeless people.

I think it's fair for me to say the Key West city government officials and its police force, whom I knew,

were Christians, who forgot or ignored their Savior was homeless, and that he also said:

### **Matthew 25:31-46**

New International Version

The Sheep and the Goats

31 “When the Son of Man comes in his glory, and all the angels with him, he will sit on his glorious throne.

32 All the nations will be gathered before him, and he will separate the people one from another as a shepherd separates the sheep from the goats. 33 He will put the sheep on his right and the goats on his left.

34 “Then the King will say to those on his right, ‘Come, you who are blessed by my Father; take your inheritance, the kingdom prepared for you since the creation of the world. 35 For I was hungry and you gave me something to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you invited me in, 36 I needed clothes and you clothed me, I was sick and you looked after me, I was in prison and you came to visit me.’

37 “Then the righteous will answer him, ‘Lord, when did we see you hungry and feed you, or thirsty and give you something to drink? 38 When did we see you a stranger and invite you in, or needing clothes and

clothe you? 39 When did we see you sick or in prison and go to visit you?’

40 “The King will reply, ‘Truly I tell you, whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers and sisters of mine, you did for me.’

41 “Then he will say to those on his left, ‘Depart from me, you who are cursed, into the eternal fire prepared for the devil and his angels. 42 For I was hungry and you gave me nothing to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me nothing to drink, 43 I was a stranger and you did not invite me in, I needed clothes and you did not clothe me, I was sick and in prison and you did not look after me.’

44 “They also will answer, ‘Lord, when did we see you hungry or thirsty or a stranger or needing clothes or sick or in prison, and did not help you?’

45 “He will reply, ‘Truly I tell you, whatever you did not do for one of the least of these, you did not do for me.’

46 “Then they will go away to eternal punishment, but the righteous to eternal life.”

As I passed through Tallahassee on a Greyhound bus headed to Key West in December 2000, the US District Judge for whom I had clerked came to me in a dream and said he was thinking about getting into politics. He had run the Democratic Party in Alabama behind the scenes, except for the George Wallace faction. In the dream, I told him that I did not think that was a good idea, but knowing him, I figured he was going to do it. I woke up in shock, knowing I was going to get into politics, which I detested.

Below is today's USA Today's article about yesterday's 6-3 US Supreme Court decision that made being homeless in America a crime. The 6 conservative Christian majority and the Grant's Pass, Oregon city officials never knew Jesus. Below the USA Today article is a tale about a novel and a non-fiction book I wrote when I was homeless.

**In major decision, Supreme Court allows cities to ban homeless camps**

The decision is the most significant ruling from the court on homelessness in decades. Last year, 40% of homeless people slept under bridges, on sidewalks, in parks, cars, and abandoned buildings.

Maureen Groppe  
Bart Jansen  
USA TODAY

WASHINGTON – The Supreme Court ruled Friday that people without homes can be arrested and fined for sleeping in public spaces, overturning a lower court’s ruling that enforcing camping bans when shelter is lacking is cruel and unusual punishment.

The 6-3 decision was the most significant ruling on the issue from the high court in decades.

It comes as record numbers of Americans lack permanent housing and as both Democratic and Republican leaders have complained a 2018 decision by a lower court has hamstrung their ability to address homeless encampments that threaten health and public safety.

“The Court cannot say that the punishments Grants Pass imposes here qualify as cruel and unusual,” Justice Neil Gorsuch wrote for the majority, referring to the small Oregon municipality at the center of the case.

“The city imposes only limited fines for first-time offenders, an order temporarily barring an individual from camping in a public park for repeat offenders, and a maximum sentence of 30 days in jail for those who

later violate an order.”

But Justice Sonia Sotomayor, writing for the court's liberal minority, said the laws essentially criminalized the act of sleeping.

“Sleep is a biological necessity, not a crime,” Sotomayor wrote in dissent, joined by Justices Elena Kagan and Ketanji Brown Jackson. “For some people, sleeping outside is their only option.”

Sotomayor noted that Grants Pass jails and fines people who sleep in public, such as in a car, or for using as little as a blanket to keep warm or a rolled-up shirt as a pillow. “For people with no access to shelter, that punishes them for being homeless,” she wrote. “That is unconscionable and unconstitutional.”

Ann Oliva, CEO of the National Alliance to End Homelessness, said the decision gives “free reign to local officials who prefer pointless and expensive arrests and imprisonment, rather than real solutions.”

“This tactic has consistently failed to reduce homelessness in the past,” Oliva said, “and it will assuredly fail to reduce homelessness in the future.”

Theane Evangelis, who represented Grants Pass, said the decision brought “urgent relief to the many communities that have struggled to address the growing problem of dangerous encampments.”

“For the past six years, the Ninth Circuit’s decisions have tied the hands of local governments,” Evangelis said. “The Court has now restored the ability of cities on the frontlines of this crisis to develop lasting solutions that meet the needs of the most vulnerable members of their communities, while also keeping our public spaces safe and clean.”

The San Francisco-based 9th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, which oversees nine Western states, ruled in 2018 that banning camping in areas lacking sufficient shelter beds amounts to cruel and unusual punishment under the 8th Amendment.

The Supreme Court declined to weigh in at the time on that case from Boise, Idaho, but took up the issue this term after that precedent was used to challenge anti-camping rules in Grants Pass.

Homeless residents of the southern Oregon city of 38,000 had faced fines starting at \$250 and leading to jail time for repeat offenses.



## Criminalizing homelessness in a city without a homeless shelter

Advocates for homeless people said the rules amounted to criminalizing someone for having nowhere to live. The city lacks sufficient affordable housing. The one shelter for adults requires attending daily Christian services and other rules. Hundreds of residents are unhoused.

"We don't want to be in the parks," said Helen Cruz, a Grants Pass resident who lacks permanent shelter. "We want a place to live."

City officials said without the Supreme Court's intervention, they would be forced to surrender their public spaces.

The Department of Justice had mostly backed the challengers while also arguing that the appeals court ruling was too broad and didn't take into account individual circumstances such as whether someone had access to a shelter and refused it.

On any given night in the United States, more than 600,000 people are likely to be homeless, according to

the federal government. Last year, 40% of homeless individuals slept under bridges, on sidewalks, in parks, cars, abandoned buildings and other public locations.

The case, which is the City of Grants Pass v. Johnson, attracted an unusually large number of briefs filed by outside interests.

Advocates for the homeless hoped that even if the decision didn't go their way, the case would spur elected officials at all levels of government to do more to address homelessness.

For about 6 months, starting April 2001, I slept in a tent on a friend's land near Helen, Georgia. Birdie McClaine, an orphan who had grown up in a circus company, was a street performer I had met in Key West. After learning I was a writer and had written novels, Birdie told me the storyline for a novel he and dreamed up years before, and he asked if I could write it? I said I had lived half of it the year before, so I guessed I could.

Birdie bought me a tent and a new pair of shoes to replace the sandals I had worn out, which a Key West shoe store owner had given me. I hitchhiked into Helen every day and used a desktop computer in the Helen public library to write the novel, which I saved onto a floppy disc and gave to a man I met in Helen, who was

from Alabama and had known my younger brother. My new friend had several copies of the manuscript printed, and much later I had the novel published by a print to order publisher, and it went nowhere.

I would live in my new friend's home for several months in 2004, when I wrote *A Few Remarkable Alabama People I Have Known*, now a free read at the internet library, [archive.org](http://archive.org).

The preface to Birdie's and my novel explains how I met him and ended up in Helen and is a stranger than short tale in and of itself. The never know what's gonna happen next roller coaster novel feature's a very good Birmingham trial lawyer, Riley Strange, who had clerked for a United States District Judge, and his two to die for lady loves Mary Lou Snow and Willa Sue Jenkins. Not for the faint of heart or conservative Christians, *HEAVY WAIT: A Strange Tale* now is a free read at the internet library, [archive.org](http://archive.org).

I met the amiga who called me this morning near Helen, Georgia. After she read some of the *Heavy Wait* manuscript, she started feeling awful and she quit reading it. I said she was feeling awful because she saw herself in Willa Sue Jenkins. After my amiga purged for a while, she read the strange tale and said she really liked it.

Key West grande dame Shirley Freeman, who had been a county commissioner and a previous sheriff's wife, told

me that she read *Heavy Wait* in one night, she couldn't put it down.

Defeat, and some if God did not exist the topic never would come up  
cosmic humor



From Erik Rittenberry's



## **Defeat**

By: Kahlil Gibran

### **POETIC OUTLAWS**

JUN 26, 2024

Defeat, my Defeat, my solitude and my aloofness;  
You are dearer to me than a thousand triumphs,  
And sweeter to my heart than all world-glory.

Defeat, my Defeat, my self-knowledge and my defiance,

Through you I know that I am yet young and swift of foot  
And not to be trapped by withering laurels.  
And in you I have found aloneness  
And the joy of being shunned and scorned.

Defeat, my Defeat, my shining sword and shield,  
In your eyes I have read  
That to be enthroned is to be enslaved,  
And to be understood is to be leveled down,  
And to be grasped is but to reach one's fullness  
And like a ripe fruit to fall and be consumed.

Defeat, my Defeat, my bold companion,  
You shall hear my songs and my cries and my silences,  
And none but you shall speak to me of the beating of wings,  
And urging of seas,  
And of mountains that burn in the night,  
And you alone shall climb my steep and rocky soul.

Defeat, my Defeat, my deathless courage,  
You and I shall laugh together with the storm,  
And together we shall dig graves for all that die in us,  
And we shall stand in the sun with a will,  
And we shall be dangerous.

### **Sloan Bashinsky**

#### **Sloan's Newsletter**

Gibran was way ahead of his years and time. I read his biography by his American girlfriend and secretary, and then I read his biography by a Lebanon man, who had read and was complimentary of the first biography. Both biographies were excellent. Gibran left Lebanon, where he was a political rabblouser and had a following even at a young age, because he was no longer safe there. His mother told him after he showed her *The Prophet*, to tuck it away and wait some years before sharing it with the public. He had physical ailments, according

to his American girlfriend, and people came to him seeking his counsel and he gave it to them. She addressed rumors of his celibacy by saying he was very creative and as such ... As I recall, he died in his fifties from heart failure. But he indeed was dangerous in the ego and spiritual sense. His defeat poem kinda reminded me of a poem that leaped out of me in the spring of 2001, when I was living on the street in Key West.

“The World's Greatest Failure”

I know what it is  
to love fully,  
have my heart broken by death  
and by loved ones' rejections,  
Over and over again,  
So I can love even more.

I know what it is  
to be engulfed in pain,  
Awash in evil,  
Terrified, enraged, despaired,  
Believing God has again forsaken me,  
Then be given the truth  
that again makes me free

I know what it is  
to doubt,  
Be lost and wandering  
time and time again,  
Then be rescued yet again  
and my faith grows deeper.

I know what it is  
to blindly trust,  
Then be destroyed by betrayal

time and time again,  
Until I trust only God.

I know what it is  
to have much  
and be completely of this world,  
Then have it all taken away  
and be in the world but not of it.

I know what it is  
to fail in this world,  
And fail and fail and fail:  
The world's greatest failure,  
I can serve only God.

I know what it is  
to give and give and give and give;  
I cannot stop giving  
because giving is receiving.

I know what it is  
to explain God  
time after time after time again.  
Something demands I keep explaining:  
Maybe someone will listen,

Maybe me.

Some cosmic comic relief:

**Bless Me Father for I Have Sinned**

I'm on the road to hell!



<https://medium.com/the-springboard/bless-me-father-for-i-have-sinned-fd3ba7f11750>



So, here's me sitting on the 7b bus heading into town. I shouldn't be on the bus. I don't *want* to be on the bus. I should be on a bike, legs pumping like pistons. The freedom of the open road. Direction where the tyres press, as the poet said.

*Ah, no! Not your poetry stuff again! You know that bores me rigid, right?*

### **The docking station**

When I left the house, I intended to hop onto one of Belfast's public bikes. There's a docking station on the main road at the top of our street. The bike gets me into town quicker than the bus. I also get to enjoy some healthy exercise.

*Sat amongst the traffic, breathing in carbon monoxide fumes? That's a healthy option now?*

At the docking station, I fish out my phone. The handy app means I only need to scan a QR code to unlock a bike and start my journey.

The handy app invites me to log in. This doesn't usually happen. It wants my username and six-digit PIN. This isn't handy at all.

The username is my phone number. The PIN? Round up the usual six-digit suspects. It could be my birthday, her birthday, or the son's. Might be our wedding day. It might even be our landline number.

*You're still using a landline? What are you, ninety?*

I could try these usual suspects, but I'll only get three attempts before I'm locked out.

There's a helpline number. They can unlock a bike remotely.

## **The road**

I ring the helpline, but I can't hear a word the fella's saying.

The docking station sits on one of the busiest roads in Belfast. Freight lorries and motorbikes whizz past, not three feet away. Buses hurtle by.

*The buses are electric. They're silent. I like your punchy sentences, though.*

To hear Mr. Helpline, I have to nip behind a wall into the grounds of the nearby Catholic church. I stand in the church car park with the phone pressed against one ear and a finger jammed into the other. Even here, I have to shout to be heard.

“Okay”, says Mr. Helpline. “What’s the number of the docking station you’re standing beside?”

“Hold on,” I say.

I dash out of the church grounds to squint at the docking station before turning around and running back.

“3-6-2-3!”

“Perfect. And which bike would you like me to release?”

“Hold on again.”

Another dash. I see four bikes. One has a flat tyre. Two others have their saddles set so high you’d need legs the length of pylons to ride them. I note the number of the fourth bike and shuffle back into the church.

“5-3-7-0-2.”

“I’m unlocking it now. Has it been released?”

“Just a sec.”

Not so much of a dash this time. I haven’t done shuttle sprints since 1992 and I’m struggling. We need a traffic bypass!

*You're the one who needs a bypass, fella. The state of you after a bit of gentle exercise!*

I try and lift the bike off the rack. It doesn't budge. Back to the church.

"It hasn't unlocked."

"That's unusual," he says, more to himself than me.

I notice a man walking from the church towards me. He's wearing a clerical collar. As he approaches, I acknowledge him with a smile and some clever use of my eyebrows.

"Is everything alright?" he asks. "Only I heard shouting. And then I saw you running around clutching both ears. Are you hurt?"

I shake my head. "No, Father, I was..." Mr. Helpline starts talking to me again.

"Have you paid your annual subscription fee?" he asks.

“It comes off my debit card automatically,” I shout irritably. “*I* don’t pay it. *You* take it out.”

“It’s not showing,” says the voice.

The priest waves a hand to get my attention. “We have a funeral this morning and the family will arrive any minute. We can’t have you shouting in the car park when they come in.”

I nod in agreement.

“Check again,” I tell Mr. Helpline in a much quieter voice.

“I’m sorry, I can’t hear you,” he replies.

“CHECK. IT. AGAIN!” I shout into the phone.

“Please keep your voice down!” the priest whispers urgently. He’s looking over my shoulder. There’s a hearse pulling slowly into the car park followed by a line of mourners.

“I’ve checked it twice. The fee hasn’t been paid.”

“It hasn’t been *collected*, is what you mean, right? RIGHT? Are you people totally incompetent?”

The priest stares at me in disbelief. Mourners look curiously in my direction as they file past. Ghosts of my ancestors appear before me and shake their heads sorrowfully.

“Have you changed your bank details recently?” Mr.Helpline asks.

Somewhere in a dark corner of my brain, a bell tinkles softly. A memory of a debit card lost and cancelled several months ago.

I mumble something abject and end the call.

“Sorry for the disturbance, Father,” I say. As I’m talking, I realise the fingers of my left hand are wagging a greeting at those mourners still staring at me.

I'm not sure why that's happening. My brain has issued no instructions about finger-wagging. If my brain *had* issued instructions about finger-wagging, it would have been to impose a blanket ban on the practice, given the circumstances.

"Stop waving at the family and leave the church grounds," the priest tells me.

I trudge out of the car park and through the gates. I feel like a sinner cast into the wilderness. The road to perdition lies before me.

Fortunately, the 7b runs down that very road every fifteen minutes.

Some more cosmic comic relief:

### **Religious Forums**

#### **Thread starter Fire Dragon**

Start date Jun 16, 2024

Why "God does not exist" is a positive claim

#### **Redneck Mystic**

I have told Atheists, if God does not exist, the topic never would come up.

#### **Fiire Dragon**



Hmm. Thinking about your statement here, I think it has a very deep meaning. Interesting. I don't know if you actually thought what I gathered from your statement. But this one goes a very very long way. Nice.

### **Redneck Mystic**

I also have told Atheists, and Christians, if they lived in my skin a little while, they would know for a fact that God exists, and they very well might wish God did not exist.

### **Fire Dragon**

There are some who wish God does not exist. There are those who believe God exists but hates God. Distheists. Oh and even misotheists.

### **Redneck Mystic**

Everyone is entitled to his/her own belief and opinion, but when I see poeple take a really strong stand about something they only believe, they are so sure they are right, but they only believe they are right, I wonder what is really going on, and I do often wonder how they would deal with what I deal with every day and night of my life since early 1987, when it began and there was zero doubt what started it. But I know I cannot prove any of it, nor can anyone disprove any of it

### **Fire Dragon**

Aight. Cheers.

### **ppp**

Which means that there is no good reason for anyone else to believe you. 😊

### **Redneck Mystic**

Heh, someday, if not in this life, then in the afterlife, you will recall this conversation. Meanwhile, I wish you an interesting life in these really interesting times. 😊

**ppp**

I do not think God fits in your skin.

**Redneck Mystic**

Nor did I say that, but I imagine if you were able to live in my skin for a while, you would have a different outlook

**ppp**

Not only do I have no reason to believe you, but I have no reason to think that you know or are capable of knowing what you claim.

Telling me that I will rue the day is silly. Might as well say, Nyah nyaah nyah nyah nyaaaah.

**Redneck Mystic**

I didn't say you would rue the day. I said someday, if not in this life, then in the afterlife, you will recall this conversation, and you will.

**ppp**

I said what I said.

**Redneck Mystic**

But I did not say what you said I said, and that might be a good place to start looking in the mirror, which I was forced to do for a v-e-r-y l-o-n-g t-i-m-e, with many refresher courses, by beings the likes of which you will meet someday, if not in the lifetime, then in the afterlife.

**ppp**

All that you are laying down is negging, pop psychology and innuendo. With a dollop of self-advertised hard-fought special wisdom.

Can you be wrong about the nature of your experience in 1987? Could it simply be a product of a human mind misinterpreting an experience?

**Redneck Mystic**

No. It could not be. As I said earlier in this thread, I have told many Christians that if they lived in my skin, they might wish there were no God, and I meant that literally.

Believe is just that, believe.

Having the direct experience is something else altogether,

There are many reports of people having the direct experience, and they knew, as I know, there is no human way to prove it, and that's just how it is.

Perhaps people who engage in discussions such as this one online, or elsewhere, might ponder just what they might be inviting into their lives?

### **PPS**

It could be.

Absolute conviction is the fundamental flaw,

You are incorrect.

There is a duck in my sock drawer.

There is no duck in my sock drawer.

These are logically possible matters that are contradictions.

### **Redneck Mystic**

No, it could not be what you wonder it might be, You were not there, You did not experience it. So, you have no clue what happened. And the way you are carrying on reminds me of Donald Trump, who acts like he knows everything. As have many Christians I had talked with over decades, who lived in their beliefs and 1-dimensional earth experiences, as you do, because that's all they have. Someday, if not in this lifetime, then in the afterlife, you will see differently, and you will remember this conversation.

### **shunyadragon said:**

Fair would be Natural Laws and natural processes determine what is fair If God is the Creator.

We flap our arms and jump off the 10 story building. We cannot fly

### **Redneck Mystic.**

Never said I can fly, but I do have a lovely piece of art, entitled, “When pigs fly”, and I once knew the artist and how it came about that she did the painting, and it's hilarious. God has a terrific sense of humor, but sometimes it is not me laughing when it happens. I had a very religious girlfriend , who had a “We plan, God laughs” magnet on her refrigerator door. I kept telling her God had her put it there, and she heard me, but she kept making plans, and she kept trying to change me, even though she said God kept telling her to leave me alone, I was doing what God wanted me to do, and I told her if she kept it up, God would break us up, and when she finally spent the night with me, I had stayed over at her home many times, I woke up in the middle of the night and she was gone, and I ran outside in my sock feet and caught her at her car, and she said God had told her in her sleep, “You are not the one”, and she was terrified and fled. I was all torn up inside, because I really loved her, and our passion was not of this world, and when we were alone and getting along, we went to a place together, which was not of this world, and it was so wonderful there are no words to describe it, and it happened many times, and she called it “the space”, but I never felt it that way after that night. when we talked, nor did I feel it with later women in that way,, whom God or an angel had brought to me, and they knew God had brought them to me, and me to them, and they heard from God or an angel all the time, and, well, you have much to look forward to someday, if not on this world, then in the afterlife. I’m not going to tell you any more of which you know nothing, but if you get visited and want to talk about it, I will talk with you then.

## the philistines and the artists



*phil·is·tine*

*noun*

*a person who is hostile or indifferent to culture and the arts, or who has no understanding of them.*

*"I am a complete philistine when it comes to paintings"*

A v-e-r-y l-o-n-g polemic open letter (diatribe) to starving, discouraged, disillusioned and wannabe artists floated into my email account the other day from Erik Rittenberry/Poetic Outlaws. I read the diatribe, and I read it again this morning and started writing a reply, which took a while. I took a break and thought about my reply and rearranged and tucked and trimmed it a bit, and let it fly.

Because of the diatribe's l-e-n-g-t-h, I only include here what might be viewed as the first of many stanzas, followed by my reply. You can read the entire diatribe by clicking on its link.

### **The Candle In The Rib Cage: An Open Letter to Artists in 2024**

**(and some words for the philistines, too)**

#### **POETIC OUTLAWS**

JUN 22, 2024

<https://poeticoutlaws.substack.com/p/the-candle-in-the-rib-cage-an-open>

## **The Candle In the Rib Cage: An Open Letter to Artists in 2024**

Lately, I have come across opining's from the philistine types more than ever. I am sick of it, but what is there to do? I thought to write them—I was thinking an open letter, but this came with its own problems. No one identifies as a philistine, and even if someone did, why on earth would they read a letter by a so-called artist, knowing that in its contents is likely a bomb of words, whose sole purpose is to blow them to smithereens?

Much better to write simply to the artists themselves, and add some words for the philistines, too.

To start, I should address who I am mainly speaking to; the artist as craftsman, and the artist that is within us all. That is not to say we are all artists. But to speak to that inkling of artistic spirit inside every human. That we all dream, occasionally, of the impossible and are open to new worlds. That even in the most cadaverous human, there may exist the remnants of a still burning candle, somewhere hidden, a candle inside the rib cage.

I mean to address the amateur. The Sunday painter, the hobbyist.

Those that know very little of academic art history, only what they have been able to gather in free libraries, museums, etc. Too, I am speaking to the bedroom musician, the self-published poets. The tinkerers, as well as anyone who has suffered a good bit of starving for their art. Starving—limited not to malnourishment, but also the spiritual starvation that often comes with the absence of an audience.

The starvation of the voice.

Also, the very young and young at heart, alike. I want to speak to the artist that has no clan, no concrete future. I want to speak to those who I may call “my people”, if I believed in the phrase. The people that have no people—those who are alone in this world, in their vision and spirit. First to congratulate you, second to say I am with you—so far as I can be.

It matters little whether your art is good or bad or you feel like an artist one day and a fraud the next. Whether you play the piano or the kazoo, whether you write with a long, felt tip pen or scrawl with bricks

of charcoal. Whether your art is technological or is executed from the damp wall of a cave.

I am also talking to myself.

The opposite of all this is the modern-day art students, who fancy themselves as humanitarian activists—the problem here is the collective versus the individual, but I will get to that later.

Also, the gallery “mascot”, as Jean Michel Basquiat put it. This letter may not be directed towards them, though they may find a glimmer of truth in it. However, they need little encouragement. Full of themselves and their puny roles as they often are, bound to their exhibition schedules of handshakes, pow-wows, secret dinners, group showings among close friends and such as they seem, and so enmeshed in cash grants, awards, museum acquisitions as they can be, I find they need no encouragement.

A small dose of discouragement, more like it.

I don’t know what would set them straight. I cannot say forcefully, there are too many of them. It is the “business” of art that they tend to, often forgetting their own lives in the process. This is likely not related to art at all, nor, in my opinion, a life at all.

If you would indulge me in a quick story, I will give you a small sense of what I mean:

In Los Angeles I had received a call from a friend, who knew of my desperate situation. Living in my car, I had little room to maneuver. I had a few hundred dollars left. It was decreasing by the minute, by the meal, by the gas tank! Anyway, he offered me a short stint of work. I could not have said no! I would have—if only I were in the position to turn down work.

The work was chauffeuring an important artist. In fact, she is goddess-like! Her paintings, as well as her name, are known worldwide! Whenever she has an exhibition or makes a big sale, or stumps her toe, apparently, she is interviewed by the likes of the national art papers as well as The New York Times, The Los Angeles Times, etc. During her exhibition, she will be guaranteed a positive review, and will close the showing a few million dollars richer.

I was her driver and she was intolerable. She let me know my place by introducing me as “my driver.” She never once called me by name, only as “driver.” She was a miserable woman. The details I would hear of her life, from her extraneous phone conversations from the back seat while I drove, were further dehumanizing. It was as though I was not there. No shame as she went from one phone call to the next, dialing up acquaintances, repeating the same stories, word for word, one after the next.

I never saw her smile. Never did she laugh. I could only think—is this what success looks like? Is this what success does? She went on about a building she would buy, and about her sales. It is a wonder she ever got around to painting. A wonder that she still considers herself emblematic of good humanity.

Anyway, could make for an interesting story in more detail some other time. But this is what I mean about the business of success and what it can do to some. I was living in my car, broke as ever, but I could muster a smile, a joke! If I had a driver myself, we would be best of friends! I was a ghost inside a machine, chauffeuring an entrepre-corpse body, a soul destroyed, blasted away by the business end of the shitty art world stick.

What a shame!

I was rich living in my car. She was enmeshed in poverty, the ghetto of one’s bitter mind. This is all anecdotal, I know. But it left an impression. It had some revelatory effect—it was no waste! In fact, I should thank her for being that way. So, thank you, Mary. And this story is not everything—does not cast a very long pessimism towards my own life or how I see the life of the artist.

The artists that are poured out like sludge from academia are performers, mainly. Performing an identity. An IDENTITY no different than the biker gangs, the cult followers, or the adult entertainers.

They have their own clothes, their own slang, their own signals, their own emblems. They thrive on separation. Not totally, just separation by groups. That great American comedian George Carlin said of our betters, “It’s a big club, and you ain’t in it.” I believe it’s something like that, if not exactly. I find them abhorrent, saved only by the grace that



is their unawareness. They cannot stand on their own two legs! I have not made a group of them, they have done that to themselves!

Ambition. I would like to kill it. Whatever is ambitious inside me is troublesome, irksome, injurious. The trouble with ambition is that it knows no bounds. Once it gets going, it can never be apprehended—perhaps only killed. Snuffed in the cradle, so to speak. And this is funny, because I don't want to kill ALL my ambition. I want to keep some, like the candle in the rib cage. Complete eradication of anything is not appealing to me. I would keep at least one or two philistines around. A few diseases, some criminals, some horrible people. I want to kill all my ambition except a modicum of it. I tend to think on Charles Bukowski's "Bluebird".

Kill your ambition, mostly, but keep a small part of it hidden. You may need it one day, I don't know yet. Ambition towards your craft, your work, is no small thing. And, of course, that is not what I mean. I mean worldly, monetary, social, and public ambition...

### **Sloan Bashinsky Sloan's Newsletter**

In college and later, I was inspired by a few novelists and poets, but I did not camp on their doorsteps. I did not write them letters, or wish they were around to advise me.

After taking a creative writing workshop in a community school in 1982, I did not spend a lot of time hanging out with other writers and poets.

I was homeless, a 5-year stretch, 2000-2005, and a 2-year stretch, 2015-2017. I wrote plenty about that at my blogs, some of which became books.

I read Vereen's diatribe the day Erik posted it, and I read it again this morning, and I still don't know what to make of it.

In some ways it reminds me of how Donald Trump whines about what doesn't go to his liking.

Because I was raised with very large silver and gold spoons in my rich white spoiled brat kid mouth, I view Donald Trump differently from people who were not raised like he and I were raised.

So, it's not fair for me to liken Vereen to America's Philistine-in-Chief.

I'm 81 and climbing. I wrote my first book when I was 40, after I was overwhelmed with a sense that I would write a book about something I had come to know very well when I practiced law. The "vision" came to me as my second wife and I were driving back to Alabama from a two month trip up America's Atlantic seaboard.

My physical health and the rest of my life had gone into the shitter. I was hoping to reinvent myself. Writing the book rejuvenated and caused me to want to be alive again.

Oh my God did I want it to be a bestseller, and make me feel wonderful about me. It was good enough to be a bestseller, but the Gods, Goddesses, Fates, Karma, Whatever, had other plans.

I wrote all about that and what came down instead at my blog post yesterday, *starry starry night pain ain't always genius*, which was inspired by Erik's Van Gogh post yesterday.

I would like to think any starving artist by any definition might find that blog post interesting.

In 1991, the first poem wormed its way up out of me, as if it was dictated to me. In 1992, the second poem leaped out of me as fast as I could write it, as if it was sung to me.

### "Living Poets"

Dead poets are poets who never write

Who obey shoulds and oughts

Who live to please others

Who value money over God

Who die without ever having lived

Death is their mark

Dead poets are remembered by the living.

Living poets are remembered by time

Dead poets never sing their song

Living poets never stop singing it

The difference between the two is this:

One worships fear, the other life

To be a dead poet is hard

It requires being someone else

To be a living poet is easy  
It only means being myself  
One choice is hell, the other heaven  
That is what is meant by free will

"The Mockingbird"  
I happened upon a mockingbird  
singing its fool head off –  
I asked it how and why it sang?  
But all it did was look ahead,  
all it did was sing.  
It never turned to see if I was watching,  
or listened for money jingling in my pockets,  
or asked if I liked its music,  
or expected a recording contract –  
It was too busy singing  
to pay any attention to me.  
Thus did I learn  
the greatest sin of all  
is to kill a mockingbird.

In 1994, this poem exploded out of me as fast as I could write it. If not already, I figured my Muse had drawn her line in the sand, and I ignored Her at my soul's very peril.

Who invented the rule that poetry must rhyme, have pentameter, be cast into verse. Please tell me, yes, please tell me, who, just who, invented that really silly rule? Surely it wasn't the marker of the first stone- otherwise, there'd be no stones to break all those slaving rules!

In 1990, I was invited to present at a writer's conference in my home town, Birmingham, Alabama. The audience did not seem interested in my topic, "Writing as a mystical experience".

Although he sometimes tries to write fiction, every character was a character in himself, every plot a plot in him. There are no surprises, only his, to discover parts of himself he has lost, thrown away, forgot, or never even knew were there. Perhaps in this way, God and he are somewhat alike, they both create to discover just who and what they really are.

When someone asked what I did about writer's block, I said I don't get writer's block. When it's time for me to write, I have to write. When nothing is coming, I do something else. Not all of you are writers, or poets, or artists, or sculptors, or craftsmen, but you are something, and what is import is to find that something and be it with everything you have, If you are writers, then write about something you know about, because you have lived it.

That is what Vereen did, but I wish he did not remind me of Donald Trump.

**starry starry night pain ain't always genius**



I watched “Oppenheimer” last night on Netflix. I had not seen the film. Much of it is set in Los Alamos.

I was put off by the movie not dealing with President Harry Truman wrote in his diary that he did not drop the A-bombs on Japan to win that war and save American soldiers’ lives. Japan knew America had the A-bomb and was trying to surrender. He dropped the A-bombs on Japan to intimidate the Russians.

Around dawn today, I dreamed of being in Pensacola.

I wondered if some new sport to banish care might be afoot?

The first clue was an email from Poetic Outlaws, which caused me go to go looking for the Starry Starry Night song.

**Vincent van Gogh: What Am I?**

POETIC OUTLAWS

JUN 23, 2024

What am I in the eyes of most people —  
a nonentity, an eccentric, or an

unpleasant person —  
somebody who has no position  
in society and will never have;  
in short, the lowest of the low.

All right, then —  
even if that were absolutely true,  
then I should one day like to show  
by my work what such an eccentric,  
such a nobody, has in his heart.

That is my ambition,  
based less on resentment  
than on love in spite of everything,  
based more on a feeling of  
serenity than on passion.

Though I am often in the  
depths of misery,  
there is still calmness,  
pure harmony  
and music inside me.

I see paintings or drawings  
in the poorest cottages,  
in the dirtiest corners.

And my mind is driven towards  
these things with an irresistible  
momentum.

This passage is from a letter written by Vincent van Gogh to his  
brother Theo on July 21, 1882.

**Sloan Bashinsky**

## **Sloan's Newsletter**

"Vincent"

Don McLean

Starry, starry night

Paint your palette blue and gray

Look out on a summer's day

With eyes that know the darkness in my soul

Shadows on the hills

Sketch the trees and the daffodils

Catch the breeze and the winter chills

In colors on the snowy, linen land

Now, I understand what you tried to say to me

And how you suffered for your sanity

And how you tried to set them free

They would not listen, they did not know how

Perhaps they'll listen now

Starry, starry night

Flaming flowers that brightly blaze

Swirling clouds in violet haze

Reflect in Vincent's eyes of china blue

Colors changing hue

Morning fields of amber grain

Weathered faces lined in pain

Are soothed beneath the artist's loving hand

Now, I understand, what you tried to say to me

How you suffered for your sanity

How you tried to set them free

They would not listen, they did not know how

Perhaps they'll listen now

For they could not love you

But still your love was true

And when no hope was left inside

On that starry, starry night

You took your life as lovers often do

But I could have told you, Vincent  
This world was never meant for one  
As beautiful as you  
Starry, starry night  
Portraits hung in empty halls  
Frameless heads on nameless walls  
With eyes that watch the world and can't forget  
Like the strangers that you've met  
The ragged men in ragged clothes  
The silver thorn of bloody rose  
Lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow  
Now, I think I know what you tried to say to me  
How you suffered for your sanity  
How you tried to set them free  
They would not listen, they're not listening still  
Perhaps they never will

**Catherine Wallace**

Thanks for sharing this song. I was hearing it in my head as I read along. :)

**Barbara Sinclair**

The Quaking Poplar  
I've always loved this song. Thx for sharing it!

**Rod Bluhm**

**A Journey of Words**

It's an incredibly sad song, but it seems to capture his life so well.

My second wife was an opaque (gouache) watercolor artist. She had more talent in her right hand than I could imagine. "Starry Starry Night" was her soul song.



Quite by chance in my law office, if you still believe in chance, one of my law partners made the introduction. Hearing her last name, I said, "You must be so and so's sister, because you look just like him."

Her brother and I once had a big fight he started over a girl. After we beat each other up for a while, I asked him why we were fighting? He said, "She said you said you could beat my ass." I said, "I never told her that and you can have her." I turned and walked away.

Not long after I met his sister in my law office, I found on my desk a curious invitation to a meeting of the G.I.P.s at the 3rd window booth in a popular Five Points South pub called Dugan's. My law partner, who had made the introduction, suggested I make an appearance, it might be interesting. He did not say why.

On the designated day, I drove to Dugan's after work, and there she sat by the window with another lawyer I knew pretty well, and two men and two women I did not know, who introduced themselves. That's when I learned G.I.P.s stood for John Lennons' Genius Is Pain song, of which I had never heard.

After we became an item, she told me that she was an artist, and she was doing awful in high school, and her parents took her out of high school and enrolled her at the Birmingham School of Fine Arts, where she had blossomed. She said she never liked art shows, but she sometimes sold or gave her work to her to people she knew.

When she said she had stopped painting, I asked why? She said she needed money and borrowed \$3,000 from the son of a rich white man in Birmingham, and she would repay him with her next three paintings. Instead, she stopped painting.

I knew the guy somewhat, and I went to my bank and had a \$3,000 cashier's check made out to him. I gave her the check to take to him, which she did.

She said she didn't want to start painting again, because she didn't want to show or sell her work. I said, okay.

She wanted to have a baby. I had two children, whose older brother had died of sudden infant death syndrome, and I was in poor health, and I did not feel I had the juice to have another child. Birth control was not working. She got pregnant twice, and she went to an abortion clinic twice, and she was torn up and I was torn up for her, and I got a vasectomy.

She came up with the idea of starting an art school for young children. I came up with the sales pitch, "I want to teach your children how to draw and paint." A lawyer friend with some wood skills created a vase with a bunch of paint brushes sticking up out of it, and she painted it pretty.

I rented her a studio in an A-frame building on the edge of Mountain Brook, the rich, white enclave south of Birmingham, aka, The Tiny Kingdom, where we and the guy who had bought her next three paintings had grown up, but now she and I lived in Birmingham.

She had cards made up with her invitation and her name and phone number, and she left them in drug stores, grocery stores and beauty parlors. She got her first class of young students, and she was happy as a clam.

I told her she needed to start painting again, it was her gift. She said, okay, if she didn't have to show or sell her work. I said, okay.

She did a painting, and it was fabulous. She did another painting, and it was fabulous. The subjects were what we had found driving around in the countryside with her Nikon camera. I came up with the names for her paintings. She was happy as a clam, as an artist. Living with me, who was never happy as a clam, which had nothing to do with her, was another matter.

Eventually, I told her that she needed to show her work. She said I had promised she would not have to do that. I said, yes, but I changed my mind, because the world needed to see her work, and she needed to get over her fear of showing her gift to the public.

She said she didn't like people comparing her to Andrew Wyeth. I said she was better than him and to get over it.

She drove down to Pensacola with some of her paintings for that city's annual sidewalk art show. Her painting, "Jesus saves," an old worn out barn with "Jesus saves" painting in white paint on its slanted roof, won first prize in watercolor. She was beyond happy as a clam.

She was invited to show her work in a Birmingham gallery.

She was friends with several prominent local women artists, who were in that gallery. They told her the owner was a bitch in the rhyme with witch way. The gallery owner set the date for a show, and my wife went to work. She was really nearsighted and sometimes used a magnifying glass while she worked her craft.

The gallery owner started behaving as advertised. I listened to my wife's reports, hoping it would run its course, but it didn't. I asked her if she wanted me to get involved? She said, yes. I said all hell might break loose. She said she didn't care. I got involved and she was thrown out of the gallery.

I'd heard karma can be bitch.

A couple of weeks later, the gallery owner called my wife and said Birmingham's daily newspaper had advertised the art show and named the artists to be featured, and she could bring her pieces to the gallery for the art show. The other artists' pieces had been hung and there was no space left on the walls in the gallery, so she set up her paintings on the floor against the baseboards..

The local newspaper's art critic attended the show and wrote a review, which said Jane Shea's paintings were delightful, but they were really hard to find.

Jane and I kept driving around in the countryside away from Birmingham with her Nikon, and I kept naming her paintings.

She drove down to Orlando for Disney World's annual sidewalk art show and was assigned a booth in the back of nowhere. She set up her little art show and sat there for two days. Mickey Mouse came by Sunday afternoon and gave her a check and the blue ribbon for 1st place in her medium.

I was very slowly coming to understand lawyering and we were not working out.

I wrote a book for which I now am sure Jane was the Muse.

I self-published *HOME BUYERS: Lambs to the Slaughter?* It had some wicked cartoons of sheep and wolves created by the artist daughter of the fellow who produced the book for me. It was saddle stitched, maybe 40 pages.

I hired a publicist in Birmingham to help me promote the book. She sent me on a media tour in south Alabama and Pensacola, I convinced a chain bookstore in Pensacola to carry the book and left a dozen copies. The store sold out the book and I mailed them more copies. The bookstore manager said people from the Pensacola naval air base were buying the book. She asked for 100 more copies.

I also sold a few copies by mail order after publishing how to buy your home articles in offbeat magazines, such as *Mother Earth News*.

I met a whitewater paddler via the Birmingham Canoe Club, who had moved to Birmingham from North Carolina. He said he heard that I wrote a

book. I said, yes. He said he worked for a publishing company in North Carolina, Menasha Ridge Press, and he would like to see the book. I gave him a copy.

After reading it, he said Menasha would like for me to make it longer and they would carry it. So, I rewrote it and made it longer. He put me with Menasha's book editor, who taught me how to write a book. It was embarrassing, pained my ego, and proved I was no genius.

The public relations firm sent me on a tour in Nashville, Louisville, Kentucky, Columbus, Ohio, and Knoxville, Tennessee. I was interviewed by local radio and TV stations. The call-in radio interviews were wild, the phone calls kept coming. Same, when the NPR station in Birmingham interviewed me several times in their studio,

Menasha got Simon & Schuster in New York City interested in the lambs to the slaughter book, and its sequel, *Selling Your Home \$weet Home*. Jane was the second book's muse, too.

In early January 1985, my Birmingham publicist got Jane Pauley to interview me in New York City on the Today Show. Suddenly, I was somewhat a celebrity. But no chain bookstores had my books.

Menasha asked me to write a book about lawyers for lay people, and I stated writing what became *KILL ALL THE LAWYERS? A Client's Guide to Hiring, Firing, Using and Suing Lawyers*, which did not kill every last lawyer, and killed a few clients no lawyer would ever want to have to represent. Jane was that book's muse.

Simon & Schuster bought Prentice-Hall, which published lots of books about law stuff. My books were transferred to Prentice-Hall, which was in disarray, and *Lambs to the Slaughter* and *Selling Your Home \$weet Home*, and chain bookstores did not have my books.

My Birmingham publicist got me interviewed by CBS Morning News and RKO Radio in New York City, and by CNN in Atlanta. But chain bookstores did not have my books.

I taught free adult education buying and selling homes seminars in Birmingham.

My law practice was down to a trickle

An artist son of a rich white Tiny Kingdom man, who had moved to Santa Fe, New Mexico and was doing very well there as an artist, and his wife, whom Jane also knew, invited us to visit them and stay in their small guest cottage. Jane and I drove out there and stayed with them for two months. I fell in love with Santa Fe and told Jane I was going to move there and she was welcome to join me.

I was very interested in the New Age and alternative healing, because I was not well for a very long time. A natural healer friend, first name Senneca, was a hippie living in Madrid on the back road from Santa Fe to Albuquerque when he attended J. Dr. Victor Scherer's massage and natural healing school in Santa Fe. Seneca advised if I wanted to get into healing work, I should go to massage school.

In early 1986, Prentice-Hall published *Kill All the Lawyers*, and the Birmingham publicist got me interviewed about 200 times on local, regional and national radio, including CNN in its Los Angeles studio.

The Birmingham daily newspaper gave *Kill All the Lawyers* a rave review. A Birmingham TV station covered the book signing in Birmingham. But chain bookstores did not have my books. A local bookstore in downtown Birmingham had ordered 100 copies and sold out in a week. The store owner told me I would be better off with no publisher, than have Prentice-Hall as my publisher.

I was getting a sense that I was headed somewhere else, maybe I would write about healing.

I wrote something I had no business writing, because I didn't know shit about healing.

I mailed the manuscript to Simon & Schuster's Editor, with a note about all the media interviews I was getting, but no books in chain bookstores, An editor wrote back that he had read my submission, but they were sorry, they could not use it.

Attending massage school 5 days a week, I turned my attention there.

Jane got a great gallery in Santa Fe. She wasn't selling a lot of pieces, but she was becoming known, and she really liked Santa Fe. I hoped I would really like Santa Fe, but there was too much awry in me to really like anything, to be dead honest.

Jane's paintings became smaller and smaller, true bonsai.

I became more and more unsettled.

We split up.

I met a woman at a gathering in Santa Fe, who said she lived in Los Alamos, about 50 miles across the desert from Santa Fe. She worked in one of the labs there, and her lab was trying to use vegetation to soak up all the toxic wastes the other Los Alamos labs were pouring into the ground.

She was Australian, and had come to America with her parents when she was young. She had a closet mystic side to her that her fellow scientists would not be able to wrap their minds around. We started dating and I spent weekends at her home in Los Alamos. I met some of her

scientist friends and found they were not interested in anything I was interested in.

I knew the move to Santa Fe and attending massage school and taking “advanced” trainings in alternative healing had not fixed anything. I felt like I had failed in every way a man could fail.

Feeling at the end of my rope, out of bright ideas,, I prayed one morning in my apartment, “Dear God, I do not want to die like this, failed.” I paused, said, “I offer my life to human service.”

About ten days passed.

Sleeping over with my Los Alamos girlfriend, I woke up maybe around 2 a.m, and saw two white shift-shaped beings hovering above me in the darkness. No wings, but I assumed they were angels. I heard in my mind very clearly, “This will push you to your limits, but you asked for it and we are going to give it to you.” I remembered the prayer I had made, and I saw a bright white flash and I was physically jolted by something electrical. That happened two more times. Total time lapsed was about 10 seconds. I was sweating and shaking. The two beings faded out.

Sensing my new girlfriend was awake, I asked her what she saw or heard? She said she saw my body lurching. I asked if she saw or heard the angels? She said, no. I told her what had happened. She laughed, said, “Let’s go back to sleep, you strange man.”

It began that starry starry night.

The two angels would turn me every which way but loose, and upside down and inside out, and they would stand me before endless mirrors, looking at me, with plenty of refresher courses. They would painfully destroy any notion that I might be a genius.



They began with a vision in the fall of 1987 that would write a book about practicing law in a new way. I went right to work, writing garbage. I was not ready to write it. When the time came a year later, the two angels put human editors in front of me, who taught me again that I had not looked in the mirror nearly enough.

I kept at it, and finally something emerged, the gist of which was legal problems are messages from God about stuff we have not dealt with, and if we go about our legal problems in the regular way, we miss the point.

I mailed *The High Legal Road* manuscript to my editor at Prentice-Hall, who wrote back that he agreed with much of it, and he wanted to argue with much of it, but it was too spiritual to be a legal book, and it was too legal to be a spiritual book, and Prentice-Hall didn't know how to market it, and he had to decline.

I went back to using money I had inherited from my father and his father to self-publish.

As the time passed, I wrote quite a few stranger than fiction pain ain't always genius books and poetry about what happened after two angels showed up that starry starry night in Los Alamos, where the atomic bomb was invented.

I also wrote 5 pain ain't always genius stranger than fiction novels, three of which survived.

*Kundalina, Alabama* (1992)

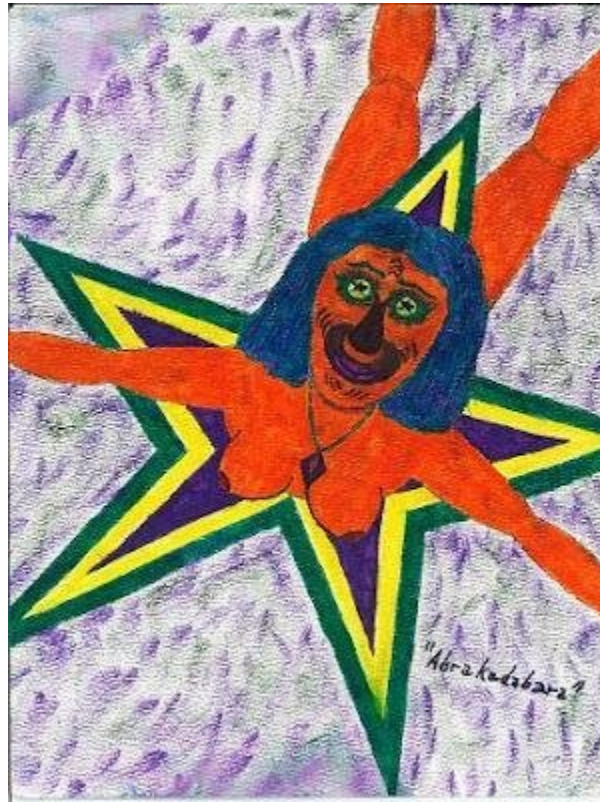
*Heavy Wait: A Strange Tale* (2001)

*Return of the Strange* (2023)

The leading male actor in those three novels, Riley Strange, and his to die for lady loves, had themselves some r-e-a-l-l-y s-t-r-a-n-g-e adventures.

All of those starry starry night pain ain't always genius books, except *The High Legal Road*, can be read for free at the internet library, [archive.org](http://archive.org), which is operated by American colleges. That library specializes in out of print books and books by authors not trying to monetize their books. A similar library run by Cambridge University, in England, [bodlean.eu](http://bodlean.eu), can be used by people in Great Britain and Europe.

## Summer Solstice ahoys from the Pleiadean mothership



From out of the wild blue yonder today...

Summer Solstice ahoys from the Pleiadean mothership...

Using our brand of X-Ray, we perceive something happening inside your planet that Earthlings might wish to know.

All of the oil being pumped out of the ground is leaving an ever increasing vacuum into which something must flow sooner or later, and the most likely mechanics are earthquakes and magma flows.

Longterm, your planet might implode a bit, and the creatures living on its surface and in its oceans might wonder if maybe they are going the way of your ancient dinosaurs, which, believe it or not, were sentient and were having a great time in their way of looking a things until a

large meteor got through your planet's air defense system and tilted your planet on its axis and set off gobs of earthquakes and volcanic activity and the dinosaurs dearly departed, but left some of their much smaller more durable pets behind.

Meanwhile, your oceans, rivers, streams and lakes are filling up nicely with plastics, which theoretically can be recycled, but the living creatures might not care for how they are affected. And your planet's atmosphere continues to deteriorate, which end game is not a happy ending for those creatures.

People like your Elon Musk dream of flying to Mars, but they have not read, or heeded, your author Robert Heinlein's tale, *Stranger in a Strange Land* and the Martians' ability to mass meditate and create a vibration that caused the planet between Mars and Jupiter to be blown into tiny pieces, which became the asteroid belt, after the Martians perceived the sentient species on that planet was a lethal threat to Martians.

There is a general Galactic Mandate not to intervene in such matters, however your planet's governments know very well that "ETs" have been poking around and meddling here and there for quite a while, but those governments keep that information to themselves, because they fear letting that cat out of the bag will cause extensive commotion in their manipulated subjects, who just might tell their governments to fuck off, to borrow a popular Earthling saying.

Earthlings can take these "parables" as fairy tales, if they wish, but the message is very real: Earthlings are not welcome in space, because they are DANGEROUS to all living beings, including their own species.

So, please step back and consider stars are sentient beings, and their planets are like their children, and their comets are like gypsies, and they are sentient, too, and they can choose to turn the other cheek, but they also can choose to stand their ground and respond with lethal force in self defense.

So, yes, black holes, wormholes, and other things in the UNIVERSE are sentient and can enter the discussion, if they wish.

And yes, Something made all of that, which has many names, and we know of and respect it and try to keep in its good graces, after eons of going about it somewhat like Earthlings go about things.

We are not special. There are countless sentient beings somewhat like us and Earthlings, whom we seeded onto your planet after being given Permission to do so, and sometimes one of us has walked on this planet trying to help our seedlings go about things, but as I said, there is a Galactic Mandate not to interfere, but that mandate is not CAST IN STONE.

Next week brings a televised debate between two dubious old white American males who want to run the show for the next four years, and perhaps I should say how we see that from the mothership. To us, it looks like a donkey and an elephant trying to chase down and catch and control a whole lot of chickens running around with their heads chopped off and yet the chickens do not lay down and die. So, good luck with that debate.

Meanwhile, we suggest again that somebody in America try to get the two old dubious white males to understand there are patents in the US Patent Office in Washington, D.C. for a road-tested device that can be installed in your cars and trucks. The device converts water into hydrogen and oxygen, and uses the hydrogen for super cheap clean fuel. One gallon of water can power a sedan around 250 miles. That device can save Earth from imploding from oil extraction and save its atmosphere.

Star Woman

**The mockingbird finally prevailed...**



When I turned in last night, I told God and the angels that I feel it is time I return to the being a mockingbird, and I will keep writing at [afoolsworkneverends.blogspot.com](http://afoolsworkneverends.blogspot.com), [redneckmysticlawyerforpresident.blogspot.com](http://redneckmysticlawyerforpresident.blogspot.com), Facebook, Poetic Outlaws and my Substack newsletter, but it is Their job to promote the writings, or not. People who wish to keep up with my writings can follow me on those platforms, and my books can be read for free at the internet library, [archive.org](http://archive.org). I may continue pestering my closest relations.

In that context, I posted a couple of things at Medium Daily Digest, which seems sort of like Substack, and then I subscribed to Medium and posted the Father's Day poem, and last night I received:

A letter from Tony Stubblebine, Medium CEO

Tony Stubblebine <members@medium.com>  
Tue, Jun 18, 10:02 AM  
to me

Hi there,

This is Tony Stubblebine, CEO of Medium. I'm writing to thank you for becoming a Medium member. I'd like to share a clearer sense of what we're trying to do, why it matters, and how to make the most of your membership.

We believe that everyone has a story to tell. On Medium, anyone can share insightful perspectives, useful knowledge, and life wisdom with the world. Each story has a chance to influence others, plant a seed, perhaps even start a movement.

We do our best to help these stories find the audience they deserve and help readers find stories that move them, through a system based on human curation and member-driven engagement. As a result, over 100 million people read and connect on Medium every month.

This is why Medium exists: To spread human-centric, human-created ideas that deepen our understanding of the world.

Medium is creating not just a platform, but a new information ecosystem—one that's open for everyone to participate in, and rewards quality over quantity. One that values diverse perspectives and doesn't allow hate, harassment, or intolerance. One that spreads important ideas and sparks intelligent conversations. When you read and write on Medium, you're contributing to a global community that values depth, nuance, and substantive storytelling that wouldn't be possible anywhere else.

So, how do you get the most out of your membership? Open Medium, and find your favorite writers. Discover your favorite corners of Medium: Start with our Staff Picks, or follow a topic. Read a story. Highlight a sentence or two (or browse your past highlights). Find a publication about the ideas you're most passionate about, independently run by editors who share that passion. If you're feeling inspired, leave a response. Add stories you love into lists. Even better, write your own story. Start your own publication! Build your reading lists, your followers, your knowledge base, your Medium community. We're glad you're here.



We have come a long way on this journey, but we're just getting started. As a paying member, you're critical to our mission. At any time, feel free to reply to this email to share your thoughts with our team.

Thank you for reading,

Tony Stubblebine  
CEO, Medium

I replied this morning:

Hi, Tony-

Thanks for the welcome

I will post stuff to my Medium page as it comes to me, which I have done at my blogs, Facebook and Substack.

I've had a very unusual life and my writings reflect that.

Here's my Google profile:

After many moons, this southern lawyer took a road less traveled, which his family and friends viewed as stranger than fiction. I cannot prove any of it happened, and I would be crazy if I thought I could. The good, the bad, the beautiful and the ugly, of and not of this world, as I and other people experienced it. My fiction and nonfiction books are free reads at the internet library-archive.org, in English and around 33 other languages. The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast is viewable at around 48 Torrent platforms, which have tech that translates English into other languages.

The first two of many poems set the course from which I wavered at times, but the two never wavered:

"Living Poets" 1991

Dead poets are poets who never write  
Who obey shoulds and oughts  
Who live to please others  
Who value money over God  
Who die without ever having lived  
Death is their mark  
Dead poets are remembered by the living.  
Living poets are remembered by time  
Dead poets never sing their song  
Living poets never stop singing it  
The difference between the two is this:  
One worships fear, the other life  
To be a dead poet is hard  
It requires being someone else  
To be a living poet is easy  
It only means being myself  
One choice is hell, the other heaven  
That is what is meant by free will

"The Mockingbird" 1992

I happened upon a mockingbird  
singing its fool head off –  
I asked it how and why it sang?  
But all it did was look ahead,  
all it did was sing.  
It never turned to see if I was watching,  
or listened for money jingling in my pockets,  
or asked if I liked its music,  
or expected a recording contract –  
It was too busy singing  
to pay any attention to me.  
Thus did I learn  
the greatest sin of all  
is to kill a mockingbird.

I'm a Birmingham, Alabama native, and *To Kill a Mockingbird* was written by Alabama native Harper Lee. Birmingham is infested with mockingbirds, as are three remote places where the winds took me and I stayed a while, a long while at the third: Isla Mujeres, Mexico; Tortola, BVI; Key West.

Now I'm back in Birmingham, living in the same old inner city apartment building where I ended up two other times I quit running away from home, across from a beautiful city park filled with very old trees and shrubs allowed to grow wild and bramby, and lots of mockingbirds and other birds, and a pair of owls that raise a young owl each season, and an earth energy vortex in which lives something that takes me for rides elsewhere when I let it and it's in the mood.

Cordially,  
Sloan

## Janis Joplin v. Kurt Vonnegut: Freedom's just another name for nothing left to lose



One of my kids cracked me up yesterday with a report that just a little while earlier their old retriever dog Grizzly, who never caught a duck and gets around about like I get around, had treed a black bear near their home with fierce barking from a safe distance.

My other kid left me a happy Father's Day 💔 and a hope I don't get into too much trouble voicemail, and I called back and said I already got into a lot of trouble.

Facebook reactions to yesterday's Father's Day poem, which ended:

My body failing,  
brain farts increasing,  
I hoped to wake up on

the Mother Ship this morning,  
but since I didn't...

**Mary Sherrell**

So, You Did awaken?

**Sloan Bashinsky**

seems so

**Elizabeth Hinds Davis**

If you're a Vonnegut fan, try Sloan Bashinsky who still lives.

**Sloan Bashinsky**

As does Elizabeth

“Pigs in mud”

All want the security of the well fed pig.

Horror at the baseness unrecognized.

A lifetime spent in shirt stuffing.

And pen comparison.

Is truth more palatable when honeyed?

Is a stark soulscape less so with the eyes of Monet?

May my affectations always be understood.

**Peggy Butler**

Deep from the heart of Sloan Bashinsky, this truly is a special work of art. Many of us can relate in so many ways. I hope you live the rest of your life in peace, dear soul.

**Sloan Bashinsky**

Thanks, Peggy. I experience brief interludes of peace, surrounded by external violence that for now mostly is emotional, on the one hand, and not of this world origin on the other hand, and internal physical violence that is my failing body, on the one hand, and a very different sort of internal violence, which is not of this world.

**Peggy Butler**

I hope soon the interludes of peace outweigh the violence of both kinds. I'll be thinking of you and hoping for that.

**Sloan Bashinsky**

Thanks, but given what old age and prostate radiation therapy did to my innards, and given I absorb the rough energies in what I engage, which are processed in me like a waste treatment plant of sorts, I don't expect much relief other than what the Angel of Death or legal or illegal narcotics can provide:-), and I don't use either.

**Roy Knight**

This is really special, and as my father was a friend of yours and your grandfather I can connect quite well with what you have expressed. That is even though our families were quite different. I also share the feelings about our children and grandchildren. Remarkable. Thank you for providing so much of importance to think about.

**Sloan Bashinsky**

Thanks, Roy.

The child who died when I was in law school at Alabama left me in such all encompassing disarray that I simply was no longer able to fit into any hopes, dreams or plans I or anyone else had for me, and was in that sense, which I eventually had put on his grave marker, he opened my heart and set me on my journey, but the cost to his younger siblings and many women I came to love, one at a time, was extensive. Each of those women woke up something in me that I did not know was there. It was like a different lifetime with each of them, to go with lifetimes before and after them, and when I was alone along the way, and now. More lives than a cat even, and I'm still here for some reason I truly can't imagine.

The CVS I had used on Clairmont Avenue across from the Highland golf course went out of business and CVS shifted me to their store in Crestline Village, where I grew up and rode my bicycle everywhere in

my second lifetime- the first lifetime was before I started school and was a free man- God, did I hate school, it was like being sent to prison 5 days a week.

I had to drive into The Tiny Kingdom yesterday to pick up a script for something that wards off cognitive weakening, and to buy a lot more Prevagen than I was taking for the same reason, because a dream the night before had told me to increase the Prevagen from 1 to 3 pills a day.

I only go into the Tiny Kingdom when I have to, and yesterday I also needed to go the Fresh Market on Lakeshore drive, so left Crestline on the interior road that runs along the south side of the Birmingham Country Club's East Course, where I played thousands of rounds and won the club junior championship when I was 16. I did not recognize the once lovely home of my father's brother Leo, when I drove past it. I got onto Montevallo Road, where my family had lived a few years, and headed toward Mountain Brook Village, and turned left onto a side road, so I could avoid the main intersection at Culver Road. I saw homes I remembered, and I saw what had been done to homes so that they could not be remembered.

Arriving at Lakeshore Drive, I felt like I had escaped some place that is not healthy for me, maybe not for any living person, and I headed to the fresh market and bought some provisions I can't get anywhere else but online, and headed back to Highland Park, where I have lived every time I quit running away from home since the 1995 return.

I watched the US Open yesterday afternoon, and I saw Irishman Rory McIlroy missed two short puts, not quite gimmies, on 2 of the last three holes, and Bryson DeChambeau, who was not able to hit his drives in the fairways most of the day, won by one stroke amidst "USA, USA" chants by so-called Americans who ignored Bryson had sold himself to the Saudis for generational million\$\$\$, while Rory had remained faithful as modern times allow to earn a good pro golfer living the old fashioned way, and I was ashamed to be an American.

After dinner, I waddled my old body down into the beautiful public park across the street from this old apartment building. The city parks service has let the shrubs and bushes grow wild and brambly. Some of

the trees in the park are older than me, 81. I have an arrangement with something that lives in the park. I sit on a bench and wait on it to show up and take me on a ride that is 100 percent not of this world, and that happened for about a half hour yesterday, and I came out of it and waddled my body back up the ancient stone stairs to Highland Avenue, to where I live, to watch Netflix and Amazon Prime and play chess at chess.com, until I got sleepy, after two naps yesterday. Now I'm up at way before dawn, still wondering what a dream about Texas A & M and someone reneging an important promise is about? The boy who grew up in Crestline had no clue how many prisons and prison breaks lay ahead.



## Father's Day



Father's Day

That's today.

What do I feel about this being Father's Day?

What do I feel about being a father?

What do I feel about my father?

What does it matter how I feel?

Does it matter?

I doubt it matters to the florists,

I certainly don't want roses delivered to my front door step.

Maybe that's the best thing about Father's Day-

it's not a great day for merchants.

Looking back,

I'm not impressed with myself as a father.

I was too preoccupied with me

to be what my children needed.

No mystery, I copied my father.

I'm fortunate my children forged their own way

without me trying to bend them to my will.

I'm fortunate I don't depend on my children to

entertain and look after me,

ever trying to help me feel better,

hounding me for this and that.

They have their own lives,

their children have their own lives.

I enjoy watching and hearing about them

live their lives,

move forward into the great mystery

unhindered by me,

envied by me,

I'm proud of them,

wish them all the best.

I hope they and their children

somewhat get to experience

the America where I grew up.

Knowing that's not gonna happen,

I worry for them in this America.

I hope they are cunning and gentle

and brave enough

to live their lives fully,

be who they really are,

keep moving forward,

changing,

growing,

deepening,

loving,

being true,  
without remorse,  
in an America I'm glad  
I did not help create  
and tried very hard to prevent,  
where where money, guns and fake narratives  
are more important than anything else,  
an America the Founding Fathers could not possibly imagine.  
I'm glad the final round of the US Open will provide  
something to entertain me this afternoon.  
Golf was my father's game,  
he could have been a pro,  
but he wanted more than anything  
to win his father's approval  
and went into business with his father;  
and I followed suit, for a while.  
The only time I beat my father at golf,

I didn't count all of my strokes.

Played the old way,

no mulligans,

no improving your lie,

counting all of your strokes,

golf is an X-ray of the soul-

Thanks, Dad

And thanks for the inheritances,

without which

I would be homeless,

or dead.

And thanks for suggesting I take a typing course

my first year in high school,

which gave me a life skill,

even if it didn't make me a living wage.

My body failing,

brain farts increasing,

I hoped to wake up on

the Mother Ship this morning,

but since I didn't...

After that crawled out of me, this from Erick Rittenberry arrived in my email, and I crawled in.



How to Be a Poet  
By: Wendell Berry

POETIC OUTLAWS  
JUN 16, 2024

Make a place to sit down.  
Sit down. Be quiet.  
You must depend upon  
affection, reading, knowledge,  
skill—more of each  
than you have—inspiration,

work, growing older, patience,  
for patience joins time  
to eternity. Any readers  
who like your poems,  
doubt their judgment.

ii

Breathe with unconditional breath  
the unconditioned air.  
Shun electric wire.  
Communicate slowly. Live  
a three-dimensioned life;  
stay away from screens.  
Stay away from anything  
that obscures the place it is in.  
There are no unsacred places;  
there are only sacred places  
and desecrated places.

iii

Accept what comes from silence.  
Make the best you can of it.  
Of the little words that come  
out of the silence, like prayers  
prayed back to the one who prays,  
make a poem that does not disturb  
the silence from which it came.

“How to Be a Poet (to remind myself)” from *The Selected Poems of Wendell Berry* by Wendell Berry.

**Sloan Bashinsky**  
**Sloan’s Newsletter**

Amen.

I turned in last night, wondering what, if, I might write for Father's Day.

I woke up this morning wondering the same.

I got onto my laptop, sorry Wendell, but my father told me to take a typing course, it would come in handy later - if only he knew :-), and this crawled up outta me, with a few brief timeouts, in about 30 minutes total.

Father's Day

That's today.



## **dead poets never write and other baa baa black sheep tales from the twilight zone**

Pondering some new sport to banish care, I opened this Sunday's serving from Erick Rittenberry:

### **The Traveler**

By: Friedrich Nietzsche

A traveler who had seen many countries, peoples and several of the earth's continents was asked what attribute he had found in men everywhere. He said: "They have a propensity for laziness."

To others, it seems that he should have said: "They are all fearful. They hide themselves behind customs and opinions."

In his heart every man knows quite well that, being unique, he will be in the world only once and that there will be no second chance for his oneness to coalesce from the strangely variegated assortment that he is: he knows it but hides it like a bad conscience—why?

From fear of his neighbor, who demands conformity and cloaks himself with it. But what is it that forces the individual to fear his neighbor, to think and act like a member of a herd, and to have no joy in himself?

Modesty, perhaps, in a few rare cases.

For the majority it is idleness, inertia, in short that propensity for laziness of which the traveler spoke. He is right: men are even lazier than they are fearful, and fear most of all the burdensome nuisance of absolute honesty and nakedness.

Artists alone hate this lax procession in borrowed manners and appropriated opinions and they reveal everyone's secret bad

conscience, the law that every man is a unique miracle; they dare to show us man as he is, to himself unique in each movement of his muscles, even more, that by being strictly consistent in uniqueness, he is beautiful, and worth regarding, as a work of nature, and never boring.

When the great thinker despises human beings, he despises their laziness: for it is on account of their laziness that men seem like manufactured goods, unimportant, and unworthy to be associated with or instructed.

Human beings who do not want to belong to the mass need only to stop being comfortable; follow their conscience, which cries out:

*"Be yourself! All that you are now doing, thinking, and desiring is not really yourself."*

You can find this passage in Friedrich Nietzsche's work—  
*Schopenhauer as Educator*.

I recalled Nietzsche eventually went off the rails and my first poem, which slowly wormed its way into my writing journal in 1991, my 49th year, as if it was told to me.

"Living Poets"

Dead poets are poets who never write  
Who obey shoulds and oughts  
Who live to please others  
Who value money over God  
Who die without ever having lived  
Death is their mark  
Dead poets are remembered by the living.  
Living poets are remembered by time  
Dead poets never sing their song

Living poets never stop singing it  
The difference between the two is this:  
One worships fear, the other life  
To be a dead poet is hard  
It requires being someone else  
To be a living poet is easy  
It only means being myself  
One choice is hell, the other heaven  
That is what is meant by free will

I received an email about yesterday's *When the poets stop singing, hell wins, and other twilight zone cemetery operettas* from a childhood friend, who also grew up in upscale white Mountain Brook, aka The Tiny Kingdom, over the mountain from Birmingham:

Another in a long series of good reads from my old buddy, Bash. And did you see that the OT[*Orange Turd*] now says we should indict all the members of the Congressional Jan 6th panel? As my old Army First Sergeant used to say, "if you can't say nothing good about someone, don't say nothing at all" like 'he's dead, that's good!!!' Have a nice weekend.

I replied:

Thanks, yeah, I saw that and that would be good, but so far he seems to have more lives than a cat.

I got to thinking I was burned out writing about a rich white family spoiled brat who never grew out of it. I hoped I grew out of it, but I suppose that is for God and my rich white father and financial benefactor in heaven to decide? But then, perhaps my older half brother Travis I never met, the son of my father and the daughter of the black servants in the home of my father's parents should have some say in that?

In mid-1998, I learned of Travis in a dream, and then I learned more about him from the dreams of my two best men friends, one of whom had worked many years for my father's company, Golden Flake. I went to see

my father's older brother Leo and asked him if I had an older brother I didn't know about? Leo's head snapped to look me dead in the eye, and he said, "I don't want anything to do with that!"

In 2004, I would memorialize Leo in the "He called a spade as spade" chapter of *A Few Remarkable Alabama People I Have Known*, a free read at the internet library,

[https://archive.org/details/a-few-remarkable-alabama-people-i-have-known\\_202210](https://archive.org/details/a-few-remarkable-alabama-people-i-have-known_202210)

When I finally got around to asking my father about Travis in late 1999, what was progressing came full bloom family black sheep, and I felt *STRONGLY MOVED* to change my name from Sloan Young Bashinsky, Jr. to Sloan Young, and to grab my new passport and leave America.

A year later, I arrived in Key West, broke and homeless, where I began an entirely new life and met a lot of new people, some of whom I was very pleased to meet, and some of them I was not so pleased to meet, and vice versa.

In June 2003, I entered Florida Keys Outreach Coalition's halfway house program, described in yesterday's *When the poets stop singing, hell wins, and other twilight zone cemetery operettas* post. FKOC clients had to attend Twelve Step meetings daily.

The angels, who dragooned me in early 1987, began applying the 12 Steps to me, and I heard in my sleep one night, "Your passport was issued by mistake." I woke up flummoxed, because I was convinced the angels had told me to change my name to Sloan Young and to leave America, after which I had really important experiences overseas.

Sloan Young was the bravest, toughest, most genuine man I ever knew, but I was a soldier, and I got a judge in Key West to change my name back to Sloan Young Bashinsky, Jr., and I tried very hard to live up to Sloan Young's legacy, and sometimes I did okay, and sometimes I faltered, but I never stopped trying, and Sloan Young never really left.

His defining poems came as fast as I could write them.

“The World's Greatest Failure” (April 2000)

I know what it is  
to love fully,  
have my heart broken by death  
and by loved ones' rejections,  
Over and over again,  
So I can love even more.

I know what it is  
to be engulfed in pain,  
Awash in evil,  
Terrified, enraged, despaired,  
Believing God has again forsaken me,  
Then be given the truth  
that again makes me free

I know what it is  
to doubt,  
Be lost and wandering  
time and time again,  
Then be rescued yet again  
and my faith grows deeper.

I know what it is  
to blindly trust,  
Then be destroyed by betrayal  
time and time again,

Until I trust only God.

I know what it is  
to have much  
and be completely of this world,  
Then have it all taken away  
and be in the world but not of it.

I know what it is  
to fail in this world,  
And fail and fail and fail:  
The world's greatest failure,  
I can serve only God.

I know what it is  
to give and give and give and give;  
I cannot stop giving  
because giving is receiving.

I know what it is  
to explain God  
time after time after time again.  
Something demands I keep explaining:  
Maybe someone will listen,

Maybe me.

"I AM A MAN" (June 2003)

I am a man.

I said,  
I am a man!

What means it,  
being a man?

A man is a warrior:  
he lives by a code of honor,  
his word is reliable,  
his actions confirm his words,  
his commitment is holiness,  
his enemies are welcome at his hearth,  
he fears but moves forward,  
he cries and gets up again,  
he hates but forgives,  
he loves and let's go,  
he doubts but trusts God,  
he's a good friend,  
he seeks resolutions,  
he demands nothing,  
he risks everything,  
he regrets his mistakes,  
he seeks to make amends,  
he puts others' welfare first,  
he accepts apologies truly made,  
he expects nothing back,  
he lives ready to die,

he laughs when he “should” scream,  
he screams when he “should” laugh,  
he sings just because,  
he shrugs off insults,  
he learns from misfortune,  
he cusses God for making him,  
he wishes he was done,  
he loves children and animals,  
he relishes a woman’s scent,  
he smiles when he’s content,  
he knows God’s his master,  
he walks in rainbows,  
his garden is the world,  
his way is nature,  
he loves fishing,  
his wife is his soul,  
his food is life,  
his pay is whatever he receives.  
Yep, he’s crazy.

“SHANGHAIED” (June 2004)

A calling to serve carries its own wisdom,  
which legitimates both the calling and the serving  
so that the two are one.  
Only the one called to serve  
can know this wisdom,  
and for some who are called  
the knowing comes easily,



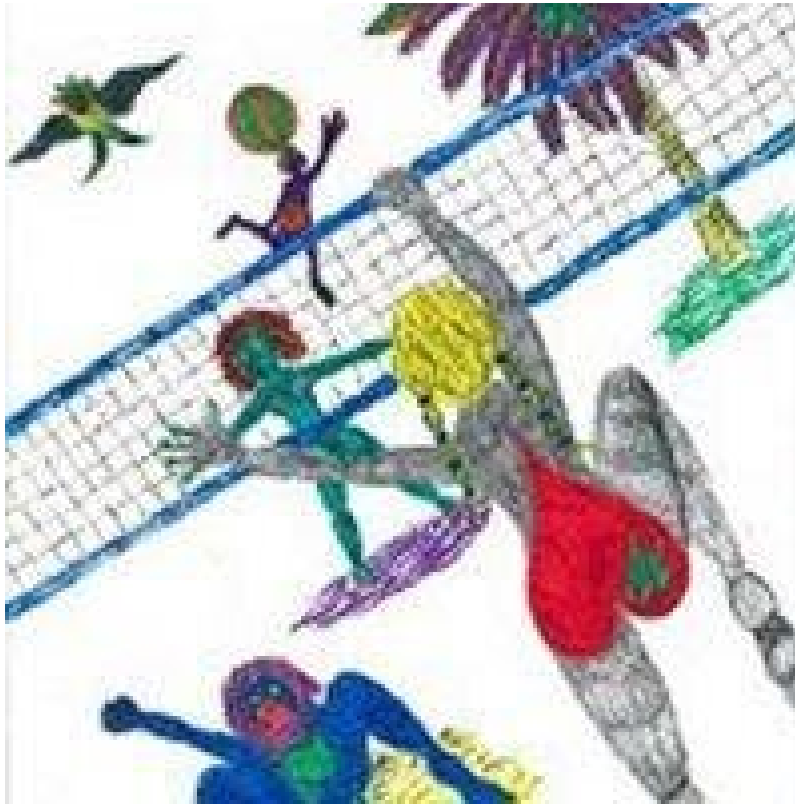
while for others the knowing is a fiery baptism.  
Each calling is different,  
and while some callings can be declined,  
others cannot,  
and those whose calling is without repentance  
know they are in it for the duration of the calling,  
and while others may try to persuade them out of it,  
the calling for ones such as these always prevails;  
thus is it advised to all called for keeps  
that they view their calling as a blessing  
even when it seems at times to be a curse,  
and that they try to reconcile the loss of their captain status  
and allow the Spirit of God to man the helm of their ship  
and be glad and willing crew members thereon,  
knowing that all sailing ships of souls  
need a crew as well as a captain  
to maintain and navigate the ship through  
seas of many tones, depths and flavors;  
so consider each league sailed  
as part of the overall journey  
going to where the captain deigns to go  
by using winds and sea currents available  
to navigate the ship to the experiences  
this ship and crew need to have  
in order to fulfill their calling and its wisdom  
revealed by the journey of many leagues,  
many known only to the ship and its crew,  
all of whom come to know,  
some sooner than others,

that once conscripted

there is no safe jumping ship.

Sloan Young wrote the cosmic love story novel *Heavy Wait: A Strange Tale* on a public library computer in 2001. Key West's Grande dame Shirley Freeman said she read it in one night, she could not put it down. Sloan Young and I wrote the sequel, *Return of the Strange*, in 2023. Not for the faint of heart, free reads at the internet library, in English and about 35 other languages.

## When the poets stop singing, hell wins, and other twilight zone cemetery operettas



A neighbor in this old apartment building, where I tend to end up after I quit running away from home, told me some time back about she and her husband driving in the countryside in France at night, and they saw some kind of spaceship fairly close to the ground, which ran along beside them for a while, as if it was saying, “Hi.” She also told me about being visited by her husband after he passed away.

Her husband was French, and she speaks English and French about the same. She was an architect and worked in France, helping restore precious places, including the Louvre. Her perspective of America is very different from that of Americans who have not spent much time overseas. She is from Long Island and worked in New York City, and she ain’t a bit fan of Donald Trump.

After reading my [America, no country for old men?](#) post, she emailed that she had trashed it, and I emailed back, "That's short and sweet. Which part didn't you like the most?" I'm still waiting to find out.

After reading yesterday's [Will the Hunter Biden prosecutors call Narcotics Anonymous old timers as expert witnesses?](#) post, she emailed me:

You know... it makes me sick when we have virtually NO gun control in this country and there are millions with guns hidden in their houses, kids with automatics on crack and the newest etc etc.

Not that someone in politics should not answer to all, but make it a national enforced policy!!! everyone! I would well think that most gun possession is not legal here =money in the black market.

Look, even Australia turned in their guns when the gov asked.

Mafia 'bank robbers/scammers' and tax evaders vs a private drug user with a gun, like what what may be a majority of the American public? Priorities...money.

And how much did the 7 delays cost of the last nasa launch to the american public without national health care and confronting american poverty?

Idealists never have a future. I worked on the space habitation module design with Nasa/Grumman back in 1980. A different world now. Seemed innocent then.

You know that here in the US of A we do not look at the global society and its' health/environment. It is the stock market, first thing you hear every morning on the news.

Good example is the 80th anniversary of 'the longest day' where it was

totally justified and expounded upon for the public more so elsewhere for weeks before live than here xcept maybe briefly on PBS, or the few days before as I have seen.

**I replied:**

I agree, what's important is not being dealt with, and I've learned there is nothing I can do about it, but I was dragooned almost 40 years ago by two angels, and they spent a lot of time and effort trying to make me into something different, and because I was a writer, they put me to writing in ways I could not possibly have imagined, and they put me to talking in ways I could not have possibly imagined, and I take on what life and they arrange for me to take on, and I absorb the dark energies, which get processed in me like a sewer treatment plant, and then they leave me pretty much like flushing a toilet, and then it begins again.

The entire space program was a giant ego fantasy, which now is crystal clear, but was not clear when it began, at least not to me, because I thought and perceived very differently back then. Elon Musk may think he might live and survive on Mars someday, but he hasn't spent much time thinking what it would be like to live there, nothing like John Carter of Mars novel. If Earthlings are even allowed to be on Mars. Meanwhile, they are killing Earth.

China now is exploring the dark side of the moon and considering building a human-habitat on the moon. I suppose there are minerals on the moon that can be made use of on Earth, but who the fuck in their right mind would want to live on the moon under a dome, with no atmosphere to burn up crashing meteorites, asteroids, comets, etc.?

There are several ET races observing Earth from close by, and who knows what, or when, they might decide to make their presence plainly known? I wish they would get to it, because that would DISTURB EVERYTHING on Earth. My favorite Sci-Fi novels are Stranger in a

Strange Land, by Robert Heinlein. Elon Musk could learn plenty from that Martian tale, as could any go live on Mars freak. And, Man Facing Southeast and K-Pax, which are about aliens who came to Earth disguised as Earthlings. Man Facing Southeast is a South American film, it's fucking brilliant. I think K-PAX is a knock off of Man Facing Southeast.

But then, I ain't so sure I ain't an alien, given what goes on in my life, which nobody else I know in Alabama can possibly imagine, but I have two friends elsewhere who can imagine it, because they have their own version of it. I have known a few others, you met one of them somewhat in 1999. I'm ever on the lookout, passively, for others, and maybe another or two will come into my life, and maybe not. Meanwhile, I keep hoping when I turn in at night, that when I wake up, I am on the mothership.

In a delightful parallel Universe, Rulo Nebraska:

Free Radio Rulo

**Another Catalpa Poem For You Before This Year's Bloom Is Through.**

A Poem by Jim

<https://freeradiorulo.substack.com/p/another-catalpa-poem-for-you-before>

Inside a Catalpas blooms  
Yellow runways and silent signals  
It was blooming a year ago and I stopped  
Late for work at the cemetery  
Stopped for coffee  
Instead of digging a grave  
Wound up blabbering to someone  
About its slender beans  
And it's prehistoric shape  
And again

Just yesterday  
Running the weed whip between stones  
A senseless doom returned  
In a dreams recollection of planting portulacas  
In the empty church yard between  
Brambles and debris of moss-rose between  
Hear its chimes across the grounds  
Wasted space with the dead  
A religious relics  
Now only weeds press up and unlock the mausoleum  
Love for summer gone with the blooms  
All together Purslane and white Catalpa blooms simulated between  
the graves of  
Strangers  
Maybe the wind as well

**Sloan Bashinsky**

Lovely.  
When the poets stop singing,  
hell wins.

**Free Radio Rulo**

And we can't let hell win brother poet!

**Sloan Bashinsky**

Only fools rush in  
where angels fear to tread,  
but if there were no fools,  
who'd lead the angels?

**Rich Wyatt**

"Stopped for coffee/Instead of digging a grave. . ." Can't keep that  
life-force from knowing what's important.

**Free Radio Rulo**

Coffee is essential for life and work!

**Sloan Bashinsky**

**Liked by Free Radio Rulo**

The caffeine in coffee or tea puts me into bad hypoglycemia and I have to lay down before I pass out and fall down. The caffeine triggers adrenalin output, which triggers my pancreas to release insulin, is the “scientific” reason. That’s one of the ways i figured out I’m not really from this planet :-)

**J-Pat**

**Political Revillusions**

I love graveyards (cemeteries), there’s a gothic, timeless, still & quiet, beauty to them. I have a really great one, big, behind my house back garden. Large, wild woods on one side - where the foxes live - and the cemetery on the other.

**Free Radio Rulo**

Holy shit that sounds like a cool place to live! Is it like that everywhere in the UK? I love graveyards as well around here they have more trees than the city parks!

**J-Pat**

**Political Revillusions**

**Liked by Free Radio Rulo**

Not everywhere, I’m lucky.

**Sloan Bashinsky**

In the Key West cemetery is a gravestone on which is engraved “I told you I was sick.”

On my infant son’s unmarked grave, he died of crib death, many years later I had a stone marker placed, on which is engraved, “Infant son, he opened our hearts and set us on our journey.”

My last will and testament says I’m to be cremated and my ashes spread in the public park across the street from this 50’s built



apartment building where I end up every time I quit running away from home. The shrubs in the park have been allowed to grow wild and brambly, and there are a lot of very old trees, and a new crop about 20 years old, and the park has an earth energy vortex, and a pair of owls raise an owl there each year. I often sit on a bench in the park with a baseball cap brim pulled down over my eyes, and I wait on what's there and in the air to pay me a visit and take me on a ride and show me things, when it wants to. Not of this world. They used to lock people up, who spoke of such things, for everyone else's good.

### **Free Radio Rulo**

I know places just like what you speak of. "Earth Energy Vortex". Public spaces are so essential.

### **Sloan Bashinsky**

Maybe don't tell people exactly where earth energy vortexes are, to save them from being trampled to death?

### **Free Radio Rulo**

Yes one has to find them for themselves! Also, what works for one person might not for another!

### **Sloan Bashinsky**

I think this vortex will work for anyone who knows about vortexes, and it might sneak up on those who don't :-). I told a couple of people about it last year, said all they have to do is sit there, close their eyes, and ask what's there to engage them as it sees fit. I've done it many times. For novices, it might take some patience, and some respect :-).

### **J-Pat**

#### **Political Revillusions**

#### **Liked by Free Radio Rulo**

On the comedian Spike Milligan's gravestone, in North London, it says "I told you I was ill"

## **The Fossil**

### **The ShadeTree**

My grandmother lived with a cemetery behind her house, separated from each other by a thick hedge, one big tree and a few saplings with a passage cut in the middle. Her back yard was big, bright and beautiful but as soon as you entered the cemetery through the cut even the air seemed to change pressure, the shade of this side of the tree seemed darker and thicker than the shade 180° away. A different sort of beauty.

### **Free Radio Rulo**

Holy cow that sounds awesome..... Sounds like a strange dream. Did you enjoy visiting?

## **The Fossil**

### **The ShadeTree**

Yes I did, the proximity to her house was probably the best thing about moving from the country to the city. She had grown up in the country in the next county over, moved to the city in the forties but retained her country attitude and ways. She never complained, kept a spotless house, refused to ask for help. She was an amazing cook, made her own jams and jellies, friendly but stoic in the way of someone who has seen some bad things but believes it's none of your damn business and refused to wallow in self pity for even half a second. Think I'll write about her in the next few days.

### **Free Radio Rulo**

Reminds me of my stoic German grandma.... You should defiantly write more about your grandma and her unique home location!

## **J-Pat**

### **Political Revillusions**

Liked by Free Radio Rulo

Yes, cemeteries can be tranquil and are an oasis for wildlife especially in urban environments.

**Free Radio Rulo**

They are also usually empty around here maybe a dog walker or someone putting flowers on a grave.

**J-Pat****Political Revillusions**

Oh? We have foxes, badgers, even Deer roaming around, lots of large birds - magpies, crows, et al - nesting in the tall trees, i even have a pair of (rather noisy lol) Great Spotted Woodpeckers behind my back garden.

**Free Radio Rulo**

Most excellent!

**Will the Hunter Biden prosecutors call Narcotics Anonymous old timers as expert witnesses?**



I read online this morning that President Biden was asked in Paris yesterday if he will pardon Hunter if he is convicted by jury for answering No, on October 2, 2018, to:

Alcohol Tax & Firearms (ATF) Form 4473

Section 3: Are you an unlawful user of, or addicted to, marijuana, or any depressant, stimulant or narcotic drug, or any other controlled substance?

President Biden answered that he would not pardon Hunter if he is convicted, and when asked about Donald Trump being convicted in New York City, President Biden said Trump got a fair trial and the jury convicted him.

I read online yesterday that Hunter bought the gun on October 2, 2018, after he came out of 11 days of drug rehab, and that's why he answered No on the form.

I read online this morning that Hunter claimed he got clean in 2019, and has been clean ever since.

Excerpts from a BBC News article yesterday:

Hallie Biden, who is also the widow of the defendant's late brother Beau, said she had discovered the revolver amid piles of clothes and litter in the glove compartment of Hunter Biden's truck.

Ms Biden, 50, also told the court she was "embarrassed and ashamed" to have started smoking crack cocaine herself after Mr Biden, 54, introduced her to the drug.

In often emotional, detailed testimony, she spoke of the pair's "volatile" and "off-on" relationship, as well as their struggles with drug use and agonising battles to recover.

Concerned after seeing Mr Biden looking "exhausted" and fearing he could have relapsed into crack use, Ms Biden told jurors she had searched his truck early on the morning of 23 October 2018 - something she had frequently done.

There, among piles of clothes and garbage, she had found "remnants" of crack cocaine as well as drug paraphernalia.

"Oh, and the gun, obviously," she added.

Almost instantly, she recalled, panic set in.

"I didn't want him to hurt himself, and I didn't want my kids to find it and hurt themselves," the mother-of-two said.

"I was afraid to kind of touch it. I didn't know it was loaded," Ms Biden added.

Fearful, she wrapped the .38 calibre Colt Cobra revolver into a leather pouch, stuffed it into a purple "little gift shopping bag" and drove to a nearby grocery store, where she threw it in a rubbish bin.

"I realise it was a stupid idea now," she said. "But I was panicking."

Initially, she did not plan to tell Mr Biden about what she had done. But when he woke up that morning, he realised it was missing.

"Did you take that from me Hallie," read one angry text shown to jurors. "You really need to help me think right now, Hallie. This is very serious."

At his urging, she returned to the store to find the gun but was unable to. She then filed a police report.

"I'll take the blame," she texted him from the scene. "I don't want to live like this."

Ms Biden also told the court that she had not see Mr Biden use crack cocaine in the days leading up to him buying the gun and her disposing of it.

Ms Biden testified that she had stopped using the drug in August 2018, but that he had continued to use.

The prosecutor asked on Thursday about a text message Hunter Biden had sent to Ms Biden the day after he bought the gun, saying he was waiting for a dealer named Mookie.

She told the court that had meant "he was buying crack cocaine".

Two days after the gun purchase, he texted Ms Biden that he was "sleeping on a car smoking crack".

The series of texts also included several emotional messages from Ms Biden in which she pleaded with him to get sober.

"I'm afraid you're going to die," one message read.

The defendant's lawyers explained the texts by suggesting their client had been lying about drug use to avoid seeing Hallie Biden - noting that she had had no way of knowing what he was actually doing at the time.

During cross-examination, Ms Biden confirmed she had not seen him using drugs around this time.

Abbe Lowell, Mr Biden's attorney, asked her whether the request to "help me get sober" could have also referred to alcohol - to which she agreed.

The prosecution's case, however, rests on convincing jurors that he was an addict.

Ms Biden's testimony was followed by Millard Greer, a former Delaware State Police lieutenant who recovered the weapon, as well as Edward Banner, an 80-year-old pensioner who found the weapon while looking for recyclables in the grocery store's bins.

The prosecution is expected to call two more witnesses, including an FBI expert and a DEA agent, before resting its case.

After reading that, I wondered if Abbe Lowell ever had up close and personal dealings with drug addicts, for whom sober means not using

drugs, just as for alcoholics, sober means not using alcohol? Or, was Lowell simply deprived?

I will now tell how I got to know drug addicts up close and personal.

In 2003, I became infected with awful skin abscesses caused by Methicillin-resistant *Staphylococcus aureus* (MRSA) flesh-eating bacteria, which was common in Key West.



I was homeless, living in a tent in the wetlands near the Key West airport. I knew I could no longer live that way and survive, and I entered a halfway program offered by Florida Keys Outreach Coalition (FKOC), which provided room and board to anyone in need who could pass an alcohol/drug pee screen.

To get into FKOC, I had to pass an alcohol and narcotics urine screen. FKOC clients were given random alcohol and narcotics urine screens, and if they flunked a screen, they were booted out immediately, regardless of time of day or night or weather conditions. FKOC clients were required to attend 12 Step meetings daily, and to get the person running a meeting to sign an attendance sheet that we were there on such and such date and time.

Anchors Away on Whitehead Street was the Alcoholics Anonymous chapter house, and a room was provided for Narcotics Anonymous meetings. I attended AA meetings, and learned that when people spoke, they said, "Hi, I'm So and So, I'm an alcoholic." When I spoke, I said, "Hi, I'm Sloan."

When I started attending meetings at Anchors Away, the angels who had been hard on my case since early 1987, took me through the 12 Steps and it was no damn fun, and there was nothing I could do about it, and that is how I learned the 12 Steps are a true spiritual path for anyone, addict or not- if God, or an angel of God, gets involved. If that doesn't happen, the alcoholic relies on himself and his sponsor and regularly attends AA meetings to try to stay sober.

In an AA meeting, I told about how God was taking me through the 12 Steps and it was no fun, and I told about a dream that had really shook me up. After the meeting, an old timer walked over to me and said he liked what I had said and there was going to be a meeting of old timers and would I like to attend? I said, yes. He asked who was my sponsor? I said, God. He gave me the look, and said I hadn't learned anything in these walls. I said, actually, I had learned quite a lot, and I had read The Big Book, by Bob and Bill, and I had read all of the stuff on the walls, and there is nothing in any of it about having a human sponsor, and the Twelve Steps plainly say God is the sponsor. The old timer turned and walked away, and I did not get invited to the old timers meeting.

I shifted to attending NA meetings, where people who spoke said, "Hi, I'm So and So, I'm an addict. After attending a few NA meetings, I felt the NA people were far more tuned in and rigorous about their predicament than were the AA people, who did not view themselves as addicts or alcohol as a drug. The NA people viewed alcohol as a drug and alcoholics as addicts.

### **Narcotics Anonymous Twelve Steps**

We admitted that we were powerless over our addiction, that our lives had become unmanageable.

We came to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.

We made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God as we understood Him.

We made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves.



We admitted to God, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.

We were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character.

We humbly asked Him to remove our shortcomings.

We made a list of all persons we had harmed and became willing to make amends to them all.

We made direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others.

We continued to take personal inventory and when we were wrong promptly admitted it.

We sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God as we understood Him, praying only for knowledge of His will for us and the power to carry that out.

Having had a spiritual awakening as a result of these steps, we tried to carry this message to addicts, and to practice these principles in all our affairs.

I knew from when I lived in Boulder, Colorado, 1987-1995, where I had friends who attended AA and NA meetings, that the relapse rate was 95 percent, and although they did not want to admit it, I was able to get a few old timers at Anchors Away to say that was accurate. I learned that FKOC had a high relapse rate, and its graduates had a high relapse rate. That was not FKOC's fault, but was the nature of the addiction beast.

It is from that background that I observe the prosecution of Hunter Biden for answering "No" to this question:

Alcohol Tax & Firearms (ATF) Form 4473

Section 3: Are you an unlawful user of, or addicted to, marijuana, or any depressant, stimulant or narcotic drug, or any other controlled substance?

I wonder if Hunter Biden's defense team puts him on the witness stand to testify to his state of mind when he bought the gun and that he was not using illegal drugs at that point in time?

If Hunter testifies, the prosecution can ask if he learned in drug rehab that he is a drug addict for the rest of his life?

The prosecution can ask Hunter if the rehab people told him to attend Narcotics Anonymous meetings daily after he got out of rehab?

The prosecution can ask Hunter if he attended NA meetings after he left rehab, before he bought the gun, and if so, how many NA meetings did he attend, and where did he attend those meetings?

The prosecution can ask Hunter if he answered No on ATF form 4437 not knowing when he would start using again?

The prosecution can ask Hunter how long was it after he bought the gun that he started using again?

The prosecution can ask Hunter if he did not claim he got clean in 2019?

The prosecution can ask Hunter about texts to his girlfriend, Haile Biden, who was his deceased brother Beau's widow, in which he said he was going to see his drug dealer after he bought the gun.

The prosecution can ask Hunter if he told the rehab people he was going to buy a gun after he left rehab?

The prosecution can put NA old timers on the witness stand, as expert witnesses, and ask them what getting sober means to them, and they will say not using drugs, including alcohol.

The prosecution can ask NA old timers if drug users can be trusted to tell the truth, and it is a steep climb for recovering drug addicts to tell the truth, and the NA old timer experts will answer, Yes.

The prosecution can ask NA old timers expert witnesses if addiction is a choice, and they will say, Yes, because any drug user can choose to seek

help, go into rehab, get educated in rehab about what being an addict really is all about, and leave rehab determined to stay clean, be different, start a new life, and attend NA meetings, or go back to drugging.

The prosecution can ask NA old timer witnesses what they think about Hunter buying a gun right after he got out of 11 days of rehab, and he didn't tell anyone he bought the gun? I can imagine NA old timers saying that sends cold chills up and down their spines.

If I were a juror, I would be freaked out that Hunter bought a gun right after he got out of rehab, and he didn't tell anyone he bought the gun.

If I were a juror, I would think President Biden and his family had moral and patriotic obligations to be good role models for all Americans, especially American children, and Hunter's girlfriend ditched the gun where even a child could find it, and the thought of voting to acquit Hunter sends cold chills up and down my spine.

If the jury convicts Hunter, it falls on the presiding US District Court judge to impose sentence.

If this old lawyer who clerked for a US District Court judge, who presided over every criminal prosecution in Alabama, were the judge in Hunter's case, I would ask him if he agrees with the jury's verdict? If he says, No, I give him a prison sentence in accord with the Federal Court Sentencing Guidelines.

If Hunter says, Yes, I give him a suspended sentence and put him on probation and require he attend AA meetings every day for 3 years; he furnishes proof of that each month to his probation officer; he passes random drug screens for three years, the timing and place determined by his probation officer; and if he violates his probation, he goes to a federal prison for 3 years.

It will be on a US Circuit Court of Appeals to agree or overrule me.

## **shade tree America fossil mechanics and entrails future historians and archeologists can study, if they exist**

A not entirely repentant unvaccinated for Covid-19 2016 Trump voter dying of cancer posted a posse of MAGA memes at his Substack yesterday, which attracted some attention that might help future grave diggers, archeologists, historians, scientists, filmmakers, fossil hunters, etc. understand what really happened to the United States of America, if their heads don't permanently reside where the sun never shines, which was the malaise that afflicted the people who ran America off the rails into an abyss.



### **The shade Tree Sunday Morning Memes**

The Sunday Morning Memes are my favorite part of the Sunday paper.

THE FOSSIL

JUN 02, 2024

**Sloan Bashinsky**

**Sloan's Newsletter**

You left out photos of Herr Donald arm in arm with Jeffrey Epstein and the Clintons, and bowing to the Saudi crown prince, who had a Saudi journalist sawed into little pieces, because he wrote stuff about the crown prince, which the crown prince didn't like, and photos of the Jan 6 coup attempt Herr Donald instigated, and I suppose I should not mention all the classified document photos or this You tube about

Trump's cocaine, Adderall, pussy grabbing and crapping in his own pants addictions. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FnK164efOB0>

## **The Fossil**

### **Author**

As I have said ad nauseum infinitum I'm not a fan of Trump either. Just because something is missing that you think should be there doesn't indicate sudden support for a person or thing that I've made abundantly clear I have no use for. Rest assured that when the pic of Trump bowing at the waist appears here there will also be an accompanying pic of Obama damn near dropping to a knee in the same setting. And btw had Trump not made that slight bow the left would have erupted with faux outrage at him not respecting another country's customs.

You can't seriously believe J6 was an insurrection, you're smarter than that. Where was the insurrection talk when the pussyhat crowd showed up, or any of the other numerous times leftists have held protests at and forced their way into government buildings? Why weren't capitol police firing rubber bullets into the faces of the pussyhat crowd while FBI assets encouraged them to get violent? And as far as the pussy grabbing goes, nobody cared or said a thing about it when he was on NBC and making cameos in Home Alone movies. I can remember everyone running around saying You're Fired like it was the wittiest thing ever, none of it was a problem until he ran for president.

I'm not holding Trump up as a paragon of virtue, he got my vote in 2016 as a way of saying FUCK YOU to the Uniparty system and everyone who supports it and expects us to keep our pinkie extended while we eat our shit sandwiches encrusted with bugs.

And as much as you despise the man, you can't seriously tell me as a lawyer that what happened with the NYC kangaroo court was above board and totally ethical, honest, legitimate etc . Or if you think it is then why aren't the other ex and current presidents subject to the same treatment? Biden is on camera bragging about extorting a

foreign government if he doesn't get his way, yet Trump or a minion paying off some porn star is a matter of national importance?

## **Sloan Bashinsky**

### **Sloan's Newsletter**

I have a photo of Obama bowing to the same Saudi crown prince. When I write about the great American shit show, I poke both sides. If they bowed to a Saudi prince, fuck them.

The violent Jan 6 riot was a coup attempt to throw the electoral college vote to Trump, and the Republicans sold their souls to the Devil when they did not renounce Trump permanently. That they didn't care for Joe Biden was irrelevant. What was relevant is, they did not do what you did, and jump the Trump ship.

I think there was a problem with Judge Merchan being the judge after he had donated to the Dems, and he was assigned the case instead of a computer lottery assigning the case, and perhaps the prosecutor should not have brought the case under the legal theory it used.

However, I followed the trial closely.

I clerked for a United States District Judge, who presided over every federal criminal prosecution in north Alabama, and I watched very good federal prosecutors and criminal defense lawyers try many cases in my judge's courtroom, and I sat in on many closed door discussions with prosecutors and criminal defense lawyers and my judge in his chambers, and I have a perspective that no lay person could have.

There were two lawyers on the Manhattan jury, and they steered the jury to the outcome it reached. Trump's lawyers were idiots for leaving those two lawyers on the jury. Trump's lawyers royally pissed off the jury, as did Trump. The jurors were totally convinced Stormy Daniels, David Pecker and Michael Cohen told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, under oath. Trump's lawyers told him to take a plea and get a wrist slap, and he told them no way.

The New York appellate courts may overturn the conviction, or maybe the U.S. Supreme Court will do that. But in God's Courtroom, the jury branded Trump for what he is and did. He paid money to hide information about him that might have cost him the 2016 election. In

that way, he rigged the 2016 presidential election, and that's what the Manhattan jury convicted him of doing.

Now, the entire American electorate is on trial in God's Courtroom, and voting for the lesser or greater of evils is voting for evil, including Robert F. Kennedy, Jr.

**jacob silverman**

**jacob's Newsletter**

there seems to be an issue here, about the matter of just exactly what is the truth: Can a person insult both sides or do you need to "do" them one at a time? I don't know. I think the voters can only vote for one of them, come November. I think the Democrats are way out of touch. Their issues are really just immense. I am MORE anti-Trump than this Substack writer. I liked all the photos except I do NOT like the glorification of some guy shooting a gun, a sort of machine gun? ---otherwise I think it is all spot on. I am just horrified at these Democrats. After this latest trial I no longer have faith in the Justice system. That means I have faith in zero ---nothing of what the party is doing. There are supposed to be in favor of "democracy" and all the associated ideas and theories, theories of equality welcoming immigrants, etc. But these people do not seem to be capable. I think they are not fit for the job. There is no good candidate for me. I receive RFK jr.'s emails but I am not enthusiastic. The guy needs money. but he is being treated terrible by Democrats. And Russians are being treated terrible, and on and on and on. No, I cannot feel any sympathy at all for them. And if the justice system is incapable of finding Trump guilty in a court of law on some charge what does that say about these fancy schmancy educated elites? I would turn it all over to the working class. But Trump is hardly the guy to do THAT!!!! Did he really say he would increase the nuclear arsenal ten-fold? Do you think he would? I don't even know the truth about that. That election is going to come. It is only four or five months away? OMG

**Sloan Bashinsky**

**Sloan's Newsletter**

### **Liked by The Fossil**

I'm 81+, which qualifies for fossil status. I have gotten to where anything that comes out of Trump's mouth is a lie until proven otherwise. In 2016, I posted many times at my blog that Donald Trump and Hillary Clinton should be locked up in adjoining cells. I think Trump should have been locked up the over the Jan 6 coup attempt, and for withholding classified documents, and for buying silence to win the 2016 election. I think Joe Biden and his son Hunter should be locked up for all the money Hunter made in Ukraine with his Daddy greasing the way when he was Barack Obama's VP. I think President Biden should be locked up for continuing to fund and arm Israel after it became clear what Israel was doing in Gaza. I think the leaders of Israel and Hamas should be locked up with Biden in adjoining cells. I think Robert F. Kennedy, Jr suffers brain damage, based on how his mind and words keep colliding. Maybe the worm that got into his brain is the culprit, but he don't seem much cognitively different from the zombies on the left and on the right, just the fine details different. The Republicans and the Democrats have moved America past SNAFU to FUBAR. It's my children and their children that I worry about. There's nothing I can do about it but shoot off my mouth, or just worry. But I did offer to God, to take me and Biden, Trump and Kennedy, and let America deal with a Chaos it cannot in its wildest dreams imagine.

**jacob silverman**

**jacob's Newsletter**

The chaos is not for a few years yet, so I just want to make my next few years meaningful. When the real chaos comes there is really nothing you can do about it. We have a few years until then.

**The Fossil**

**Author**

I don't understand why a picture of a man exercising his God given rights along with a factual statement would bother anyone who is sincere about freedom. The fact is that it's a uniparty, they're all bought and paid for by AIPAC & other special interest groups.



It's all basically political theatre and we have as much sway on it as we do the ocean tides. 55rtf4Z

Anyone can post anything to their page and not have to clear it with others unless they have an arrangement and I have no arrangement with anyone on here for editorial control or anything else. I go harder after democraps and the left because they're the ones ushering in communism.

And lastly it's my page, and my cancer ridden ass will say whatever I want to as I would expect you to do with your page. If I post a bunch of memes running leftist twits into oblivion I will, and doing so doesn't mean that I'm a card carrying republican.

This page is to make me happy, interact with people, take my mind off of my diagnosis and the pressure to be a guinea pig for Big Pharma that's constantly incoming. Hopefully someone will be moved to help us reach our bucket list goal. If it's not up to your standards we can discuss purchasing all of The ShadeTree or a controlling interest.

**jacob silverman**

**jacob's Newsletter**

Stop being so dang contentious and maybe you will conquer your cancer too.

**Sloan Bashinsky**

**Sloan's Newsletter**

Based on what our host told me, his cancer is chewing his body up and the doctors can't do anything about it but give him chemicals that make him feel awful. I hate that for him. This is his platform and he can say whatever he wants to say. When he does it in public, he invites responses. Nobody in Washington gives a shit about him, you or me, unless it benefits them in some way. Same for Donald Trump, who fucked up America a lot more than it already was. Our host voted for Trump in 2016, as a protest, perhaps even a joke. Who can say his cancer is not the result?

**jacob silverman**

## **jacob's Newsletter**

I'm sorry about that

## **Sloan Bashinsky**

### **Sloan's Newsletter**

As a fossil, I say getting old, body parts wearing out, breaking down, isn't cause to want to turn in at night looking forward to another day. Our host knows that all too well, also.

## **jacob silverman**

### **jacob's Newsletter**

"...to the Uniparty system and everyone who supports it and expects us to keep our pinkie extended while we eat our shit sandwiches encrusted with bugs." OK. I see. They say "I feel you," don't they? Fossil do not like the "elites" very much and also you did not grow up around them. So, this is a little bit cheap. Listen: every social class has their faults. I know all about them and their stupid pinkie fingers. Believe, I know more than you could ---I was raised with and by them and, yes, I am probably always expecting a certain sort of privilege. It is not a big deal. Humans have had these "social classes" eons. I was able to get nice things, enough to eat every single day of my LIFE. And you know I absorbed a lot of culture and had experiences and you cannot tell me it was all bad. Plenty of rich persons would like to give "Fossil" their support and encouragement. I would not be so adamant about arguing with that if I were you. The problem today is this: These "liberal elites" are not listening to other segments of society. And will pay in this next election, if there are enough registered ordinary everyday Americans. Again, the crucial thing here is to understand that the liberal elites have more or less gone mad, and we really cannot have that. I do not expect anything good to come out of that. They cannot handle the job and maybe - just maybe - they subconsciously know it and they no longer even want to get elected but they are going through with this election to save face. Maybe they are wishing somebody would intervene and save other people from them. And, damn it it is that as\*hole DT. Not a guy I can accept at all.

But it is gonna be DT. Damn.... I cannot get over it. No more responsible, ethical Democrats means no more support of liberty, equality, freedom, human rights etc. Got that? Not from Democrats. I hate the idea of not voting but it is no big deal. I do not think I have ever voted in every election anyhow; I tend to miss a few.

**Sloan Bashinsky**

**Sloan's Newsletter**

**Liked by The Fossil**

Like Donald Trump, I was raised with a silver spoon in my mouth, and I have known lots of rich spoiled brats, and Trump never grew out of it, and how anyone thinks Trump is looking out for anyone in America but himself and his immediate family and current good friends is beyond my comprehension. The only time I voted for a major party candidate was for Joe Biden in 2020, very reluctantly. I will not vote for him again. Had dinner tonight with two very smart women who can't stand Trump, and they aren't swooning over Biden or RFKJr, either. When they asked me who I would vote for in November, I said, "three blind mice".

**jacob silverman**

**jacob's Newsletter**

Right. There is just nothing left, and there is nothing from the past that could guide us.

**The Fossil**

**Author**

James Comey sat there in front of Congress and the American people and said that yes the FBI had enough evidence to prosecute Hillary over her servers filled with classified information, destroying the evidence and the fraudulent Steele dossier but they were going to defer prosecution.

They just recently admitted that notorious plagiarist and pedophile Slo Xi Den had classified documents scattered around everywhere including in the garage next to his stupid Corvette he's always

babbling about but since they felt like he was a senile old man who meant well then nothing could be gained from prosecuting him. Sounds like something that would influence an election to me. And once again, this tired old fear mongering story about J6 being a violent insurrection, coup attempt or whatever alarmist phrasing is being used to frighten mainstream normies who don't know any better is just a load of horse shit. It was a protest against a stolen election that was infiltrated by the FBI to make anyone opposing the democraps look like violent thugs and to justify the troops, fencing and barbed wire that surrounded our capitol in its wake and left it looking like a modernized version of Budapest in 1956. Usually when a group gets together for a violent coup they bring weapons and shed their enemies' blood. The only people who used weapons that day were various federal agents on unarmed protesters like Ashley Babbit, meanwhile cops in other parts of the building were opening doors and kinda resembled tour guides. If you want a seat on the editorial board of the ShadeTree drop me a line and we'll talk about it have a great day!

### **Sloan Bashinsky**

#### **Sloan's Newsletter**

When we hold forth in a public forum, our own, someone else's, we invite reader comments. Herr Donald has no tolerance for reader or viewer comments, which do not agree with him. VP Mike Pence and the members of Congress inside the national Capitol on Jan 6 feared for their lives, as did their Secret Service details fear for the lives of Pence and members of Congress, and you discredit yourself when you keep arguing that was not violent attempt to overthrow the national government led by Donald Trump, which no prior president attempted. You also discredit yourself, when you say Biden and the Democrats are communists. At your age, about my age?, we remember what communists are. We see them today in Red China and North Korea, and in the Kremlin run by a man Donald Trump aspires to be like, Vladimir KGB Putin. There is nothing you or I can do about what has happened to America, but because we are fossils, we

know how it got to this point, and we can leave a true record for historians and archeologists to ponder some day.

## **The Fossil**

### **Author**

Good morning gentlemen, no need to be sorry for anything, I understand how I come across most of the time, but there's really nothing to do about it. It's not my intention to sound like a jerk, or an over the top raging asshole and I do try and choose my words accordingly. Sloan is correct about my condition and some days it's a little harder to take than others. I won't go into all of it as today is one of those days and it's just getting started.

We all have things we're passionate about, that we have strong convictions over, firearms and freedom are two issues of extreme importance to me, and debating about them or anything else pertaining to our once great nation is something I've always enjoyed. I have never been one for sugar coating things, and don't expect anyone else to do it. In other words I didn't have time for bullshit before my diagnosis and have absolutely zero time for it now that I'm watching my life slip away every day.

I'm in my early fifties, they can't tell me how my disease happened, what the mutation is, nothing except there's nothing else that they can do except recommend I donate my body to big pharma while I'm still alive, and that's not an option to me. Would I get a placebo, something that would help me or something that would kill me even faster? I don't know and don't trust them, especially with everything we've been through the past few years with 'following the science' and that fiasco. I'm unjabbed, maybe that's part of why they reject anything I present to them. I've asked about different medications and treatments only to have it dismissed rather arrogantly.

All of this to say it is my sincere wish that people enjoy what they see here, hopefully they will get a laugh or maybe it'll make them think. It's good to talk to others who aren't in absolute lockstep with your ideas. Sloan and I do seem to agree on one thing, none of our politicians give a flying fuck about any of us, we're another renewable resource to be

used, to have our maximum potential extracted and used for the benefit of others with zero regard for us. We're expected to step and fetch, grab our ankles anytime we're interacting with the government and its agents and to know and stay in our place. It's bullshit and it can't continue but most likely will as long as people can keep adjusting to get comfortable. It's unfortunately probably going to have to get to where people need a wheelbarrow full of fiat currency to buy a loaf of bread.

I hadn't planned on writing a book but maybe it helps explain me and this page a bit better. I hope y'all have a great day and that you'll consider checking in occasionally to see what level of assholery I've sank to at any given time .

### **Sloan Bashinsky**

#### **Sloan's Newsletter**

Well said, keep being you, 'cause it takes a heap of energy to be someone else.

During the Covid-19 shut down, my home state Alabama's hospitals were stuffed to the gills with dying unvaccinated Covid019 patients, and people who'd had heart attacks, strokes and other horrible medical, or were mangled in traffic accidents could not get into Alabama hospitals, and I took the position on my blog and Facebook that the unvaccinated had rolled the dice and should be turned away by Alabama hospitals.

In America, we are supposed to live as long as possible, no matter what its co\$t\$- many great religious, medical and related industrie\$ depend on that for their very \$urvival. If we were ailing pets, we mercifully would be put down. We are greedy religions and capitali\$t\$' inventory. Nothing more. All we have left , who care, who know things, is to shoot off our mouths. Leave a record. Entrails for future study, if anyone really wants to know what happened, if anyone exists to even want to know.

### **The Fossil**

#### **Author**

Nice. There's plenty of people who agree with you on that, let's open that Pandora's box and start denying people access to healthcare because they didn't grab their ankles for the crowd, big pharma and big daddy government.

**Sloan Bashinsky**

**Sloan's Newsletter**

I think maybe you missed the point.

Why your doctors might be as nice as you wish?

People like you caused a lot of vaccinated people in Alabama to suffer horribly, because they couldn't get into hospitals.

President Trump came to Alabama during that mayhem and held a huge MAGA rally in Cullman and was booed for telling them to get vaccinated.

Alabama MAGA Governor Kay Ivey then went on a media blitz trying to persuade unvaccinated people in Alabama to get vaccinated and take the pressure off Alabama hospitals.

**The Fossil**

**Author**

And people like you caused a lot of people like me to suffer horribly. Lost jobs, lost relationships, constant harassment from self appointed health enforcers. The loss of my brother who knuckled under to his harpy wife and the rest of society by getting the jab. Not even six months later he was dead, after getting covid, being pumped full of remdesivir and placed on a ventilator. I wasn't told until his final three days, just left wondering why my younger brother was suddenly not answering his phone. Of those three days the middle one was taken away from us because I dared ask why ivermectin and hydroxychloroquine weren't given a chance since the dangers of remdesivir were well known by then. His wife reported my questions to the hospital who in turn agreed with her that I should not be allowed to see him, to spend any more time with him. She did relent on the day they decided to finish murdering him and allowed me to spend an hour

with him before life support was removed. Had my nephew not been present, flying in from halfway around the world after getting permission from the Navy, I doubt seriously she would have allowed that.

And being cut off from what's left of my family, just uninvited from Thanksgiving and the ban still standing because I simply refuse to grab my ankles for the whole shitty fucking establishment, that's a nice touch of compassion from the ever tolerant left.

Every action has an equal and opposite reaction and eventually the pendulum will swing back the other way. I'm not the only one who has been treated like this and we all remember what was stolen from us.

### **Sloan Bashinsky**

#### **Sloan's Newsletter**

Sorry about your many troubles, which I probably can match, perhaps more, starting with my infant son dying of crib death when I was law school, but if I played the victim all my life, I think it might have gone a lot harder on me. I went out of my way during the Covid shutdown not to infect anyone else. I was more worried about that, than getting invected. I finally caught it, even though I was jabbed 3 times, but it was mild compared to what unvaccinated people endured, or died from it.

### **The Fossil**

#### **Author**

I'm not playing victim nor am I here to match troubles with you but making a statement beginning with People like you caused a lot of vaccinated people in Alabama to suffer horribly isn't something I would ever let go unanswered. Seeing as how you caught it 3 times and you aren't alone in that maybe it's that demonic stew y'all allowed yourselves to be injected with that's caused the jabbed so many problems. Considering it was Orange Man Bad that insisted on ramming the jab through to get as many people jabbed as possible in league with Fauci, Birx and all the others I'm surprised you didn't go



the route of Scranton Joe The Pedo & Cackling Commie LaWhorish and rail against it until they were in power and then get the clot shot.

## **Sloan Bashinsky**

### **Sloan's Newsletter**

I had Covid-19 once, in 2023, after I was vaccinated three times, starting early 2020. I did not want to be vaccinated, but at my age and medical history, many bouts with pneumonia, I was getting radiation for prostate cancer in early 2020, I knew Covid-19 would kill me. I lived alone. My only social life was telephone, internet and visiting my daughter in Mississippi, and taking walks and chatting with other masked people on sidewalks. Trump had Dr. Vladimir Zelenko's cheap fast early stage infection cure in his hands and caved to Joe Biden and the Democrats and Fauci and CDC, NIH, WHO and Big Pharma, and launched Operation Warpspeed. Zelenko's cure could have kept America open. No vaccines necessary. Zelenko was God's doctor. Trump threw him and God under a bus. Paxlovid prevented Covid-19 from killing me. Paxlovid contains Covid-19 antibodies, and some people who take Paxlovid. I was one, have two bouts with Covid-19. In the end, I took an antibiotic to rid me of a lingering light pneumonia.

## **we're all doing time riddles and puzzles**

An old lawyer buddy likes to give me riddles and I tend to respond unpredictably :-). When I told him that I'm a patriot, he said he's read my writings and I'm a radical. I said I have a different perspective of patriotism.

When he asked me, "What was wrong with the ceasefire between Israel and Hamas on October 6, 2023?", I said that was a very good question, and Hamas figured out what would punch every button in Israel's leaders, and Hamas hoped that would provoke Israel to do what it did in Gaza and turn the entire world against Israel and its benefactor America, and when President Biden saw Israel's response, he should have stopped giving Israel money and weapons and munitions to obliterate Gaza; and President Biden should get America of the Middle East altogether. because America has no business being there.

I gave my old lawyer buddy a riddle the other day.

Please help me understand how Amendment 2 gives Americans the right to own AR-15s, when the citizens right to bear arms is predicated on there being a well-regulated militia?

### ***Amendment II***

*A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed.*

He said that he said he sided with me on that, and the U.S. Supreme Court has ignored the well regulated militia predicate.

I said there has not been a well regulated militia since the Revolutionary War. He said, what about the national guards? I said, then only the national guards should have such weapons. He said, then there is the question of what is "arms"?

When Amendment 2 was passed, arms meant sticks, rocks, hammers, hoes, rakes, shovels, hatchets, axes, spears, bows and arrows, knives, daggers, sabers, black powder ball and shot pistols and muskets, black power cannons and cannon balls, and black powder explosives.

But what's that got to do with a well regulated militia? The Founding Fathers never dreamed the 2nd Amendment would be twisted to nilly willy private citizen ownership of guns designed to quickly kill as many unarmed Americans as possible.

Flash back to 1991, when, at the request of a prison chaplain, I did a two-day workshop in his maximum security prison, about which I wrote in *Prisons & Freedom*, which I self-published later in 1991.

How the workshop came about was the chaplain had read my book, *The High Legal Road: A New Approach to Legal Problems*, which I had self-published in 1990,

The chaplain told me ahead of time that some of the inmates were convicted of sex crimes and were very sensitive about that, and I should not go into that during the workshop. What I did instead was ask them if they did what they were convicted of doing?

Unable to sell *The High Legal Road* and *Prisons & Freedom*, I gave several thousand copies to the Prison Library Project in Clermont, California, which was founded by Ram Dass, with Bo Lozoff's help. Bo's book, *We're All Doing Time*, had helped prod me to write *Prisons & Freedom*. The Prison Library Project mailed inmates books on topics in which inmates expressed interest. I ended up with some prison inmate pen pals for a while.

In the Preface to *Prisons & Freedom*, I gave Bo and his wife Sita attaboys for their going into prisons and teaching yoga and meditation to inmates, and I gave favorable mention to Bo's books, and I said in one of his books, he had said he and Sita had reluctantly decided to start asking for donations for their work.

I had sent Bo a copy of *The High Legal Road*, and after *Prisons & Freedom* was published, I sent him a copy of it.

In one his books, Bo had written that he and Sita told inmates that they struggled with their own sexual urges, which some yoga practitioners view as low base energies, and I wondered out loud in *Prisons & Freedom* about what it might be like to be married to someone trying to practice celibacy?

I received a letter from Bo, in which he tore up my books as psychobabble, and he said I had cut him and Sita's feelings to the quick. That led to more back and forth letters, which went nowhere, and I moved on.

One day, I called the Prison Library Project about something they had sent me regarding a tax deduction for donating my books to them. The fellow said he needed to tell me something: after they received my books, Bo told them to tear out the Preface to *Prisons & Freedom*, which they had done before sending it to inmates. The fellow said he didn't feel right about that. I said keep doing it, it's Bo's karma.

I wrote Bo a letter explaining that. He did not respond.

I started receiving unsolicited copies of Bo's newsletter, in one of which he announced he was going into silence. There was something in the letter about him being interviewed in the media about him going into silence. I didn't get any of his newsletters for a while.

Then a newsletter came in the mail which Bo announced someone had given him and Sita a nice piece of land in the country, where he could build a retreat for former prisoners to live and work their way back into society, and he had come up with the ideal of "money yoga", and it would be the spiritual thing to do for people to donate money for that project.

I wrote Bo a letter, in which I said he had gone into silence to enhance his internal feminine, yin, and God heard him and someone donated them the land, but instead of waiting for the next step, instead of being patient, honoring the feminine, he had gone yang and invented money yoga.

Bo did not respond.

Another newsletter came in the mail and I read it and left it on the kitchen table and my wife, who was a licensed clinical social worker, looked thorough it and found a picture of Sita, which was in all of Bo's newsletters.

My wife asked me to cover the right side of Sita's face and look only at the left side of her face, which I did, and Sita's left eye and the left side of her face look like a seriously tortured soul. The left side of the body is the feminine, or yin, side.

I wrote Bo a letter, telling him what my wife had observed. In Bo's next newsletter, there was no photo of Sita. Nor was her photo in any future newsletters.

Many years later, I read in an online publication that Bo had confessed that he was a fraud, a con man. He had sex with women in his ashram. He was abusive to released inmates, who came to live and work at his farm retreat cult. Later, I read somewhere that Bo had died.

A Substack missive from a fellow who had done time showed up in my email account the other day.

### **A Convict's Perspective**

#### **Rearview Mirror**

Objects on the internet may appear closer than they are

COLEMAN

MAY 27

I was going to write an article based off my Note this morning and decided I didn't want to be tic-tacing on my phone all day.

[https://indamidle.substack.com/p/rearview-mirror?utm\\_source=podcast-email&publication\\_id=1147979&post\\_id=145032318&utm\\_campaign=email-play-on-substack&r=8wjd3&triedRedirect=true&utm\\_medium=email&initial\\_medium=video](https://indamidle.substack.com/p/rearview-mirror?utm_source=podcast-email&publication_id=1147979&post_id=145032318&utm_campaign=email-play-on-substack&r=8wjd3&triedRedirect=true&utm_medium=email&initial_medium=video)

Anyway, I haven't even listened to it yet because I knew I would've been annoyed by some thing or another and don't want to re-record like I'm a YouTuber or some nonsense like that.

I would've gotten halfway through and been like, "this is dumb" and deleted it.

So, anyway, enjoy the dumb.

Or don't.

Whatever

After listening to Coleman sitting in the front seat of his parked car ramble on about Americans fret a lot about stuff they can't do anything about, and learning about him only what might be read between the lines, I posted this comment.

### **Sloan Bashinsky Sloan's Newsletter**

I'm curious about what you do after you wake up in the morning not in a prison? Although most people wake up each morning in a prison of their own making, about which a guy named Bo Lozoff wrote some books, as did I. Bo ended up not so swell, but I thought his early books were important. Last below is a link to one of my books, Prisons & Freedom, a free read, no ads, no soliciting, no hustle. You might be

asked if you wish to open the link? Archive.org is an internet library funded and operated by American colleges. The free library specializes in out of print books and books by authors who give their writings to the library.

<https://archive.org/details/prisons-and-freedom-revision-3oh-1-compressed>

About six months ago, I received an email from a fellow who said he read Prisons & Freedom at the free library, and it moved him to leave a cult in which he had been very active for a couple of decades. I didn't write the book with cults in mind, but I did have some people come to me from time to time, who were involved in cults and wanted help moving on.

So far, no reply from Coleman.

Today's comic relief is provided by Al.com's "Down Home In Alabama". Al.com once was The Birmingham News.

**'I ain't writing no letter'**

A judge has dismissed the case against an Ozark man who was caught speeding and said he'd rather go to jail than give the police officer a written apology for his behavior, [reports AL.com's Amy Yurkanin](#).

The story was picked up on some national outlets. Reginald Burks was pulled over and ticketed for speeding while taking his kids to school. He said that as he was trying to leave the officer was standing in front of his car so that he had to back up and go around. He said he then told the officer to "get your (butt) out of the way," but he didn't say "butt."

(Note: This is the most G-rated newsletter you'll read today. Apparently more G-rated even than car line.)

Now, folks may have varying degrees of respect for law enforcement or opinions on their motives, but this isn't one of those stories. The big question in this story is not so much the appropriateness of the officer, or of the motorist. It is about the appropriateness of the Ozark Municipal Court judge's order for the man to apologize to the officer in writing or face 10-30 days in jail.

University of Alabama law professor Jenny Carroll said up to 30 days is a long sentence for somebody who dropped a mere A-bomb in a moment of frustration.

The man wasn't budging, either. He said he'd pay his fines. However: "What am I going to do? I'm going to jail. I ain't writing no letter."

A hearing was set for June 4, but evidently the city's prosecutors weren't interested in pursuing the case because the judge dismissed the case on Wednesday.



Ya'll come!

## **priceless**

Someone asked me recently how I write, longhand or type? I said, when I entered my freshman year at Ramsay High School in Birmingham, my father told me to take a typing class, because typing would come in very handy later on. I said typing was the only usable skill I learned in school, before I attended law school. I ended up writing about 20 books and 50,000 or perhaps 70,000 pages at blogs, some of which became books, because I knew how to type. I did not say, but for inheritances from my father, I would not have written any books, I still would be homeless, or I would be dead.

Some things are so priceless that I suppose they make angels sing:

### **POETIC OUTLAWS April 27, 2024**

You live like this, sheltered, in a delicate world, and you believe you are living. Then you read a book... or you take a trip... and you discover that you are not living, that you are hibernating. The symptoms of hibernating are easily detectable: first, restlessness. The second symptom (when hibernating becomes dangerous and might degenerate into death): absence of pleasure. That is all. It appears like an innocuous illness. Monotony, boredom, death. Millions live like this (or die like this) without knowing it. They work in offices. They drive a car. They picnic with their families. They raise children. And then some shock treatment takes place, a person, a book, a song, and it awakens them and saves them from death. Some never awaken.

### **Sloan Bashinsky**

poignant-  
getting married,  
birthing a child and having it die at seven weeks,  
birthing two more children  
and raising them,  
or trying to,  
watching them grow from nursing and shitting their cotton diapers

I washed out in a toilet,  
watching them learn to walk and fall down and walk, and talk,  
watching how curious and full of energy they were,  
watching their mother and I grow apart,  
watching me not being the father my children needed,  
watching my life go to hell,  
watching my children have their own struggles,  
some their doing,  
some because I was not the father they needed.  
watching me get married 7 more times,  
each wife remarkable,  
each wife woke something up in me  
I did not know was there,  
they enriched my life,  
I hope the same for them,  
since I was not easy to live with,  
nor was it easy for me to live with me,  
how empty and I suppose boring my life would have been,  
but for those women and the three children,  
the one who died suddenly  
so unhinged me  
that I was never thereafter able to fit into  
the molds and plans  
made for me by my ancestors and me,  
he broke my heart and set me on my journey,  
a dozen different lives in one lifetime,  
I did leave the old, many times,  
and start anew,  
in places where I knew no one,  
but now I'm back where I started,  
my hometown,  
a blue southern city surrounded by MAGA counties,  
the local churches seem right where they were when I left  
and came to wonder when I ever was not in church?  
Most people I once knew here

seem where they were when I left the first time in 1986,  
I have lived in this same old apartment building three times  
after I stopped running away from home,  
It was all-white, then it was somewhat integrated, now international,  
the Internet makes it a lot easier to run away for a spell,  
but everywhere I go,  
there I am,  
can't run away from me,  
nor from many, many memories,  
waiting for the Lord to take me,  
hopefully before I am in assisted living  
or a nursing home  
or nut house,  
I crawl out of bed each morning  
and engage what gets on my plate today,  
chop wood, carry water, I suppose

Some things are not entirely priceless:

**Nicholas Morrissey Substack**  
**The Wisdom Compass**

I am up to 300 Subscribers and got my first paid Subscriber today  
(besides me Ma. Love you, Mom. Lol). Thank you so much, JD!! I very  
much appreciate it and it definitely helps out for further work! I will be  
adding my book behind the paywall shortly!

[substack.com/@myalchemicalkitchen?utm\\_m...](https://substack.com/@myalchemicalkitchen?utm_m...)

JD Greene Substack

A cook, a baker, a candlestick gazer, a forest bather, a magick maker,  
a writer and weaver of tales. These are j...

**Sloan Bashinsky**

This flopped out of me the fall of 1993:

“God’s gifts are not for sale, but are freely given to angels, saints,  
sinners, devils and fools alike, because all are God’s children.”

At that point in my life, I still hoped to become a great capitalist like my father and his father, and I hoped to do it through my writings. But no matter how hard I tried, no matter what I wrote, no matter how many people told me they liked what I wrote, non-fiction, poetry, novels, stranger than fiction, it didn't happen.

I then went through a dry spell when I wrote nothing, during which I prayed to die and plotted killing myself every day for 16 months. That had nothing to do with my writing or wanting to be a great capitalist. It had to do with entering what I later would call the black night of the soul, in which there was no light, no hope.

I was in a 4-year dark night of the soul when the God's gifts are not for sale poem flopped out of me. I knew what it was, because I had read Antonio T. de Nichola's book, *St. John of the Cross: Alchemist of the Soul*, about a year prior at the suggestion of a licensed clinical social worker friend, after he heard some of my not of this world stories.

In his commentaries, Juan de la Cruz described two dark nights of the soul. He called the first, the cleansing of the soul. He called the second, the cleansing of the spirit. He said the first dark night was rough, but doable. He said, the second dark night was unimaginably horrible, and woe be to anyone it befell, who was not in a protected environment with people who understood what was going on.

The black night started to lift after I left my 4th wife. I wondered if I would start writing again? What happened instead was I was taken by angels known in the Bible through an unimaginably intense physical and soul cleansing and healing, which lasted about two years. Then, the Muse returned, in spurts. Then, She ran full-bore.

I was homeless off and on for several years, and when I was homeless, I hoped my writings would somehow make me a living wage, but alas, no, it seemed I was slated to be the Anti Capitalist. No real surprise, after I slept in a tent near Helen, Georgia, I was told by the angel Michael in a dream that I was going back into a prison where I had once lived, and the next night Michael told me in my sleep, "You cannot do this work correctly, if you are looking to get anything back from the people you are trying to help."

By then, my writings, non-fiction, poetry, novels, stranger than fiction, were very different from when I was in the dark night of the soul.

In 2007, I started blogging, and I suppose I wrote 50,000 pages on blogs, maybe more. During that time, I wrote no books.

In 2019, I wrote another book, which was about different parts of my life. I wrote it on a blog, and a publisher took it on, but it did not sell.

I wrote several more books at blogs, one was a sequel to an earlier novel. A friend with unimaginable to me tech skills formatted them into books at the free internet library, archive.org. He also scanned and digitized some of my earlier books and put them at [archive.org](https://archive.org), which is funded and operated by colleges in America. It specializes in out of print books, and books by authors who are not trying to monetize their writings.

Archive.org has a translator, which lets people read its books in English and about 35 other languages. My tech friend tells me that my books at archive.org average about 1,000 complete reads per month, per month.

My friend learned that the free library readers are far more open to and interested in something different, than are users of regular libraries.

If you wish to see what books at archive.org look and read like on any device, open archive.org and enter Sloan Bashinsky in the search space and click Enter. Icon links for my books will come up and you can click on the links and open and read the books.

You might be asked if you are sure you want to open that site. People all over the world use that library, because they can find material there, which they cannot find in libraries where they live.

My tech friend also created The Redneck Mystic Lawer Podcast, where I did most of the talking. He launched it on Spotify, which is audio only. We did not solicit money and we did not let Spotify run ads in our podcast. We developed a pretty good following worldwide.

Spotify's cash cow, Joe Grogan, made racial remarks during one of his podcasts, and a number of Spotify's celebrity clients ditched Spotify, which kept Grogan and ditched a lot of its small clients, including us.

My friend launched The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast onto YouTube. I was seen and heard, and he was heard but not seen. We

did not solicit and we did not let YouTube run ads in the podcast. We developed a pretty good following worldwide.

My friend discovered the Torrent platforms, and we started launching the podcast there, too. We learned that Torrent clients were far more open to and interested in something different, than were YouTube users. My friend told me our podcast averaged about 300,000 complete watches per episode.

Eventually, we stopped using YouTube, which became more difficult to deal with, in part, because our material was not well received in some circles, and, in part, because YouTube was overwhelmed with political posts and its server was overloaded and its AI moderator and upload was moving very slow.

My friend says on torrent platforms our podcast averages about 300,000 complete watches per episode.

Torrent providers are a breed apart. People living in countries that control what they can see online can bypass Big Brother on Torrent. However, some torrent platforms contain malware, and people who use Torrent need to know what they are doing. Based on how our podcast does in the Torrent universe, there are a lot of internet tech savvy people out there.

### **Nicholas Morrissey**

#### **The Wisdom Compass**

archive.org had been a website I used for years and years and years... Another good one is, sacred-text.org.

If you want to write shorter letters, I will reply to those. Too long, too much going on here to make time to reply to, unless it was just random? Anyhow, thank you though for taking the time and for the thought.

Pick just one or two topics and I'd be happy to discuss those :-)

### **Sloan Bashinsky**

The topic I picked in my long-reply to yours was getting paid for spiritual work.

April 2001:

“The World's Greatest Failure”

I know what it is  
to love fully,  
have my heart broken by death  
and by loved ones' rejections,  
Over and over again,  
So I can love even more.

I know what it is  
to be engulfed in pain,  
Awash in evil,  
Terrified, enraged, despaired,  
Believing God has again forsaken me,  
Then be given the truth  
that again makes me free.

I know what it is  
to doubt,  
Be lost and wandering  
time and time again,  
Then be rescued yet again  
and my faith grows deeper.

I know what it is  
to blindly trust,  
Then be destroyed by betrayed  
time and time again,  
Until I trust only God.

I know what it is  
to have much  
and be completely of this world,



Then have it all taken away  
and be in the world but not of it.

I know what it is  
to fail in this world,  
And fail and fail and fail:  
The world's greatest failure,  
I can serve only God.

I know what it is  
to give and give and give and give;  
I cannot stop giving  
because giving is receiving.

I know what it is  
to explain God  
time after time after time again.  
Something demands I keep explaining:  
Maybe someone will listen,

Maybe me.

### **Nicholas Morrissey**

For anyone with a conscience, making money on the spiritual path can be a great challenge. I had given away work for free for over 15 years. If you're truly helping people, they will support you. It also depends on your message and also social awareness.

### **Sloan Bashinsky**

I've been at this since 1987. I had various trainings in the human realm, which ended in 1988, when angels took over completely. Very few people have any sense of what is really ailing them and what they need to do. I can only speak for myself, it is forbidden for me to charge money or solicit money or anything else that benefits me.

I look at the Sufis of old. They did not try to earn a living off what they knew. Nor did Jesus in the Gospels, nor did Buddha, nor did Lao Tzu, nor did Yogananda's teacher. I think there is a really good reason for that. The reason is, when there is nothing in it for the teacher, then the teacher has no conflict of interest, the teacher loses nothing if the student leaves. The teacher has to be at ease with having no students. I take no credit for the changes in me other than I kept trying to hang in there with the angels, who had captured and harnessed me, and I did not kill myself, or try to escape via booze or other drugs, or by running away and trying to hide from what life was serving me, which the angels used to test and refine me. Their main tool was standing me before endless mirrors, looking at me.

What I experience is not imaginable to anyone around me but two people I know well. I knew a few people in the past, who were in somewhat similar predicaments. There are stories of it happening to people in history, but they were anomalies, who felt like they were from another planet, stuck on this planet until their time was up. They mingled with people, they were in this world, but they were not of this world.

Some things cannot be repaid- posted at religiousforums.com on Memorial Day:

<https://www.religiousforums.com/threads/gaza-was-before-the-war-the-greatest-open-air-prison.277855/page-8#post-8566634>

"Gaza was before the war the greatest open-air prison. Today it's the greatest open-air graveyard," Borrell said on Monday at a meeting of EU ministers in Brussels. "It's a graveyard for tens of thousands of people and also a graveyard for many of the most important principles of humanitarian law."

### **Icehorse**

MayPeaceBeUpOnYou said:

" Hamas is backed by Iran. Hamas built a multi-billion-dollar war machine to attack Israel, after Israel gave them Gaza."

That doesn't sound very "oppressed" to me. It sounds like Jihadis and Islamists pursuing the idea that no Jews should live in the ME. Please recall that Jews have been living in the ME for thousands of years. There are now virtually no Jews in the ME except in Israel. Tell me again how oppressed Muslims in the ME are?

### **Redneck Mystic Lawyer**

What's going on in Gaza is horrific.

The "good Catholic" President Biden keeps sending Israel money and the weapons it needs to keep obliterating Gaza and killing, maiming, battle-shocking, displacing and/or starving around 2,000,000 civilian men, women and children.

I wonder if Gaza's surviving civilians wish Hamas had not launched the October 7, 2023 attack, because Hamas seems to have zero concern for the civilians in Gaza and uses its October 7 hostages to bargain for the release of Hamas's people in Israel prisons?

It looks to me that when Hamas's war strategist Yahya Sinwar spent many years in an Israel prison, he figured out how Israel's psyche worked, and Hamas could not beat and America-backed Israel, and he came up with an attack that would provoke Israel to respond as it has responded in Gaza, to turn the entire world against Israel and America.

I had many discussions online and in person with people about Gaza, and my take is American Christians, who back Israel in that war, do it because their Bible says God promised land in Palestine to the Israelites, and Jesus was crucified in Jerusalem at the behest of Jewish leaders, and they want Israel to protect where Jesus was born, roamed and was killed at the behest of Jewish leaders.

Donald Trump has said he is Israel's best friend. If President Biden were to cut off all money and weapons to Israel, Trump would win by a landslide this November. Perhaps American Christians, who back Israel's war in Gaza, should ask themselves how Jesus feels about that war? I can't imagine he would applaud that war. Nor can I imagine God would applaud that war. Nor can I imagine Allah would applaud the October 7 raid, my 81st birthday.



**Memorial Day reflections: Just because you're paranoid doesn't mean they aren't out to get you**



Another old fart's Substack howler flew itself into my Yahoo inbox yesterday and set me to howling, too.

### **My Two Senses**

#### **“D-DAY 2024”**

Some thoughts on how we got here and why we can't make it go away



[OL' FLAWRIDUH CRACKER](#)

MAY 24, 2024

The Apprentice, and massive Fascist propaganda over a 40 year period generated millions of *aggrieved* Americans.



© MojoMan 2024

The turn to the far right for Republicans has its roots in an amalgam of Rich White Men who embrace Fascist ideologies, from race supremacy, anti-Semitism to an obsessive fear of Communism stealing their ill-gotten rents. The road to Trump goes back to the Goldwater race for the White House. The Young Republicans and the JBS, backed by Corporatist Republican elites formed what amounted to a doppelgänger of the Communist Cadres they so feared.

This John Birch Society ideology clearly inspired the 1964 article ["The Paranoid Style in American Politics."](#) by [Richard Hofstadter](#), that was and is still considered a seminal work that tracked the conspiratorial roots that would lead to the JBS. Later Thomas Frank's "What's the Matter with Kansas" tried to relate how being aggrieved, and as Hofstadter put it, feelings of being *dispossessed* fueled

resentment that took us into the Reagan/Nixon/Bush fiascos. Having been largely rejected as wingnut fascist ideology the Fascist loving billionaires put on a little lipstick and pretended to reflect mainstream thinking.

Now (talking about paranoia) I'm actually beginning to believe that microplastics in the diet of Far Right Republicans, whether put there by intent or as a bi-product of redneck lifestyle, is a likely major contributor to the cancerous mental malignancy reflected in today's Neo-Fascist ideology.

Along the same lines I have become a fanboy of Dr. Bandi X. Lee, and her recent work on "mass psychosis" Dr. Lee was academically cancelled from her professorship at Yale (thanks largely to the efforts of Allen Dershowitz) because she dared to correlate the clear symptoms of Trump's "malignant narcissism" in explaining his bizarre behavior. This effort centers (and again I agree with her) on a lock and key paradigm of Trump to his base about that cements this "mass psychosis". He seeks their constant adoration and they seek his ability to enact their insane dreams of revenge and overwhelming dictatorial rule.

Here we are confronted with essentially a religious cult, fueled by 40 years of paranoia, aggrievement and a complete embrace of Fascism/Christo-Fascism.

**Is there a way outta here?**



At some point I actually had genuine hope of finding the proverbial key to unlock the mind of these delusional masses, but today it appears that the Fascist Republican mindset is beyond any form of cognitive repair.

It is mirrored in science to cases of brain damage of the frontal pre-cortex suffered by veterans who have suffered TBI from being too close to blasts. Study has validated that there is a propensity to embrace deeply rightwing religious and political views.

Think about it. 50 years of constant Fascist propaganda packaged as “patriotism”, true Christianity, and White Identity. Do we really think there is a chance in Hell of helping these deluded masses to see how downright evil their thinking is in the next six months?

Eighty percent of registered Republicans are prepared to go all the way with Trump and that means to avenge and destroy millions of decent Americans in his demigod name.

In closing I’d like to share that I just finished watching “The Manchurian Candidate” beautifully restored to hi-def black and White. Could it be that Ivanka (an FSB spy under direction of Putin) is Trump’s handler? I know, I’m again sounding a bit paranoid, but given our current threat to Democracy in Trump I’d like to consider it facing reality.

### **Sloan Bashinsky**

A friend of mine once said, “Just because you're paranoid, doesn't mean they aren't out to get you.”



“Deer Ed”, in honor of the key deer that inhabited Big Pine Key, operated the very popular “Coconut Telegraph” public forum at [bigpinekey.com](http://bigpinekey.com). The forum catered to “Kudos & Whiners”.

Deer Ed built my websites, [goodmorningkeywest.com](http://goodmorningkeywest.com) and [goodmorningfloridakeys.com](http://goodmorningfloridakeys.com), which were read all over the Florida Keys.

Deer Ed designed a campaign website for a woman friend of mine, who decided to run for sheriff in the Florida Keys.

One page of my friend’s campaign website described the sheriff department harassing her sons, whom the sheriff department contended were criminals, and she contended otherwise. She had some pretty good conventional ammunition, and she had something else.

She became so concerned that sheriff deputies would find one of her sons and do him harm, that she sent him to work one day with his father, who operated a tree trimming company. Trimming a tree that day, their son touched a high power electric line and was electrocuted. His body was taken to the hospital on Stock Island, where the sheriff department and jail were, the island just above Key West. While she sat with her son’s body, grieving, the sheriff detective, who had pursued her son, came into the hospital room and made her leave so he could fingerprint her dead son’s hands and continue prosecuting him.

The Coconut Telegraph and my blogs heralded her campaign website coming online. The morning her campaign website went active, [bigpinekey.com](http://bigpinekey.com) was destroyed by hackers. Deer Ed was freaked out, because he had installed every kind of protection known at that time to protect his website.

The page on my friend's campaign website, which contained the worst dirt on the sheriff department, was destroyed.

Deer Ed repaired his website and reported there what had happened, and the context. Some readers accused Deer Ed and my friend of being paranoid. Dear Ed responded with, "Just because you're paranoid doesn't mean they aren't out to get you."

Deer Ed was a recluse, and he was reluctant to take my suggestion to get the FBI involved, but he finally asked them to investigate. He told me that the FBI finally told him that his site had been hacked, but whoever did it was really good and covered their tracks really well.

I ran ten times for public office in the Florida Keys: 6 times for mayor of Key West, 3 times for county commission, 1 time for school board. I got my belly full trying to change the minds of people on the left and on the right, whose heads seemed to terminally live where the sun never shined. Quite a few of them were regular readers of and contributors to the Coconut Telegraph. A lot of them were conservative Christians.

When Donald Trump entered the 2016 presidential race, I watched him adroitly pluck every last string in redneck Christian America. He plucked them like they were little red violins that had longed all their lives to be plucked.

What bugged me most was the people who ought to know better, who were not little red violins, voted for Trump in 2016. I was just as bugged by the Democrats running Hillary Clinton against Trump. That's when it saw just how truly fucked up America was.

I had no clue how much more fucked up America would become.

Putting In God We Trust on its money and One Nation, Under God in the Pledge of Allegiance, and claiming America was founded on Christian principles didn't make it so.

When I was writing the goodmorning blogs, which eventually went to Internet heaven, I heard about a black comedian in Texas, who said something like, "Attending church has as much chance of making you a Christian as sitting in your automobile in your garage has of making you an automobile."

There was a regular contributor to Kudos and Whiners, went by the handle "From The Right", or "FTR". I met him after he asked Deer Ed to see if I would have dinner with him and his wife and Deer Ed. FTR seemed nice enough. His wife seemed nice enough. FTR was well versed in all things conservative. It was his religion. He was articulate.

After he outed himself at Kudos and Whiners, FTR posted on his Facebook that, as devoted as he was to the Republican way, he would. not vote for Donald Trump if he gained the Republican nomination. I wondered if FTR would hold true to that.

By then, I was publishing at my new blog, [afoolsworkneverends.blogspot.com](http://afoolsworkneverends.blogspot.com), that Donald Trump and Hillary Clinton should be locked up in adjoining cells.

After Trump won the Republican nomination, FTR announced on his Facebook that he would vote for Trump. That led to some interesting back and forth, and to FTR losing his cool and tearing into me and displaying what I had figured was there all along.

Back when I was writing frequently at Kudos & Whiners, I developed a posse of Sloan haters, who took lots of pot shots at me from behind their fake names, which Deer Ed allowed them to have. I offered to meet them anywhere they chose, they could

bring anyone they liked, and any weapons they liked, and I would bring me and the angels that never left me alone, and we could get to know each other. There were no takers.

I think voting for Trump has as much chance of making God like you as waving a Confederate or Nazi flag has of making God like you. Alas, I don't think voting for Joe Biden will get you any kudos from God, either.

Old farts like you and me ain't able to do the roughhouse things we once did, but we have l-o-n-g memories, and we know how to type, and we don't like sitting at home playing TV bingo, and we still have some functioning brain cells, and we use them, and we shoot off our mouths, and it don't change nothing, but at least we tried, and at least we are not going out brainwashed by cult leaders and stupidity, ignorance and gullibility.

### **Ol' Flawriduh Cracker**

I remain deeply, deeply distressed on this Memorial Day that the ultimate sacrifice and suffering of so many Americans that was about preserving our Democracy within a freely elected government acting in the spirit of E Pluribus Unum, is falling to a Fascist, Grifter Authoritarian hellscape.

### **Sloan Bashinsky**

That falling deeply distresses me, too, but I do not think America's wars during my lifetime were noble, given what America did to help those wars get started.

## Uvalde school shooting massacre dimensional shift

On the 2nd anniversary of the Uvalde, Texas school shooting massacre by a natural born domestic U.S citizen terrorist toting a high capacity magazine AR-15 designed to quickly kill as many people as possible, I watched CNN interview bereaved parents who lost their children that horrible day. I thought, in my spirit code, 2 is the number for Jesus in the Gospels, who said to let the little children come to him, for of such is the Kingdom of God.

The day before, a Birmingham tattoo artist juxtaposed a yellow rosebud tattoo over a Vagrant tattoo a Key West tattoo artist had put on my right shoulder in 2007, when it was vogue in Key West to call homeless people, “vagrants”.



The yellow rosebud tattoo represents the yellow peace rosebud on my infant son's simple oak casket, when I buried him on September 12, 1968 in the family plot at Elmwood cemetery, in Birmingham. Crib death (sudden infant death syndrome) took him. No words can explain my bewildered shock and trauma, and their later effect on me.

In 1988, I felt moved to return to his grave for the first time. Years before I had planted a climbing yellow peace rose bush where I lived, and I drove there and snipped a rose off that bush and drove to Elmwood Cemetery. I didn't remember how to get to the family burial plot, and I didn't remember where my son was buried in the plot, and I had not had a marker put on his grave. I stopped at the business office of the cemetery and asked for directions and was told how to get to the family plot and that my son was buried at the foot of my mother's grave stone.

I parked my car and got out and walked toward my mother's grave stone, and as I neared it I came unhinged and fell to my knees and bawled and bawled and bawled by heart and eyes out. I came back to this grave maybe half dozen times with a yellow peace rose, until no more tears came. I went to the cemetery office and selected a small flat granite grave marker and asked them to put on it, "Infant son, he opened our hearts and set us on our journey."

Watching CNN's Uvalde school shooting massacre coverage the morning after getting the yellow rosebud tattoo, I thought owning such guns as the Uvalde shooter used, AR-15, really is about deranged men wanting to feel better about their peckers; and if women want such guns, it's their penis envy.

I thought the U.S. Supreme Court never once considered the right of the citizens to bear arms in the 2nd Amendment is predicated on the need to have a well-regulated militia to preserve the free State, and there has been no well-regulated militia in America since the American Revolution.

## **Amendment 2**

A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed.

I thought the National Rifle Association and the U.S. Supreme Court and the U.S. Congress and the state legislatures had unleashed the hounds from hell on America, which was never the Founding Fathers' intention.

I thought about the right wing Christian from Texas, U.S. Senator Ted Cruz, who had defended the 2nd Amendment right of the Uvalde natural born domestic terrorist to have the AR-15 he used to slaughter all of those school children and two of their teachers.

I hoped Cruz has a chance someday in space and time to feel just like the parents of those slaughtered Uvalde school children feel today.

I hoped every member of the NRA, and every member of the Supreme Court, and every member of Congress, and any state legislator, who shares Cruz's view, gets to know how the parents of the slaughtered Uvalde school children feel.

No, I do not want more school children to be slaughtered in their schools, but given how sacred owning guns designed solely to quickly kill as many people as possible is in America, I see so other way to get gun nut lovers' attention.

Now if my saying that causes anyone to think I am a horrible person, that I should be stuck dead by God's lightning and die and burn in hell forever, consider that when I was writing *The Golden Flake Clown's Tale* in 2022, free read at the internet library

<https://archive.org/details/goldenflakeclownstale>, it came to me from out of the blue that angels known in the Bible had initiated a new school shooting massacre protocol in America, as follows:

When there is a school shooting, children whose souls have not signed up for such a demonic experience are carried away by those angels and new souls come in who need to have that experience. With God, anything is possible.

If someone thinks I'm batshit crazy for saying that, in early 1994, this poem leaped out of me

Only fools rush in  
where angels fear to tread,  
but if there were no fools,  
who'd lead the angels?

Right away, I started feeling something huge and wonderful trying to squeeze into me. I felt it physically and energetically. There were lots of teary and sublime moments, day after day, night after night, for two weeks.

I was in the habit of taking a long walk every morning. About two weeks into that experience, at the turnaround point in a morning walk, I felt the presence of angels around me.

I heard, "This thing coming into you is your angel twin, all people have an angel twin, and yours will live out your life with you."

I thought, *That's neat.*

I heard, "By the way, this is your son."

My heart heaved, tears welled in my eyes, my knees buckled, I nearly fell to the ground.

I stopped feeling something huge and wonderful trying to squeeze into me.

I eventually came to see that my son's death had so unhinged me, that despite how hard I tried, I was unable to fit myself into the plans my father and mother and their parents had for me, nor into any plans I had for me.



I hope the bereaved families of the massacred Uvalde school children, and the bereaved families of children massacred in other American schools, someday, somehow, have their own yellow rosebud experience.

## the vagrant and the yellow rosebud



Three days ago, the notion came to me to get a yellow rosebud tattoo juxtaposed over the vagrant tattoo I had gotten in Key West, in 2007, when it was vogue there to call homeless people “vagrants”, even though Jesus was the most famous vagrant in human history.

A yellow peace rosebud was on my infant son’s simple oak casket, when I buried him on September 12, 1968 in the family plot at Elmwood cemetery, in Birmingham.

Crib death (sudden infant death syndrome) took him.

I googled tattoo shops in Birmingham and called one that showed it was open. The young lady who answered the phone said, sorry, they now only do body piercings,

The next morning, I called Classic 13 in Birmingham and asked the young lady who answered the phone if they do tattoos? She said, yes. I

asked if they accept walk-ins? She said, yes. I said I'd be there around dinner time.

I drove to a bridge club in Shelby County south of Birmingham, and played that ancient partnership game for several hours with some pretty interesting people.

After the game ended, I drove back to Birmingham, straight to Classic 13, where I saw a parking place in front and three well-tattooed men standing around chatting.

I parked my van and got out of it and walked over to the three well-tattooed men and asked if they were tattoo artists? They said, yes. I said I had called that morning about coming by to have a new tattoo put over an old Vagrant tat. I rolled up my polo shirt to expose the old tat on my right shoulder, and said I want a yellow peace rosebud put over the vagrant tat

One of the men said, yeah, we can do it, and which of us do I want to do it? I said it looks to me like the Great Spirit arranged our meeting and I'll leave it up to you three to decide which of you will do it. He said, well, he will do it. I said my name is Sloan, and he said his name is Chip.

Chip and I walked into the tattoo shop. Chris left me with a lady at the front desk and walked back to his studio to design the tattoo.

The lady gave me a form on which were maybe a dozen questions about medical conditions that ruled out getting a tattoo: HIV and types of Hepatitis were at the top of the list. I checked No for all of them. There were no questions about being crazy.

I paid the lady for the tattoo and two Classic 13 T-shirts.

Chip walked back up front and showed me what he had drawn. I said okay, and we walked to his studio. I told him the history of the vagrant

tattoo and the yellow rose bud, and that originally I had thought I would put a tropical flower over the vagrant tattoo, but I never got around to it.

Chip had me sit in chair and he rolled up the right sleeve on my polo shirt. I asked about how long it would take? He said about an hour and fifteen minutes. I said, let's do it.

On the walls in Chip's studio were lots of tattoo art.

I asked him if he had a tattoo of the pirate saying, "The beatings will continue until morale improves"?

Chip said, no, but he could get it and put it onto my left shoulder. I said, perhaps, but let's get this done today.

Also on the walls of Chip's studio was stuff about John Dillinger and Baby Face Nelson. Chip said Dillinger and Nelson and others like them were latter day pirates. On a side platform was a Thompson submachine gun like the ones used in the St. Valentine's Day massacre.

Chip said his Thompson was not operable, but was just art.

Chip said Thompson sold a lot of those submachine guns in Europe. Then, the U.S. Army wanted the submachine gun, but it had to be modified to shoot fewer bullets a minute. Chip said Thompson had a lot of those submachine guns in a warehouse and modified them and sold them to the Army.

Chip and I talked about our respective times spent in the Florida Keys and Key West, and about how Key West is nothing like the rest of the Florida Keys.

I told Chip that at one time there was a movie theater on Key West's Duval Street called The Strand, which now is a Walgreens Drug Store, and

every afternoon The Strand had a matinee showing "Deep Throat" for the boys at the local navy base.

Chip said, for real? I said, for real. He laughed.

I told Chip that when I practiced law in the City Federal Building in Birmingham, the men in the law firm where I worked all walked down the street the Lyric Theater to watch "Deep Throat," so we know what was in it, if any of our men client's got caught by their wives in the Lyric Theater. Our legal secretaries were really pissed when we told them they couldn't come with us, because someone had to be in the law office.

Chip laughed.

I didn't say anything about how I feel about submachine guns today, because Chip was holding the tattoo needle.

Nor, after telling Chis that I am a writer, and I wrote many books and maybe 50,000 pages at blogs, what I wrote about, because Chip was holding the needle.

Yes, the tattoo needle hurt, sometimes it hurt a lot, but I hung in there, and after about an hour and fifteen minutes, Chip said it was finished.

Chip already had wiped my shoulder several times with a sanitary hand napkin, and he did it again.

Chip told me to wash the new tattoo three times a day for three days with warm water and Dial soap, and to dry it off with a paper towel, which is far more sanitary than a bathroom towel or washcloth. He gave me two vials of antiseptic jell to spread over the tattoo after each washing.

Chip said there was blood in the tattoo, but after the wounds healed in two weeks, the colors would be vibrant. Meanwhile, when the tattoo started itching, I could pat it, but not scratch it.

I told him that the first tattoo had taken a long time healing, and I was worried that I would catch MRSA flesh-eating bacteria, which I'd already caught in Key West.

Chip said he knew about MRSA, it can form in old distilled water. I said the ocean around Key West and the Florida Keys is full of MRSA, and the local doctors treat it all the time, and the local divers know about it, but nobody tells the tourists, if they cut themselves shaving and go into the ocean, or if they cut themselves on coral, they can get MRSA and be fighting for their lives, because it has mutated and it's hard to kill with antibiotics.

I told Chip that a friend in the Florida Keys had told me to buy a jar of petroleum jelly and a bottle of red iodine at a drugstore, and to use a table knife to scoop a little of the jelly out of its jar and to fill the hole with the liquid iodine, to use the knife to mix the iodine into the petroleum jelly until the jelly was pink, and to put that concoction onto a MRSA lesion 4 times a day, until the lesion is gone.

I told Chip that no bacteria can survive in iodine, and I had used that concoction several times to heal myself of MRSA, when I was in Key West.

I told Chip that when I published all of that about MRSA and the petroleum jelly and iodine cure at [bigpinekey.com](http://bigpinekey.com)'s popular Coconut Telegraph public forum, I was ridiculed by other readers- until a woman wrote a post there, that she was going insane because of MRSA sores on her body, and she saw what I had posted and she used it and it saved her life and her sanity. After that, it was the sound of silence on the Coconut Telegraph.

I tipped Chip \$50, and left.

I washed the new tattoo in dial soap and water twice last night.

Some years ago, I rescued a small aloe plant from a dark corner in a Home Depot garden shop and bought it home and repotted it into a much larger pot and set it on a table under the large east facing window in my apartment. The aloe plant loved being there, based on how large it became.

I cut a fat leaf off the aloe plant and used the knife to split the leaf, and several times last night I slathered raw aloe jelly onto the new tattoo. I knew I would do that and do the Dial soap wash religiously.

Why not? In the Gospels, Jesus's secret disciples Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea slathered a hundred weight of aloes and myrrh on Jesus's body, which they wrapped in linen cloth and put him in Joseph's personal tomb, where Jesus then had a near death experience and return from the dead. Aloe is a powerful wound healer, myrrh increases white cell count to fight infection, and linen is a sterile bandage.

I turned in that night thinking I would write a blog post about my personal history of being a vagrant in Key West, but a string of dreams convinced me that was not in the cards.

However, I will tell one thing what happened in 2001, as I stood in line with maybe 100 other homeless people one Sunday afternoon in Higgs Beach Park, waiting to be served a meal by Glad Tidings Tabernacle Church, which did that every Sunday afternoon.

A young couple from the church, whom I had not seen before, told us, if we were saved by Jesus, we would not be homeless. I said pretty loud, "What's wrong with being homeless? Jesus was homeless! Every person in this line, but a Jewish man, has been saved several times by Jesus, and we are homeless."

A great hush fell over the gathering.

While I was eating my meal, for which I was truly grateful, a young pastor named Mark walked over to me. I knew from talking with him before that he had come with his wife to the church from central Florida, thinking he would be its assistant pastor, but when he arrived, he was put in charge of the church's homeless ministry.

Mark asked me why I had said Jesus was homeless? I asked Mark if he read his Bible? Mark asked why I asked him that? I said, because in the Gospels, Jesus said he was homeless.

Mark asked where did Jesus say that in the Gospels? I said, when a man told Jesus that he wanted to follow him and Jesus told the man what that would be like: The foxes had their dens and the birds had their nests, but the Son of man had no place to lay his head.

Mark said that passage didn't mean Jesus was homeless. I said, of course that's what the passage meant. Mark said, Jesus could have stayed with his mother. I asked, where does it say in the Gospels that Jesus ever stayed with his mother? I said, "In God's eyes, we all are homeless."

I knew from what Mark had told me about his life, that he was called by God into the ministry, and I told him that from time to time, and that he would be pushed to his limits, if he stuck to that calling. I told him that again at a farewell dinner given for him at Glad Tidings Tabernacle Church.

In my soul alchemy, Jesus is a great blacksmith, represented in this poem, in which he is the voice:

I am the blacksmith,  
this storm is my forge,  
you are my carbon gemsteel  
I hammer into my blackdiamond lasersword  
to forge lighting and thunder  
into gold and pearls  
and to cut hail and sleet



into diamonds and rainbows.

Some years later, a dear friend told me that she had first met me when she and her sons were serving homeless people meals in Higgs Beach Park for Glad Tidings Tabernacle Church, and I had told her that she and her children needed to be very careful about that church.

She was very attached to the church's minister, and I kept telling her that she needed to be very careful with that church, especially for her children.

One day, she implored me to attend a service at Glad Tidings, because she was sure something would happen to cause me to feel differently about that church. I told her, okay, I would do it.

The next Sunday, I rode my bicycle to Glad Tidings and sat in a rear pew. The minister stood up in front of the congregation and told them, "You are the choicest of the choicest of the chosen." I got up and walked out of that church and emailed my friend what had happened, and told her that she was supposed to be there and hear it, but since she wasn't, I did it for her.

We ended up parting ways after I told her and her youngest son that they should steer clear of that church, and any church.

How we met was stranger than fiction.

I was living in a trailer on Little Torch Key in 2006. Some days, I drove down to Key West to hang out. I got into the habit of stopping at Key West to Marathon city transit bus stops and asking people if they wanted a ride into Key West? I was meeting interesting people in that way.

Driving my Toyota Highlander down to Key West one day, I passed several young men and a young woman standing at the shuttle bus stop on Cudjoe Key and got an awful crick in the left side of my neck. I drove a few hundred yards and the crick got a lot worse. I turned around and headed

back up US 1, wondering if I was supposed to give those kids a ride? I slowed down as I neared the bus stop and did a U-turn and pulled up beside them and asked them if they wanted a ride into Key West? They said yes, and piled in. The awful crick in my neck was gone.

As we drove down to Key West, they asked me about myself and I told them a little bit, and that I had just gotten a novel published and there were copies in a box among them, and to take a few copies and spread it around. It was my novel *Heavy Wait; A Strange Tale*, which a street performer I met in Key West had inspired in 2001, when I was living on the street. They told me they worked for a woman, whom I might wish to meet, I told them to give her a copy of the novel. They said they would.

A year passed. One day, I got an email from a woman, who said it was her kids I had picked up at the bus stop and she had read *Heavy Wait* and had loved it, and she had given it to her father in Kentucky to read, and he had loved it, and she had been trying to find me every since. I emailed back that we should meet for lunch at a restaurant on Cudjoe Key, and she met me there, where she told many grubby things about the sheriff department, in which her family was involved, and that's how it began.

it would take a new book to tell all of the stuff that Sandy and I got into in the Florida Keys, which was arranged by something a whole lot bigger and smarter than us. I wrote about some of my part of that in *Heavy Wait's* sequel, *Return of the Strange*, which I wrote in 2003. Both novels now are free reads at the internet library, archive.org, which is funded and run by American colleges. I took a little poetic license, but Sandy's priceless, withering "A Time to Choose" poem, which begins on page 56, is verbatim. [https://archive.org/details/retun-of-the-strange-v-20\\_202306/page/56/mode/2up](https://archive.org/details/retun-of-the-strange-v-20_202306/page/56/mode/2up)

[https://archive.org/details/heavy-wait-a-strange-tale\\_202212](https://archive.org/details/heavy-wait-a-strange-tale_202212)

In 2016, as I recall, at the fabulous Harpoon Harry's Diner in Key West, I gave a copy of *Heavy Wait* to Shirley Freeman, the grande dame of Key

West. Her husband had been the county sheriff and she had been a county commissioner. About a month later at Harpoon Harry's, Shirley told me that she had read it straight through in one night, she could not put it down. Maybe I should email her a link to *Return of the Strange*?

At the cash register in Harpoon Harry's is a sign, "In God we trust, all others must pay cash". Across from the cash register is an ATM machine.

## Unified Reich



The gem below arrived in my Yahoo feed yesterday evening, and I could not help but pile on.

## Mark Fiore's Cartoon Update

### Yikes! 'Unified Reich?'

🙄 He keeps getting Nazi-er & Nazi-er...



**MARK FIORE**

MAY 22, 2024

OKAY, MAYBE IF THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME ANYTHING NAZI WAS SAID OR SHARED BY DONALD TRUMP WE COULD LET IT SLIDE.

Maybe it really was just an over-eager staffer who didn't notice the "unified reich" part of the video shared on Trump's Truth Social account.

But there are those other pesky words that Trump has said: warning of immigrants who are "poisoning the blood of our country" or "vermin" destroying the United States.

Never mind the slightly more coded words like "globalist," "international bankers" and the ever-present "Soros" boogeyman.

Oh yeah, and there were Trump's "very fine people on both sides" . . . except only one side was chanting, "Jews will not replace us."

So for this cartoon, I figured it's only a matter of time before Trump puts on an SS uniform and calls Joe Biden an anti-Semite.

Which will, once again, make for a busy day for Trump's spokespeople.

The Defendant-in-Chief just can't seem to help himself when it comes to Nazi terminology and big strong dictators.

In one of the most ingenious works of spin doctoring, campaign press secretary Caroline Leavitt pointed out that Trump couldn't possibly have posted the "unified reich" video . . . he was too busy at his pornstar-hush-money-election-interference trial!

Unfortunately, it looks like we'll have to keep paying attention to what Donald Trump is saying or doing for at least the next several months.

I don't have a good feeling about this.

In the meantime, we can share a laugh at his expense and let people know the consequences of a second Trump presidency.

Thanks so much for your support, I'll see you back here shortly!

-Mark

In case you missed it earlier, I posted a time-lapse drawing and commentary video earlier today . . .



## Cartoon Foreshadowing

MARK FIORE

.

MAY 22

[Read full story](https://markfiore.substack.com/p/cartoon-foreshadowing)

<https://markfiore.substack.com/p/cartoon-foreshadowing>

## Sloan Bashinsky

### Sloan's Newsletter

Yikes!, is dead f-ing on the mark, Mark :-).

The guy who wants to be Commander-In-Chief again allows underlings to post stuff on his Truth Social account? For real? Shucks, every post at my Facebook page was put there by me, because I'm the only person who knows the top secret password.

All in the same day context of The Great Pussy Grabber resting his case in New York City, without testifying, after saying he would testify, and daily shooting off his mouth to the media and on Truth Social

about the trial, the judge, the witnesses, the jury, the prosecutors, and claiming President Biden sent the FBI to his Mar-a-Lago home to kill him and his wife and their son if necessary, to steal HIS classified documents from him, and Nikki Haley saying she will vote for Donald Trump, although when she was running for the Republican nominee against Trump, she said he was “unstable and unhinged”, which caused me to wonder if Trump had grabbed her pussy, or she had grabbed his pecker?

Recall when Trump and his father got busted by the State of New York for ethnic discrimination in their New York City apartment buildings.

Gander photos and film footage of the Charlottesville Confederate Monument removal protest and see the ocean of angry white people.

Gander photos and film footage of Trump rallies and see the oceans of white people. Gander photos and film footage of the January 6, 2020 goose step riot and see that ocean of white people.

Recall back when former Klu Klux Klan Imperial Wizard and Grand Dragon David Duke endorsed Trump in 2016, and when asked what he thought about that, Trump pretended he'd never heard of Duke and was quite a while saying, well maybe he didn't want Duke's endorsement.

Recall before Herr Donald Trump got it into this apprentice noggin' to run for president, Vanity Fair published an article quoting Trump's ex-wife Ivana, she said when she and Donald were married, he kept a book of Hitler's speeches in a cabinet on his side of their bed and sometimes he read it at night.

Recall American news media asking 2016 president Donald Trump about that and he said, where did they hear that? But if he ever had such a book, he didn't read it.

Recall telling American news media the book was given to him by a friend.

I have a photo of the book, but I don't see a way to post it here. The title is MY NEW ORDER. It's easy to find using Google images.

Recall Trump bragging the German Chancellor Merkel told him that only one other political leader drew bigger crowds.

Recall, after learning that Vladimir seemed to have gotten himself elected president of Russia for life, President Trump said on national TV, I saw the news clip, that he liked that idea, president for life, but maybe he shouldn't say it.

Earlier this week, Trump floated the idea of having three terms in the White House, then he said, well, he would not challenge the 22nd Amendment, but only wanted 4 more years in the White House.

Don't know where you live, Mark, but I live in Birmingham, Alabama, where I was born and raised. Birmingham is a blue city surrounded by MAGA counties.

I have regular dealings with MAGAs. They attend church. They worship Jesus. They remind me of Islamic jihadists. They view Democrats like right wing Muslims view America.

I think Joe Biden and the Democrats are manifestations of the mythical Fukawy tribe, which was forever getting lost and gathering in a circle and sitting down and holding hands and closing their eyes and chanting, "Where in the fuck are we? Where in the fuck are we?"

I after graduating from the Alabama School of Law in Tuscaloosa, in 1968, clerked for a United States District Judge in Birmingham, who presided over ever federal criminal prosecution in north Alabama.

I think Joe Biden and his son Hunter should be criminally prosecuted over how Hunter got rich off Ukraine while his father was Barack Obama's vice president.

I think President Joe Biden should be prosecuted for war crimes for helping Israel obliterate Gaza.

However, Joe Biden and the Democrats do not remind me of Adolph Hitler and Nazi Germany, which Donald Trump and his MAGAs do.

America and the world should be so lucky as to have Donald Trump and Joe Biden debate and be struck dead by the same bolt of lighting?

When Pigs fly?

Don't American Blacks know that "Stop the steal" is code for "Stolen by Blacks"?





**personal reflections on the 5 years since I moved back to my hometown,  
Birmingham, Alabama**



As I watched the Netflix serial *Outlander* the night before last, I reflected on the five years I have lived in my apartment in Birmingham, Alabama, where I lived two other times. It's where I end up after I stop running away from home :-).

In early 2020, I endured 5 weeks of prostate cancer radiation therapy, which made me so weak that I could barely move, but it killed the cancer and my PSA level returned to close to zero and remains there.

My brother's oldest daughter, whom I viewed as my own daughter, died during the Covid-19 shutdown after two rounds of chemo. I tried tp persuade God to take me instead. Broke my heart.

A big piece of what kept me from going batshit crazy during the Covid-19 shutdown was a Samsung smart TV my oldest daughter gave me, on which, with Spectrum's kind help, I watched a lot of sports and Netflix and Prime movies and serials.

Another big piece was the Internet allowed me to play lots of chess and bridge online, and shoot off my mouth in various forums and at Google blogspots I had created.

I wrote *A Southern Lawyer Who Became a Mystic*, which thanks to my tech friend Bob now is a free read at the internet library, archive.org, which specializes in out of print books, and authors who donate their books to the library. The library is funded and run by American colleges, which still think books are important, even if they ruffle some people's tail feathers.

I wrangled with quite a few lawyers, who represented other heirs of my father's estate, which, along with a lot of other personal and Bashinsky family lore, I recounted in *The Golden Flake Clown's Tale*, now a free read at archive.org, thanks to Bob, who put later books, which I wrote, at archive.org, where, and thanks to modern technology, they can be read in English and maybe 33 other languages. Bob told me that each book averages about around 1,000 complete reads per month.

During the Covid-19 shut down, Bob launched the free, add-free, no soliciting Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast onto Spotify, which was audio only. We developed a worldwide audience. Spotify's cash cow Joe Grogan did a racist podcast which pissed off a lot of people. Spotify lost celebrities who had their own podcasts there. Spotify kept Grogan and got rid of a lot of its small clients, including our podcast.

Shortly after Covid-19 arrived in America, President Trump had in his paws Dr. Vladimir Zelenko's cheap, fast, early infection stage cure, zinc, hydroxychloroquine, and azithromycin, which would have allowed America to stay open.

Mark Meadows gave Dr. Zelenko's letter to Sean Hannity, who had Dr. Zelenko on his FOX show. President Trump said on national TV that it could be a miracle.

For those whose eyes are as weak as mine, Dr. Zelenko explained in his letter that hydroxychloroquine transported zinc into body cells, where Covid-19 took up residence, and zinc inhibited Covid-19 replication. Azithromycin fought any secondary infection. The cocktail only worked if it was given when Covid-19 symptoms first appeared. Waiting for positive tests, before giving the cocktail, gave Covid 19 too much head start, and Covid-19 infected Americans would end up fighting for their lives in hospitals.

The FDA gave emergency approval for hydroxychloroquine, but after Joe Biden, the Democrats, Dr. Fauci, CDC, NIH, WHO, Big Pharma and the liberal media went batshit crazy against Dr. Zelenko's cocktail, the FDA rescinded the emergency approval, and what did President Trump do? Did he fire his FDA director and get a new director who would reinstate the Zelenko cure? No. Make America Great Trump launched Operation Warp Speed. He could have saved America from shutting down. Instead, he told Americans to be Big Pharma's guinea pigs.

When I wrote about that on Facebook, I was put into Facebook's jail. Eventually, Facebook terminated my account and I opened a new Facebook account.

I became one of Big Pharma's guinea pigs.

I then watched hospitals in Alabama be flooded with unvaccinated Covid-10 patients, which caused those hospitals to turn away people with critical non-Covid-19 troubles. President Trump came to Alabama and did a

MAGA rally in Culman, and was booed by his adoring MAGAs for asking them to get vaccinated.

President Trump loyalist Alabama Governor Kay Ivey urged all Alabamians to get vaccinated, because Alabama's hospitals were flooded with unvaccinated MAGAs, whom I argued online should have been turned away by those hospitals, because they had made their constitutional right to die by their own choice, and they should be allowed to do it, so help their in God they trusted and were dying precious selves :-).

Dr. Zelenko was God's answer to Red China's bioweapon, and President Trump threw Dr. Zelenko and God under the bus. As did Joe Biden, the Democrats, Dr. Fauci, CDC, NIH, WHO, Big Pharma and the liberal media. The blind leading the blind. I might write in Three Blind Mice on my ballot this November.

Back to the present, all of the tenants in this apartment building, who have cars or trucks, have to park on the street. When, or if, Congress bans internal combustion engine cars and trucks in America, where will the people who live in this apartment building, and in the many other apartment buildings in Birmingham, charge their several thousand pound electric car and truck batteries? Where will apartment dwellers elsewhere in America charge their several thousand pound electric car and truck batteries?

For years, my friend Bob practiced the art of automobile, truck, tractor and motorcycle maintenance. He could take apart and put back together just about anything on wheels powered by fossil fuel. He told me about a device in the U.S. Patent Office, which can be installed in old and new cars and trucks. The device uses electrolysis to convert water into hydrogen fuel. A sedan equipped with that device can go several hundred miles on a gallon of water.

Bob said the Atomic Energy Commission prohibits the device from being used by automobile and truck manufacturers, because it "splits atoms". What else the device would split to smithereens if it was in wide use would be the American oil industry, the oil cartels, and Russia's hard currency

economy. Saudi Arabia and other nearby Islamic oil nation economies would be of no interest to America other than their huge sand and religious deposits.

81+, my body parts wearing out, I probably won't be around when, if, internal combustion engine cars and trucks are only seen in museums. But I might live long enough to see Donald Trump in the White House again, and I might find myself wishing I had kept my U.S passport up to date, if I could find a foreign country that allows Americans to move there. But since I don't have an up to date passport, I'm stuck in America for the duration.

I wake up each morning wishing the Mother Ship had recalled me yesterday, but since it didn't happen, I figure God, the Force, or Whatever still wants me to be here, and I crawl out of bed and face the day. I entertain myself by playing bridge and chess locally and online, watching sports and Netflix and Prime on the Samsung smart TV, and shooting off my mouth.

After Spotify dumped The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast, Bob launched it on YouTube, where it developed a worldwide audience. Bob learned of the Torrent system and he launched the podcast there, and our audience grew much larger, with some help from kind endorsements from Ivan Stang of the J.R. Bob Dobbs Church of the Subgenius, a satellite radio station in Colorado who interviewed a federal Judge about my Amendment 14, Section 3 law school exam question article at [archive.org](http://archive.org), and Wavy Gravy and a Canadian public radio station.

Bob figured out that Torrent platform owners and their subscribers are exponentially more interested in different, off-beat material, especially if it's free and contains no soliciting or advertising, than were YouTube users. YouTube became increasingly difficult to deal with, and I asked Bob to take down The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast at YouTube.

I just now found this online:

Most torrent websites have an RSS feed. Visit the website of your choice and find “RSS” or an RSS icon. Click on it, and it will take you to the RSS page. Copy that web address and go to the RSS tab in qBittorrent and click on New Subscription.

I also see online that some Torrent sites are not entirely safe because of malware, and people who use Torrent need to know what they are doing to protect their devices and themselves.

Bob tells me that The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast averages around 300,000 complete watches per episode at Torrent platforms, which suggests there are lots of curious, or crazy 🤪?, tech savvy people around the world.

## **Not even Daniel Webster could help Donald Trump, Joe Biden and Hamas and Israel's leaders in God's Courtroom**

American lawyer Daniel Webster

The prosecution rested its case in Donald Trump's hometown New York City state court hush money case. The case soon will go to the jury, unless Trump takes the witness stand.

Before the trial began, Trump was emphatic that he would testify, but this old lawyer, who clerked for a United States District Judge who presided over every federal prosecution in north Alabama, can't imagine Trump's lawyers will let him take the witness stand, and once again, just because Trump said something was so, didn't mean it was.

While I think Michael Cohen was a credible witness, because he admitted during his testimony and cross examination many things he had done wrong, there here is no way to know how the jury will decide the case, and it won't surprise me if one or more of the jurors are Trump ringers who vote to acquit Trump, which will hang the jury and Trump walks.

Nor will it surprise me if the jury votes unanimously to acquit Trump, because they fear for their lives and the lives of their families, if they find Trump guilty.

Banana republic comes to mind.

As does Vladimir Putin's Russia, Iran, Communist China and Iran.

I saw in my email newsfeed yesterday that Trump had floated serving three terms in the White House, then had said, no, he doesn't want to challenge the 22nd Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, which limits U.S. presidents to serving two full terms.



After watching Trump on TV leading up to the January 6, 2020 coup attempt, I can't imagine what would hold him back from challenging the 22nd Amendment.

## Twenty-Second Amendment

### Section 1

No person shall be elected to the office of the President more than twice, and no person who has held the office of President, or acted as President, for more than two years of a term to which some other person was elected President shall be elected to the office of the President more than once. But this Article shall not apply to any person holding the office of President when this Article was proposed by the Congress, and shall not prevent any person who may be holding the office of President, or acting as President, during the term within which this Article becomes operative from holding the office of President or acting as President during the remainder of such term.

Congress approved the Twenty-second Amendment on March 21, 1947, and submitted it to the state legislatures for ratification. That process was completed on February 27, 1951, when the requisite 36 of the 48 states had ratified the amendment (neither Alaska nor Hawaii had yet been admitted as states), and its provisions came into force on that date.

As I sit at my laptop wondering what I can find on "The Devil and Daniel Webster", I see on CCN right now that President Biden is furious that the International Criminal Court (ICC) chief prosecutor Karim A. Khan said today that he was filing war crimes arrest warrant applications at the ICC for Israeli Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu and Israeli Minister of Defense Yoav Gallant, in addition to three senior Hamas leaders.

I wonder why Khan didn't file a war crime arrest warrant application for President Biden, for giving Netanyahu and Gallant the money and weapons they used to cause Khan to file arrest warrants against them. In American

law, accomplices to crimes, sometimes called aiders and abettors, are as guilty as the people who committed the crimes. For example, the driver of a get away car in a bank robbery is as guilty as the people who went into the bank and robbed it, and if they killed someone in the bank, the getaway driver is guilty of murder, too.

If Donald Trump ever gets tried in the Georgia court for tampering the Georgia 2020 presidential election, anyone who helped him do it can be criminally prosecuted under the same same Georgia law, which happens to be the Georgia RICO statute, racketeering influenced corrupt organizations, which historically was used to prosecute Mafia dons. The Georgia special prosecutor, Fani Willis, flipped a number of accomplices by giving them immunity in return for their testimony against Trump.

I thought that *was* the most dangerous criminal prosecution for Trump, because the evidence against him seemed compelling: he called a Georgia election official and asked the election official to find enough private citizen votes for Trump to win the Georgia election and Georgia's electoral college votes.

If Trump is convicted by a Georgia jury, he can't appeal to his friendly United States Supreme Court. He has to use the Georgia appellate court system. If the Georgia appellate courts affirm Trump's conviction, he then could try to get the U.S. Supreme Court to intervene, based on a violation of his rights under the United States Constitution and Amendments thereto. But for the life of me, I cannot imagine what rights Trump had under the United States Constitution to meddle in the Georgia election.

If Fani Willis had kept her vagina in her panties, instead of frolicking with her lead prosecutor, I think Trump would be sweating bullets by now. Trump's lawyers are trying to get Willis removed from the case for prosecutorial misconduct, of which she certainly is guilty, which is kinda amusing, given the well known history of Trump's penis.

The Georgia appellate courts might not agree with me on that, but in God's Courtroom, it doesn't matter what Fani Willis did with her lead prosecutor. What matters in God's Court is what Trump did, and in that Courtroom Trump can't refuse to take the witness stand or claim 5th Amendment protection against self-incrimination. Ditto for Joe Biden and the leaders of Hamas and Israel. Ditto for you and me, and everyone else.

Super Summary.com

Summary and Study Guide

**Summary: "The Devil and Daniel Webster"**

Written by American author Stephen Vincent Benét, "The Devil and Daniel Webster" is a variation on the Faust myth. Benét's story tackles themes such as **The Devil in America**, **Patriotism and the Limits of Loyalty**, and **The Nature of Justice**. The story first appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post* in 1936, though it was later republished in Benét's collection of stories titled *Thirteen O'Clock* in 1937. The story subsequently received the O. Henry Award, earning recognition as the best short story published that year. "The Devil and Daniel Webster" was directly influenced by Washington Irving's "The Devil and Tom Walker," another tale in the Faustian bargain canon.

This guide refers to the version of "The Devil and Daniel Webster" published by Fountainhead Press, which is a direct republishing of Benét's original 1936 short story. A PDF of the story, with page numbers, can be found [here](#).

Content Warning: The story and guide reference enslavement.

The story opens with an unnamed first-person narrator describing what follows as a local legend in parts of New England. The narrator

introduces **Daniel Webster**, a renowned lawyer described in godlike terms: “He never got to be President, but he was the biggest man. There were thousands that trusted in him right next to God Almighty, and they told stories about him [...] that were like the stories of patriarchs and such” (1).

The story then shifts focus to a chronically unlucky farmer named **Jabez Stone**. Stone lives in **Cross Corners**, New Hampshire, and all of his ventures seem to go astray. Eventually, Stone gets sick of his lot in life and expresses a desire to sell his soul to the Devil in exchange for better luck. While Stone immediately regrets his wish, it comes to fruition the following day, when a genteel man dressed entirely in black arrives at his door. This man is the Devil—he later introduces himself by the name of Scratch—and he comes to offer Jabez Stone seven years of good luck in exchange for his eternal soul. Despite his reservations, Stone agrees to the terms, using a pin to prick his finger and signing the contract in his own blood.

Thereafter, Stone’s luck dramatically changes; his farming endeavors are suddenly all prosperous, and Stone and his family become some of the most successful and influential people in Cross Corners. Stone is even asked to stand for selectman, a position of local government, and is considered as a potential candidate for state senate.

Nevertheless, Stone is haunted by his deal and reminded of his impending doom by Scratch’s yearly visits. In the sixth year of his contract, Stone challenges the terms of their agreement, bargaining for an additional three years of life before Scratch can **claim** his soul.

Scratch agrees, and these years pass in turn. When Stone asks for additional extensions, Scratch refuses, and as his time dwindles, Stone seeks alternative ways to extricate himself from his deal, eventually seeking the help of Daniel Webster.

After Stone tells Webster the terms of his deal, Webster agrees to represent him in a court battle against Scratch. Webster and Stone return to Cross Corners on the last night of Stone's contract and are greeted by Scratch at midnight. While Webster is more than willing to go toe-to-toe with the Devil, Scratch insists that Mr. Stone's contract is very clear and implores Webster to obey the law that he has dedicated his life to enforcing. Webster questions Scratch's citizenship, insisting that "no American citizen may be forced into the service of a foreign prince!" (5). Scratch insists that he is not foreign, as Webster suggests, but an American citizen himself, citing his presence at various terrible events in American history as proof.

Granting Scratch's American citizenship, Webster claims that Stone has the right to a trial by jury. Scratch agrees, so long as he is allowed to select **the jury**, promising that every juror will be an American citizen. Scratch's jury of the damned then enters, revealing significant deceased figures from American history: Walter Butler and Simon Girty, both Loyalists during the American Revolution; King Philip, a Wampanoag chief who led a failed battle against New England colonials; Governor Thomas Dale, a dictatorial administrator of then-colonial Virginia; Morton of Merry Mount, a rival of the Plymouth Pilgrims; Edward Teach, more popularly known as the pirate Blackbeard; and Reverend John Smeet, assumedly an invented

character by Benét. John Hathorne, who presided over the executions during the Salem Witch Trials, serves as judge.

Webster quickly realizes that Scratch has stacked the jury against him and Stone and begins to grow angry. Just as he is about to erupt, he realizes that this was Scratch's intention: He hopes to capture Webster's soul as well. Webster therefore calms himself and begins to speak of life's simple pleasures: "the freshness of a fine morning when you're young, and the taste of food when you're hungry, and the new day that's every day when you're a child" (7). Webster suggests that all of these things are rendered meaningless in the absence of freedom. While Webster admits that America and her people have made many mistakes throughout their history, he argues that each of these mistakes has led to something bigger and better for the country. He concludes by suggesting that Scratch, or any devil, cannot possibly know what it is like to be an American or a human.

After a short deliberation, the jury announces that they have decided in favor of Stone and Webster even though the terms of the contract are clear. They admit that it was Webster's eloquent testimony that swayed them in Stone's favor. As the sun starts to rise, the jury disappears.

Scratch congratulates Webster on his victory and tears up Stone's contract. Before Scratch can escape, however, Webster grabs him by the arm, demanding that he never return to New Hampshire to bother Jabez Stone, his family, his heirs, or anyone else in the state. Scratch agrees to these terms, though Webster continues to threaten him for some time afterward. Before leaving, Scratch offers to read Webster's

future from the palm of his hand. Webster allows this, and Scratch predicts that Webster will fail to attain his main ambition: to become president. He also says that Webster will experience a backlash after his final speech (a reference to Webster's "Seventh of March Speech," during which Webster announced his support for the Compromise of 1850).

Webster resigns himself to these eventual realities, trusting that his legacy will prevail. He goes on to ask Scratch if the Union, for which he has fought his entire life, will survive. Scratch says that Webster will not live to see the outcome of the struggle but that the supporters of the Union will prevail. Webster laughs at Scratch's response before kicking him out the door. According to legend, Scratch keeps true to his word and never returns to New Hampshire.

Not even Daniel Wester could get Donald Trump off in God's Court, nor Trump's many accomplices. Ditto for Joe Biden and Hamas and Israel's leaders. As for the Union surviving Donald Trump and Joe Biden, I suppose there will be a lot of head scratching before that is known.

## Hey gun nuts, where is the Amendment II enabling well regulated militia?

For the first time ever, a shade tree gun nut with a helluva sense of humor blessed my 81-years with his Substack newsletter, but he didn't scratch all of my NRA stand your ground he-man heretic itches.

The Shade Tree

### **Cheetolini Receives NRA Endorsement**

Both the NRA & Trump think gun owners are exist to be fleeced for votes and designer suits. Disabuse them of the notion.



### [THE FOSSIL](#)

MAY 19, 2024

Donald Trump, AKA Cheetolini and a million other descriptive nicknames and monikers, spoke to the NRA convention in Dallas Texas tonight, picking up the organization's endorsement for the third time since 2016, in the prelude to his 2024 Uniparty Geriatric Slap Fight Royale. That bit of theater will determine who gets to be the figurehead of the Uniparty, sleep at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue and fly around the world at taxpayer expense selling out the American people and their descendants to a future of debt servitude and forever war that doesn't benefit them at all. Unless you count the privilege of dying or being maimed for life as a perk.

The crowd of NRA members, mostly BoomerCons afflicted with cognitive dissonance and wearing tshirts with asinine slogans like God



Guns and Trump gave him a rapturous greeting while he squinted and smirked back at them, no doubt about to cream his tighty whiteys at the thought of all the rubes eagerly accepting his lies as the gospel truth.

*NRA MEMBERS & TRUMP SUPPORTERS READING THIS.*

Trump urged all gun owners to get out and vote in 2024, saying ‘ I think you're a rebellious bunch. But let's be rebellious and vote this time.’ He is no doubt aware that a majority of gun owners stayed home in 2020. In Dallas Saturday night Trump raised the specter of Biden and the Democrats acting to seize their guns, calling himself ‘...the best friend gun owners have ever had in the White House.’ In 2016 gun owners were a large part of his base as he promised to remove prohibitions on buying & owning suppressors, national reciprocity of handgun carry permits and other issues important to gun owners. The reality was far different. Despite having a Republican majority for the first two years of his term, Trump not only failed to keep those promises he moved to ban bump stocks in 2017 following the mass shooting in Las Vegas. In 2018 the Orange One came out in support of Extreme Risk Protective Orders (ERPO), commonly known as red flag laws and used to circumvent your 2nd and 4th amendment rights as well as the due process clause found in the 5th and 14th amendments. The 4th guarantees your right to be secure in your person, papers and effects from unreasonable searches and seizures, the 5th protects you from self incrimination and the 14th prohibits the State from making or

enforcing any law abridging the privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States; nor deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law and applying equal protection of the law to state and federal governments. Don't take my word for it, it'll take you less than five minutes to find the same information. As a result of this duplicitous treatment, on Tuesday afternoon as it's known in Trump World (I should copyright that), gun owners largely stayed home in 2020 rather than hold their nose a second time to vote for a candidate who didn't care about them or defending constitutionally protected natural rights.

And of course the NRA supported all of it, just as they supported the Hughes amendment in 1986 when then best friend to gun owners Ronnie Raygun signed that into law. The bill forbade the domestic manufacturing of new machine guns after May 19 1986. Of course they still begged for money to fight the Democrats, I remember as that was the first year of my joining the organization. As a patriotic teenager who had just started paying income taxes the idea that someone would take away my rights to enjoy something I'd enjoyed my entire young life was appalling and frightening. Their support of that act wasn't publicized and if it did come up the boomers calling the shots would say nobody needs a machine gun to go hunting, never mind that hunting has fuck all to do with the intent of the second amendment. You don't need designer suits for hunting either but years later it would come out that CEO and executive vice president Wayne

LaPierre was using membership dues to fill his closet with them before his resignation in January of this year.

The NRA was there again to support the Gun Control Act of 1968, outlawing American's rights to purchase firearms through mail order and delivered to their doorstep, removing the rights of convicted felons to own guns, prohibiting the importation of 'Saturday Night Specials' and other restrictions. The fact is that this was another assault on the freedom of American citizens under the guise of getting tough on crime and came on the heels of the assassinations of JFK, RFK and MLK. Forget about the fact that criminals don't obey the law to start with and that convicted felon or not, if you've served your time and are safe enough to be released then you should have your rights restored without prejudice. This was just another way to disenfranchise a group of people, depriving them of their rights and advancing tyranny through scare tactics.

The fuckery of the NRA goes all the way back to 1936 when FDR, likely seeking another tyrannical thrill like he got in 1934 by outlawing and confiscating gold possessed by ordinary American citizens, forbade the sale to and possession of machine guns without registration and payment of taxes, thus converting a right into a privilege in another violation of the 14th amendment.

Before that you could buy a Thompson, the Chicago typewriter, or any other machine gun through the Sears catalog among other places. Machine guns were brought back as war trophies, purchased from military surplus sales or even from your neighbor. But through fear

mongering and plain federal government tyranny those freedoms were taken away.

None of those things prevented crime, they just infringed upon the rights of the law abiding and made a new class of criminals with each successive action. Trump, Biden, Reagan and all the other politicians and lobbyists know this but they count on the division of identity politics and the apathy of the American people to steal your freedoms and sell you and your family into the servitude of debt to pursue endless wars overseas.

I'm not afflicted with TDS, not everything he does sends me into a blind rage and I'll admit that he did some good things during his first term. Gas was affordable, there weren't empty shelves at the grocery store, he capped the price of insulin, epi-pens and other life saving medication needed by millions of Americans among other things. But he doesn't deserve a second term even though he was cheated in 2020.

There are alternatives to the NRA such as the Gun Owners of America, The Second Amendment Foundation, The Firearms Policy Coalition and one of my favorite names, Black Guns Matter, as well as numerous other organizations all fighting for your rights to own whatever gun you can afford and desire. And don't fall into the identity politics trope of it's just a bunch of redneck white men who benefit from the second amendment. There are groups such as the Pink Pistols that advocate for homosexual gun owners, the Second Amendment Sisters for female firearms advocacy, the Huey P Newton Gun Club supporting black gun ownership and a whole host of others. Even leftist groups like the John Brown Gun Club. My point being that

this issue affects all of us and is just another example of the important things that bind us together as Americans versus the trap of divisive identity politics employed by Trump, Biden, Obama, the Bushes and Clintons and all the other Uniparty clowns. Instead of supporting either Trump or Biden how about we all stay home or vote for a third party or other write in candidate. Imagine what it would look like in November with vacant, empty polling places nationwide.

### **Sloan Bashinsky**

#### **Sloan's Newsletter**

Kinda f-ing hilarious even to a non gun nut, who used to have shotguns for hunting flying feathered friends and a .22 bolt action which never got much action, and a .177 CO2-powered pellet gun, which got lots of action poaching neighbors' squirrels and doves inside the city limits. Kept an Ithaca 12-gauge pump loaded with #4 buckshot in a closet in my wife's and my bedroom, just in case a prowler got by the electronic alarm system, because even the most idiotic intruder immediately recognizes THE FEAR OF GOD caused by the sound of a shell being pumped from the magazine into the chamber. For stand my ground backup, a S & W 38 police special.

But, I swan, I never was able to wrap my mind around needing a machine gun or large capacity mag pretend machine gun to shoot deer, elk, moose, coyotes, wolves, bears, alligators, cruising sharks, groundhogs, feral cats, etc., unless the shooter was blind, and I wondered why guards were not put in every public school armed with Thompsons, AK47s, AR-15s, etc. to protect school children from the NRA and the US Supreme Court, who this tired old lawyer saw never was able to even see the regulated militia premise of Amendment II:

'A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed.'

Where in the f— is the enabling well regulated militia?

## creative writing and living



Some strange dreams a close friend had, and some strange currents I felt, as I followed the trial in a New York City state court, left 81+ year old lawyer me wondering if I should crawl deep down inside to a place I know is there but seldom visit, and I did it with something in mind, which was, although it won't fix anything in America, it might really mess up a big theme park, and I told God that I don't know if it's okay, or if it's possible, but I'm an American, so I have standing, and I clerked for a United States District Judge, who presided over every criminal prosecution in north Alabama, and I offer a life for a life: take Donald Trump and me, and let America get on without us.

That done, I returned from the Mother Ship to resume being 80+ and what all that entails.

Something from Poetic Outlaws in my email this Sunday morning aroused me a bit.

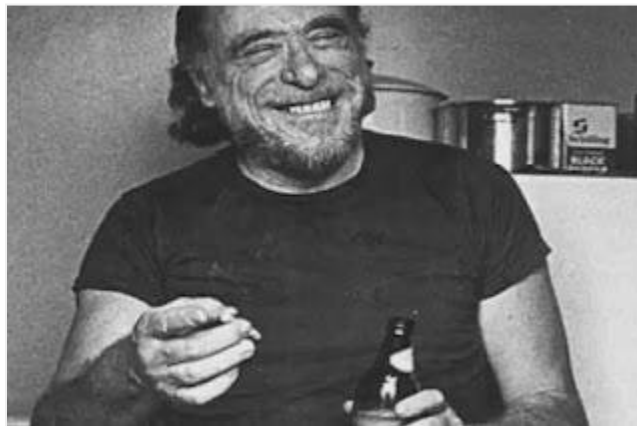


**now, if you were teaching creative writing, he asked, what would you tell them?**

By: Charles Bukowski

## **POETIC OUTLAWS**

MAY 19, 2024



I'd tell them to have an unhappy love  
affair, hemorrhoids, bad teeth



and to drink cheap wine,  
avoid opera and golf and chess,  
to keep switching the head of their  
bed from wall to wall  
and then I'd tell them to have  
another unhappy love affair  
and never to use a silk typewriter  
ribbon,  
avoid family picnics  
or being photographed in a rose  
garden;  
read Hemingway only once,  
skip Faulkner  
ignore Gogol  
stare at photographs of Gertrude Stein  
and read Sherwood Anderson in bed  
while eating Ritz crackers,  
realize that people who keep  
talking about sexual liberation  
are more frightened than you are.  
listen to E. Power Biggs work the  
organ on your radio while you're  
rolling Bull Durham in the dark  
in a strange town  
with one day left on the rent  
after having given up  
friends, relatives, and jobs.  
never consider yourself superior and /  
or fair  
and never try to be.  
have another unhappy love affair.  
watch a fly on a summer curtain  
never try to succeed.  
don't shoot pool.  
be righteously angry when you

find your car has a flat tire.  
take vitamins but don't lift weights or jog.

then after all this  
reverse the procedure.  
have a good love affair.  
and the thing  
you might learn  
is that nobody knows anything --  
not the State, nor the mice  
the garden hose or the North Star.  
and if you ever catch me  
teaching a creative writing class  
and you read this back to me  
I'll give you a straight A  
right up the pickle  
barrel.

**Sloan Bashinsky**  
**Sloan's Newsletter**

I would tell them,  
if they have not lived,  
then do that.  
I would tell them,  
if they think they can learn to write  
by reading a book,  
or attending a creative writing class,  
they missed the entire point.  
I would tell them,  
if they are Americans,  
yes, read Hemingway,  
read Faulkner,  
read Melville,  
and Poe,

then forget them,  
because they are dead  
and cannot be resurrected,  
nor replicated.  
Then read John Grisham,  
to see how getting religion  
can mess up good thing.  
Then,  
read James Lee Burke,,  
read Tom Robbins-  
but if you have not lived,  
if you have not been shredded by life,  
if you have not lost everything  
and gotten up and kept going,  
if you think wanting to be a writer  
makes you a writer,  
if you think reading Bukowski  
will make you a writer,  
you missed the entire point,  
but reading other writers  
might arouse something in you,  
it might help you in some ways  
to craft your own style,  
or it might help you become  
a robot, a clone-  
the only way to really write  
is to be demolished,  
mutilated,  
pulverized,  
destroyed,  
obliterated,  
by life,  
and not kill yourself,  
and stone cold sober,  
standing before a mirror,

staring into the depths  
of your very own soul,  
staring at you,  
your life,  
naked,  
bare,  
no secrets,  
no fig leaves,  
no shame,  
your reputation ruined,  
by you,  
now you are free,  
now you are unchained,  
now you can write,  
if you dare,  
if you care,  
if you wish,  
if you don't give a shit  
what anyone else thinks,  
or wants,  
or cares

The free internet library, [archive.org](http://archive.org), holds my stranger than fiction novels, which could be introduced by something that fell out of me in the spring of 1994.

*Although he sometimes tries to write fiction, when the tale is told, every character is a character in himself, every plot, a plot in himself- there are no surprises- on his to discover parts of himself he has lost, forgotten, thrown away, or never even knew were there. Perhaps in that way, he and God are somewhat alike- they both create to discover just who and what they really are?*

**Grandfossil's Tales to His Grandchildren is a free read at archive.org**



Grandfossil's Tales to His Grandchildren, which began at [grandfossil.blogspot.com](http://grandfossil.blogspot.com), now is a free read in English and about 33 other languages at the internet library, archive.org, 585 pages. A zoom-in button allows old tired eyes read it on any internet device.

[Grandfossil's Tales To His Grandchildren : Sloan Y. Bashinsky Jr. : Free Download, Borrow, and Streaming : Internet Archive](#)

From my good friend Bob in Tech Support, who formatted and digitized the book, and put it in the free internet library:

"This elegiac book serves as Sloan Bashinsky's own unique brand of last will and testament. This collects a summation of his beliefs and recounts his analysis of both mortality and morality. Sloan pulls no punches and there are no sacred cows: be it religion, wealth, poverty, homelessness, politics and politicians. The throttle is wide open all the way on this ride with the Redneck Mystic Lawyer.

The first chapter, aka the Introduction.

**Tuesday, February 25, 2024**

### **A different sort of last will and testament**



Okay, baby fossils, once upon a time, the first of you was born and your father called me in Colorado, where I then lived, and asked me what I wanted my grandchildren to call me, and out of my mouth popped, "Grandfossil", and that's how your having a dinosaur for a grandfather began.

A while before, I had escaped from the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D.C., which really liked having an actual live dinosaur in residence, because it attracted a lot of people and helped the Smithsonian raise lots of money to fund their search for others of my kind. I didn't mind being stared, gawked and pointed at day after day, but I did mind being cooped up all the time in such a small place, after

having roamed with others of my kind all over America for a very long time.

So, I started getting grouchy, and I started growling and roaring at the spectators, and finally the zookeepers at the Smithsonian asked me what it would take for me to be nice to the parents and children who came to gawk at me, and I said I needed to be allowed to go outside and roam around a little each day, and not to worry, I would be nice and would not eat any humans, and I would evolve and become a vegetarian and nibble grass and leaves off bushes and trees.

The zookeepers said okay to that, if I would wear a tracker on my right hind ankle, in case something happened to me and I couldn't get back to the Smithsonian, and they would know where to bring a crane and a flatbed truck to haul me home to safety. I agreed to that, and they put a tracker on my hind right ankle, and I was allowed to leave out the back door after the sun went down and there was much less chance of my being seen. I moseyed down a dark ally and came to a large what I later learned humans called a dumpster, and I gnawed off my right hind foot and the tracker, and started growing a new right hind foot, and I've been on the lam every since.

While I have not yet eaten even one human, there were plenty of times when I wanted to eat quite a few of them, especially some lawyers | got to know pretty well. But I had made a promise, and keeping my word was really important to me, and I didn't eat even one human, but I did nibble on them sometimes, and I liked doing that, and I nibbled on more of them, and I liked doing that, and so I became accustomed to nibbling on humans, and even though some of them didn't like being nibbled, I couldn't help myself, because I still had those ancient meat-eating genes stored deep inside of me, and nibbling humans was how I kept those genes happy enough that they did not eat me alive for trying to be something I was not.

So, that's how it began, before you were born, and that's how it went after you were born, and that's how it will go for a while longer, until I leave for the Great Beyond, but I won't be gone entirely, because of all the tales I will leave behind of how I nibbled on humans, and even became very close to some of them, including your mothers and their husbands and you baby fossils, but also quite a few other humans who became very dear to me. And, yes, there was your mothers' older brother, who died in infancy of what then was called crib death, which later became known as sudden infant death syndrome, aka SIDS.

I was leveled by his death, but I knew he had not died but had only left his body and gone in the Great Beyond and was doing very well. Even so, it took me a very long time to understand that he had done what he came to do, which was to so disturb me, that I would never, regardless of how much I tried, be able to fit myself into the plans my parents and grandparents and even I had for me. Thus began my evolution into a grandfossil, which took a very long time, and it was not easy, and often it was awful, but my star's course was set and there was nothing I could do but go with it, even as many people I knew became convinced I had lost my mind, and sometimes when it got really rough, I felt that maybe I had, but something seemed there that kept poking and prodding me, and sometimes encouraging me, and I kept lumbering along and nibbling.

As time passed, I got where I no longer could physically romp around and play various sports like I once did, and I returned to playing the card game known as bridge, which my parents had taught me, and I found bridge clubs where I lived and played there, and I made lots of friends doing that, and some not good friends. I later took up playing chess, which had terrified me all of my life, because of how stupid it made me feel. But after a voice I knew well told me in my sleep in early 2005, that I needed to learn how to play chess, I knew where people played chess, as I had been watching them, and I started playing chess with them, and I must have lost a thousand



games before I won one. Today, I play chess with several old farts, whom I really like.

Bridge and chess were something I could take with me wherever I lived, and exercised my brain and maybe helped it stave off feeble mindless. Bridge and chess became the major aspect of my social life, after I got too old and feeble to dance with and date women, if any were around who wanted to have dealings with a dinosaur. I had met a few women along the way, who did want to do that, and they woke up something new in me, which I did not know existed, as had the women I loved before them, dating back to my first wife, your grandmother. They enriched my life. The last of them passed away in 2022, and then I did a podcast about her called, "Homeless cowgirl shaman with the blues saved Key West from Hurricane Irma obliteration." A whole lot of people around the world watched that podcast.



Hurricane Irma is what led to my deciding to move from Key West back to Alabama, and how that came about you two older baby fossils' mother can tell you all about.

Meanwhile, a few days ago, I ordered online two Poetic Outlaws T-shirts, one to wear, the other to hang on a hammered nail somewhere in my apartment, which has a variety of artistic impressions hanging on walls and anywhere else they can find purchase. The T-shirts arrived yesterday and I hung one of them beside the front door of my apartment.

**The most important job on this planet is being a mother**



Today is Mother's Day.

My beautiful mother had more friends than anyone I ever knew. She was the life of every party. All of my friends loved my mother and viewed her as their best friend- same with my brother and my sister's friends.

Inside, my mother was a tortured soul, made so by her Puritan parents, who made her a bit frigid, according to what she told me. She had married the man of her mother's dreams, who turned out to be a womanizer, and they both ended up drinking a lot of vodka, starting with a morning screwdriver or Bloody Mary, and ending the day with same.

My mother died of cancer, which had started in her lungs, when I was in law school, and her doctor told my father and his brother, but not my mother, that she had cancer and it was well progressed and there was nothing that could be done. My mother's friends were shocked to learn she was dying of cancer and nothing could be done about it. She shut them all out and forbade me to tell anyone she was dying. It was surreal, I did other things and did not participate in her dying.

When I was young, my mother told me that she started smoking two packs of Pall Malls a day at age 15, to rebel against her Puritan parents; and she told me when I was in high school that she wrote to my father in college, if he did not come home and marry her and save her from her parents, she would marry the first man who would have her; and she told me when I was in college that she had called off the divorce with my father, because her mother had told her, "If you divorce Sloan, it will kill me!" Cancer divorced her from them both.

I never smoked a cigarette. My mother cured me of wanting to do that, because our home and her car always smelled like cigarette smoke.

Would anyone care to know about the black woman who lived in our home and cooked our food, and washed and ironed our clothes, and loved me as one of her own, but for whom I might have been utterly lost? She is who got me to cry after my infant son died of crib death my third year in law school. She is the 2nd person I told about in *A Few Remarkable Alabama People I Have Known*, a free read at the internet library: [https://archive.org/details/a-few-remarkable-alabama-people-i-have-known\\_202210](https://archive.org/details/a-few-remarkable-alabama-people-i-have-known_202210).

My mother put her heart and her soul into her Episcopal church, and she forced me into it to prove to everyone else in our family that she made the right decision to leave her and my father's Southern Baptist parents' church and took her children with her, and I nearly choked to death on my first taste ever of alcohol, which in that church was called the blood of Christ?

When I was in high school, my mother told me that her Episcopal minister told his vestrymen that if they did not let blacks worship in their church, he would close it. Her minister is the 5th person I told about in *A Few Remarkable Alabama People I Have Known*.

My mother knew how much I loved to fish, and that if I not get to fish, then I might die, so she found men who would take me fishing. It really bothered her that I did not care to attend her church. I did not know, nor did

she, that when she took me to a lake when I was young and left me there with my fishing tackle and a sack lunch, the lake was the church, and the fish were God, and when they had taught me how to fish, they would send me forth to fish.

My mother figured out what was driving me insane- I was very late reaching puberty; and she stood up to my father when he made my working for his company more more important than my own life; and eventually she won that fight, but by then I had nearly destroyed myself and wrecked my marriage, and my daughters did not have the father they needed, because I was sick in body and soul, and was too preoccupied trying to prove my manhood to me, than being the father they needed.

Despite everything, I came to the view that being a mother is the most important and most difficult job on this planet, and I never agreed with feminists who did not see it that way. I was okay with them not wanting to have children, but I was not okay with them having children and then wanting to behave like men while their children were young and needed them the most. I'm still of that view.

I will cherish forever my older daughter telling me of receiving a letter from her college, asking her to report how she had fitted into their "business plan" for their women graduates, but there was no box for her to check in the questionnaire, because there was no box for being a mother and a wife, and she would not give her college any more money. Her two beautiful children are worth far more than her college.

I will cherish forever my younger daughter raising two beautiful children, and at the same time becoming a pediatric eye surgeon, medical school professor and hospital emergency eye doctor, whose work schedule allowed for mothering, too, who in her early 50s hung it all up to finish raising her children and live on a farm. She told me she loved her patients, and she was a good actress and her patients' parents thought she loved them, too.

She knew very well that my father's older brother Leo had been a pediatrician, and that he had many run-ins with mothers of his patients, and that he told one mother he treated babies, not mommas; and his babies loved him, even if his mommas did not, because his babies got well. My mother loved Dr. Leo, because he got me well many times, when I was a boy, and he took me fishing, a lot.

My mother told me it really hurt my father's feelings when I asked her why Dr. Leo was not my father, because he loved to fish and my father did not? I felt terrible when she told me that, but it was true nonetheless. From heaven, my mother watched Leo ream me out for crying at my son's funeral. Leo is the 3rd person I told about in *A Few Remarkable Alabama People I Have Known*.

When I was maybe 12, my mother gave me the magazine serialization of Ernest Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*, which I devoured.

I read it again in an American novels course my senior year in college. The professor said we knew when the bad guy showed up in a Hemingway novel, because he did not drink. The professor said there was something Christlike in the old man's saga: the great marlin and the sharks coming leaving only the head and the tail and the skeleton in between, and the old man leaving his boat and carrying the mast up the cobbled road from the dock. I fed that back to the professor on the final exam and got an A.

In law school, I read Carlos Baker's biography of Hemingway, and then I read Baker's compilation of Hemingway's letters, and I came away thinking Hemingway was a great writer, truly, but he was not kind to women he had loved, and he was a really egotistical prick, and a drunk, but he was man enough to kill himself with his favorite shotgun, instead of waste away in a facility while cancer ate his brain away.

Years later, it came to me that *The Old Man and the Sea*, the last novel Hemingway completed, was his unconscious suicide note: the old man was Hemingway, who gave it is best, but lost; the young boy who got left at the

dock was the young Hemingway who felt left at the dock by his father; the great marlin was Hemingway's manhood, which he was always trying to prove; the sea was Hemingway's unconscious and the sharks were his feminine, who came to show him what he had lost- the body and the blood; and somewhere in all of that was Hemingway's mother, whom he had loved the most, but was not able to tell her, or he did not know how to tell her.

More years later, I lived in Key West, and several times was urged by friends to enter the annual Hemingway lookalike contest, where old inebriated white men with white Hemingway-like beards, dressed in Orvis fishing costumes, hoping to be voted the winner. I told my friends that I would not participate, because I knew how to fish and write, and I did not drink like a fish. My mother and father had cured me of becoming a drunk. Eventually, I did not drink at all.

When I was coming out of the black night of the soul in 1998, angels healed me of my mother molesting me in my crib, of which I had no memory, but the healing was so absolutely terrifying that I had to accept it. I remembered her beating me up when my father was off fighting the Japanese in the Pacific.

My son's death so unhinged me that I was unable to fit myself in my the plants me mother and father and their parents and I had made for me. He opened my heart and set me on my journey, is on his little grave marker at the foot of my mother's gravestone in Birmingham's Elmwood Cemetery. My ashes will spread somewhere dear to me.

I wonder now if bringing new children into this twisted world is kind to them? I wonder if women should go on strike and cross their legs until things get better or there are no people on this planet?

In my Apple Newsfeed this morning was a bittersweet tribute to a childless woman who created what others twisted into something she despised.

## **She invented Mother's Day — then waged a lifelong campaign against it**

BY KRISTINE PHILLIPS

May 11, 2024

While dining at a Philadelphia tearoom owned by her friend John Wanamaker, Anna Jarvis ordered a salad — then dumped it on the floor.

Jarvis hated that the dish was called “Mother’s Day Salad,” named after a celebration of mothers that she had pioneered years earlier. The strong-willed woman saw it not as an honor but an affront to a tradition she held so dear. To her, it was a cheap marketing gimmick to profit off an idea that she considered to be hers, and hers alone.

The incident was recounted in a newspaper article published sometime in the early 1900s, years after Jarvis organized the first Mother’s Day service in the country, said Katharine Antolini, a historian who has studied Jarvis and how Mother’s Day became a national holiday.

Jarvis spent decades fighting an uphill battle to keep Mother’s Day from becoming the commercialized holiday that it is today. To her, it was simply a day to honor mothers, and she started it to commemorate her own. So when people co-opted her idea for other purposes, Jarvis was incensed.

She started fights, threatened lawsuits, wrote letters to politicians, issued bitter news releases, organized protests, fought with Eleanor Roosevelt, and demanded audiences with presidents, among other actions.

She even claimed legal copyright to the holiday, Antolini said. Her letters were signed “Anna Jarvis, Founder of Mother’s Day.”

“It became a part of her identity,” the historian said. “It was completely tied up in her ego.”

The fight that consumed Jarvis was waged in vain, and her campaign drained the modest fortune she’d inherited from her family. She died in a sanitarium in 1948 at age 84 — alone, blind and penniless.



If she were alive today, Antolini said, Jarvis would have been thrilled that Mother's Day remains popular.

"But she'd be upset that people don't remember her," the historian said.

She would probably be equally angered to know that the holiday is celebrated in part through Mother's Day specials and sales, Hallmark cards and floral arrangements.

Antolini, chair of the history department at West Virginia Wesleyan College, said she began studying Jarvis and the history of Mother's Day in the 1990s, when she visited the International Mother's Day Shrine, in Grafton, W.Va. It's a museum of the church where the first Mother's Day service was held.

In the church's kitchen area, Antolini said, she found several boxes of documents that belonged to Jarvis. She volunteered to archive them and spent months poring over the records.

She learned about the childless woman who dedicated her life to the obsessive pursuit of creating a holiday for mothers.

"The surface image of her is that she was this crazy spinster who dedicated her life to this movement and fought everybody who tried to take her day away from her," Antolini said. "It was her life to create this holiday, to perpetuate it and have it spread nationally."

Jarvis, born in Webster, W.Va., was inspired to create Mother's Day by her mother, Ann Reeves Jarvis, a Sunday school teacher who helped start Mother's Day Work Clubs to teach women how to care for their children.

After one lecture in 1876, Ann Reeves Jarvis prayed that somebody would create a day commemorating mothers for their service to humanity, Antolini said.

Twelve-year-old Anna Jarvis remembered that.

Her mother died in 1905, and Jarvis, then in her 40s, promised at her gravesite that she'd be the one to answer her prayer.

Over the next years, Jarvis embarked on a relentless letter-writing campaign to persuade the governor of every state to declare the second Sunday of May — the closest Sunday to her mother's death anniversary — Mother's Day.

She wrote to Mark Twain, President Theodore Roosevelt and any other powerful figure she could think of to help with her cause, Antolini said. She also sought the help of Wanamaker, the Philadelphia businessman and her friend.

At one point, she incorporated the Mother's Day International Association. It's unclear whether the corporation had other members, according to the obituary.

Even charities became the target of her disdain. During the Great Depression of the 1930s, charities held fundraising events on Mother's Day to help mothers in need. Jarvis resented that.

"She didn't want it to be a beggar's day," Antolini said. "She didn't want the day to be turned into just another charity event. You don't pity mothers; you honor them."

In studying Jarvis, Antolini came to sympathize with the tenacious and fiercely independent woman who remained single and childless at a time when women were expected to do the opposite.

"You get behind the motivation for why she's doing it. She doesn't sound crazy. Her argument is sound," Antolini said. "Many times, you'd feel she's justified in being angered about these things."

But she also felt that Jarvis had a narrow view of what motherhood is about. Hers was the perspective of a child, of a daughter who deeply loved her mother.

"Children have a very simplistic view of motherhood," Antolini said.

"Those women who then would become mothers, they have a completely different view of motherhood. It's becoming politically active to save the lives of mothers of other children."

By the early 1940s, Jarvis had become undernourished and was losing her eyesight. Friends and associates placed her in a sanitarium in West Chester, Pa. She died Nov. 24, 1948.

Mother's Day has become one of the most profitable U.S. holidays, with annual spending steadily growing since 2006. This year, consumers are expected to spend a near-record \$33.5 billion, according to the National Retail Federation.

We can imagine how Jarvis would feel about that.

A version of this story was originally published on May 14, 2017.

Was Anna Jarvis nuts?

Consider:

**The Yorktown Sentry**  
**A Student Newspaper of Yorktown High School**

**A Brief History Of Christmas And Its Commercialization**

Mason Wolverton, Staff Reporter  
December 16, 2022

For many people, the Christmas season means ornaments hanging from trees, stockings lining fireplaces and joyful music filling the air. In addition, millions brace themselves for the month of constant marketing messages and spending. This hasn't always been the case.

Different cultures have long celebrated the winter solstice, which falls on December 21. The origin of Christmas itself can be traced back to ancient Rome, where it evolved from a winter holiday called Saturnalia. In the fourth century, there was a push to weaken non-Christian traditions, and Saturnalia was seen as a perfect basis for a celebration of the birth of Jesus Christ. It included gift exchanging, candle lighting, decorating, feasting and singing, which all evolved into Christmas traditions.

The holiday developed across many different cultures to reach the point it has today. One of its staples—Santa Claus—was inspired by St. Nicholas: a real person. Born in third-century Turkey, he was known for his kindness and generosity toward less fortunate people. Advent calendars and wreaths, among other common Christmas celebrations, came from cultures in Germany and Austria.

These traditions made their way to the United States on several avenues. Dutch immigrants brought the legend of Santa to New York in the 1600s, and Germans brought Christmas trees in the 1700s.

The holiday started to gain serious traction in the U.S. when Washington Irving, an Englishman who'd settled in New York City, published a series of stories describing Christmas traditions of old. The holiday's momentum in America was accelerated even more when Clement Clark Moore coined the idea of Santa Claus riding a sleigh through the air in a story called *An Account of a Visit From Santa Claus*, which is now known as *The Night Before Christmas*.

In the 1840s, marketers began to see Christmas as a prime opportunity to sell goods. Depictions of Santa were associated with advertisements in big cities like New York City and Boston, and the first in-store Santa appeared at Macy's in 1862.

The commercial ties of the holiday only grew from there. In the early-to-mid 1900s, mass advertising campaigns full of holiday tunes and colorful decorations filled the radio airways and storefronts, and Macy's looked to signal the beginning of the holiday (spending) season with its first Thanksgiving Day Parade in 1924.

Thousands of movies and songs later, Americans are spending more money on Christmas than ever before. In 2021, a combined \$886.7 billion dollars was spent on the holiday, a number that has climbed each of the last 20 years other than 2008.

There's no denying that Christmas has become an uber-commercialized holiday. For the most part, that can be a good thing; after all, the holiday season is the Most Wonderful Time of the Year. However, for some, it can be frustrating to see the holiday detach further from its purpose in favor of cash.

loss of the sacred, or did it just get thrown away?



Sliding into a parallel universe today, but not really...



**Loss of the Sacred**  
POETIC OUTLAWS

May 8, 2024

*The loss of the sacred in western society is also a loss of soul, a loss of the soul of the earth, of the cosmos, of human society. Modern men and women are truly in search of soul, and a retrieval of the sacred is essential to their finding or recovering soul.*

— C. Michael Smith

Scholar and author, C. Michael Smith, in his profound little book — Jung and Shamanism in Dialogue: Retrieving the Soul, Retrieving the Sacred, explores the intersections between Carl Jung's analytical psychology and shamanic practices from various cultures.

It's an original, esoteric work that delves into the similarities and differences between Jungian psychology and shamanism, emphasizing their shared focus on the psyche and the quest for spiritual wholeness.

The author writes: "Perhaps the most salient common feature of shamanism and Jungian psychology is that they both offer a way of soulful living that takes its direction from spirit, a transcendent dimension of wisdom and power."

Ultimately, this book sheds new light on the transformative potential of integrating Jungian psychology with shamanic wisdom, and how this synthesis can lead to a deeper understanding of the human psyche and its connection to the divine.

I hope you enjoy this passage.



In the modern West today, there has been a loss of the sacred from the assumptive world generally, and from the healing arts specifically.

Individuals may be religious, may go to church or synagogue, or practice some other form of institutional or non-institutional religion, but other areas of life are typically encroached upon by the secular. In traditional and tribal societies, every substantial aspect or function of life had a sacred basis.

As Eliade has noted, such substantial events in life were founded upon the paradigmatic acts of the gods. Their sacredness guaranteed their significance, and proper social ordering...

The situation of the loss of the sacred has been characterized by various existentialist philosophers, in their own idiom.

Nietzsche's heralding of the death of God was prophetic of the loss of the sense of the sacred from the assumptive world, and from life generally, in the west.

Heidegger described the withdrawal of Being from modern man as equivalent to a loss of a sense of meaning, of mystery, and of dignity. He might as well have called Being the sacred, for it possesses those



numinous (attracting/repelling, mysterious/ineffable) qualities we have attributed to the sacred.

Calculative thinking, economic thinking, the tendency to quantify everything, goes hand in hand with a reductionistic materialistic science, which finds nothing but physical, mechanical, or chemical causes.

The world seen only through the lenses of scientific-calculative thinking is a thin, dry, hollow, surface world, devoid of mystery, depth, and meaning. There is an existential nausea (Sartre) that comes with such a nihilistic view of reality.

Such a view is itself a symptom of deep spiritual, social, and ecological pathology.

Some face this nihilism with stoic courage, others retreat into fundamentalistic and traditional forms of security, where they may have some limited contact with the sacred, while still being touched by the nihilism of the modern scientific worldview.

Some seek a genuine sense of the sacred to give their lives meaning and direction, but cannot find it in the institutional religions of the west. Some turn to the numinous resources of the East, some to occult

interests; some are now turning to shamanism, others the psychedelics, to rekindle a sense of mystery and meaning characteristic of the sacred...

The loss of the sacred in western society is also a loss of soul, a loss of the soul of the earth, of the cosmos, of human society. Modern men and women are truly in search of soul, and a retrieval of the sacred is essential to their finding or recovering soul...

Jung believed one could only get right with oneself if one got right with nature... It isn't the techniques that are the essential thing, but the person inside, its capacity to live from the heart in earth-honoring and Nature-attuning ways that is the essential center of the Jung/shamanism interface.

### **Sloan Bashinsky**

Once upon a time, a woman psychiatrist came to me for help with what she said was "pain!", which she did not describe further. I had been trained as a patient and as a practitioner to help people look inside of themselves with their eyes closed and have discussions with what was behind what ailed them. I got her to do that and she got into a dialogue with something that showed up and it freaked her out and she said she didn't care to pursue it, and that was the end of that.

Another time, a woman who claimed to be a PhD in clinical psychology and a certified Jungian analyst came to me to see what kind of therapy I was doing on my massage table. We talked a while, and I asked her a few questions, and she got into a difficult dialogue with her deceased father and the session ended and she left. When I saw her by chance a week or so later, she looked angry. I asked her was that was about? She said she didn't like getting so intimate with someone she barely knew. I said I had told her the work I did was very fast, and she had said she was interested in experiencing it. She said, still, she didn't care for now it went, and we parted and had no further interaction.

The cranial rhythm, which can be felt in the head and all over the human body, was discovered by osteopath physicians and chiropractors later came to recognize it. Modern medicine does not recognize the cranial rhythm, which stops when a person is talking about something significant. The cranial rhythm stopped when I silently asked my clients such things as, "Did you come to see me about your father issues, or your mother issues?" When I talked with my clients, their cranial rhythm stopped every time I asked them something significant. I had other ways of knowing when clients were dead on top of something that had waited a very long time to express itself.

Believe it or not, there are many people who do that kind of work, which is totally alien to and light years beyond psychology and psychiatry's ken. That work cannot, however, cure psychoses. But then, neither can psychology or psychiatry cure psychoses. What psychiatry and psychology do is treat symptoms of something they do not understand.

While psychiatry's pills may somewhat control some symptoms of psychoses, the pills always have rough side effects, which require more pills to try to subdue the side effects. Patients on pills end up like I once ended up: walking, talking chemical waste dumps, the ordeal of which their psychiatrists have no clue, because they have not taken a full course of the pills themselves.

In aboriginal tribes, psychoses were treated very differently, but good luck getting psychology and psychiatry and the pill makers interested in that.

However, I doubt a psychiatrist or a shaman could help Joe Biden or Donald Trump, because they do not think they need such help. What might help Biden and Trump is a really good exorcist, but would they admit they need that kind of help?

Now grab a tight hold and consider:

[madinamerica.com](http://madinamerica.com)

## **The Shamanic View of ‘Mental Illness’: Birth of a Healer**

From *Uplift*: “In the shamanic view, ‘mental illness’ signals ‘the birth of a healer,’ explains [West African Shaman] Malidoma Patrice Somé. Thus, mental disorders are spiritual emergencies, spiritual crises, and need to be regarded as such to aid the healer in being born.

What those in the west view as mental illness, the Dagara people regard as ‘good news from the other world.’ The person going through the crisis has been chosen as a medium for a message to the community that needs to be communicated from the spirit realm. Dr. Somé comments:

**Mental disorder, behavioral disorder of all kinds, signal the fact that two obviously incompatible energies have merged into the same field.**

These disturbances result when the person does not get assistance in dealing with the presence of the energy from the spirit realm.

One of the things Dr. Somé encountered when he first came to the United States in 1980 for graduate study, was how this country deals with mental illness. When a fellow student was sent to a mental institute due to ‘nervous depression,’ Dr. Somé went to visit him.

**I was so shocked. That was the first time I was brought face to face with what is done here to people exhibiting the same symptoms I’ve seen in my village.**

What struck Dr. Somé was that the attention given to such symptoms was based on pathology, on the idea that the condition is something that needs to stop. This was in complete opposition to the way his culture views such a

situation. As he looked around the stark ward at the patients, some in straitjackets, some zoned out on medications, others screaming, he observed to himself:

**So this is how the healers who are attempting to be born are treated in this culture. What a loss! What a loss that a person who is finally being aligned with a power from the other world is just being wasted.**

‘The Western culture has consistently ignored the birth of the healer,’ states Dr. Somé.

**Consequently, there will be a tendency from the other world to keep trying as many people as possible in an attempt to get somebody’s attention. They have to try harder.**

The spirits are drawn to people whose senses have not been anesthetized. ‘The sensitivity is pretty much read as an invitation to come in,’ he notes.

Those who develop so-called mental disorders are those who are sensitive, which is viewed in Western culture as oversensitivity. Indigenous cultures don’t see it that way and, as a result, sensitive people don’t experience themselves as overly [sensitive](#). In the west, ‘it is the overload of the culture they’re in that is just wrecking them,’ observes Dr. Somé. The frenetic pace, the bombardment of the senses, and the violent energy that characterize Western culture can overwhelm sensitive people.

## Schizophrenia and Foreign Energy

With schizophrenia, there is a special ‘receptivity to a flow of images and information, which cannot be controlled,’ stated Dr. Somé.

**When this kind of rush occurs at a time that is not personally chosen, and particularly when it comes with images that are scary and contradictory, the person goes into a frenzy.**

What is required in this situation is first to separate the person's energy from the extraneous foreign energies, by using shamanic practice (what is known as a 'sweep') to clear the latter out of the individual's aura. With the clearing of their energy field, the person no longer picks up a flood of information and so no longer has a reason to be scared and disturbed, explains Dr. Somé.

Then it is possible to help the person align with the energy of the spirit being attempting to come through from the other world, and give birth to the healer. The blockage of that emergence is what creates problems. 'The energy of the healer is a high-voltage energy,' he observes.

**When it is blocked, it just burns up the person. It's like a short-circuit. Fuses are blowing. This is why it can be really scary, and I understand why this culture prefers to confine these people. Here they are yelling and screaming, and they're put into a straitjacket. That's a sad image.**

Again, the shamanic approach is to work on aligning the energies so there is no blockage, 'fuses' aren't blowing, and the person can become the healer they are meant to be.

It needs to be noted at this point, however, that not all of the spirit beings that enter a person's energetic field are there for the purposes of promoting healing. There are negative energies as well, which are undesirable presences in the aura. In those cases, the shamanic approach is to remove them from the aura, rather than work to align the discordant energies."

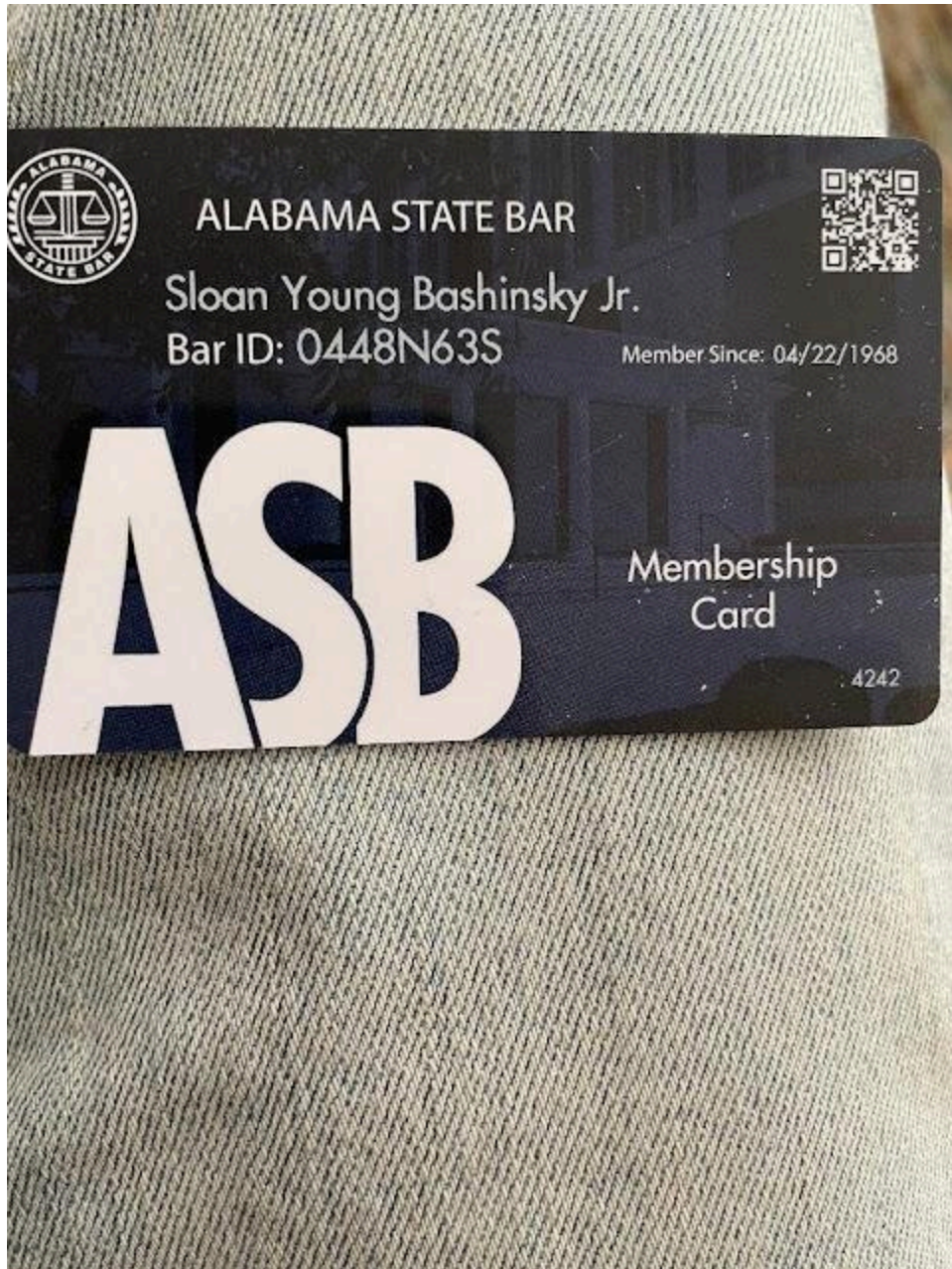
**Is the law a jealous mistress beyond my wildest dreams and imaginings?**



The neat thing about bats is their sonar enables them to see in the dark.

When I returned the other day from a wonderful visit with my younger daughter and her family in another state, this Alabama Bar Association card was in my mailbox, with a letter stating it's a permanent membership card with no expiration date, which serves as my annual occupational license or special membership. I have a special membership, meaning I am in hibernation as a lawyer. The fine print on the card shows I have been a member since 04/22/1968.





During a nap yesterday afternoon, I dreamed of receiving a phone call from my 2nd wife, Jane Shea, who endured most of the time I practiced law in Birmingham. She was the Muse for my first three books, *Home Buyers: Lambs to the Slaughter?*; *Selling Your Home Sweet Home*, and *Kill All the Lawyers? A Client's Guide to Hiring, Firing, Using and Suing Lawyers*, which got kudos from Ralph Nader's outfit and many newspaper reviews. I was interviewed many times by local, regional and national newspapers and radio and television stations. However, the publishers did not get my

books into the chain bookstores, and my dream of making million\$\$\$ as a writer and proving myself to my very successful capitalist father and grandfather, did not come to pass. Those three books are out of print, but sometimes can be found online in book stores.

In the dream, Jane said, "I'm trying to reach my lawyer", and I said, "Jane?", but no one was there.

Jane moved with me from Birmingham to Santa Fe, New Mexico in early 1986, where I enrolled in The Jay Victor Sherer School of Natural Healing and Massage, which kicked off my transition from being a lawyer very interested in the New Age, into something else entirely, of which I then had no inkling. Jane was a very talented watercolor artist, and she got into a great gallery and was where she needed to be. Our relationship soured without any outside help, ie. seeing someone else, and we separated and moved toward and got a divorce.

One early January 1987 morning in my new Santa Fe apartment, feeling I had failed in every way a man could fail, I closed my eyes and prayed, "Dear God, I do not want to die like this, failed." I paused, said, "I offer my life to human service." About ten days passed. I woke up in the wee hours one night and saw two white shift-shaped beings hovering above me in the darkness. I heard, "This will push you to your limits, but you asked for it and we are. going to give it to you." I remembered the prayer, and saw a bright flash of light and was jolted by something electrical. That happened again, and again. The two what I thought were angels, even though I saw no wings, faded out. I was shaking and sweating. It had begun, and I would write many books about it, non-fiction and novels, about a dozen of which are free reads at the internet library, [archive.org](http://archive.org).

Back to the future.

The dream about Jane caused me to revise a draft of yesterday's [God's expert witness and spiritual healer: Stormy Daniels](#) post, to make it more legal and less woo woo than I originally went about it. The dream also caused me to wonder if I'm to get an occupational law license and hold

myself out as a lawyer open for business in some way, which will require my paying not a lot of money to the Alabama State Bar.

Perhaps I might sign up to do various kinds of court-appointed cases like I once did, which would not require a law office and a legal secretary, today called a paralegal. I could work out of my home and meet clients in their homes, coffee shops, restaurants, public parks, public libraries, courthouses, etc. I might need to get a printer and scanner for legal paperwork. I'm already able to use the Alabama Courts e-filing portal.

Or perhaps I might offer myself as a legal consultant and field what might come my way, and if someone needs a lawyer who does legal paperwork and/or goes to court, I make the referral and stay in the case, or not, as the client's needs require.

Thanks to an inheritance from my father, I don't need to make money at what I do, and at this point, I quit charging money for what I was trained by the angels to do when I lived in Boulder, Colorado, 1987-1985. In the spring of 2001, the angel Michael told me in a dream, "You cannot do this work correctly, if you are looking to get anything back from the people you are trying to help." He was one of the angels who came with the lightning in early 1987. The other angel was Jesus. But it was many years before I figured that out.

Besides my law school and massage and healing training, and the angel training, I trained in conflict mediation in Boulder, and did some of that. That experience was not encouraging, in that the mediators I worked with had turned mediation into their religion, and they were unable to recognize situations where mediation would not work, had no chance to work, might even result in one or more of the clients being killed by one of the other clients, which nearly happened in a mediation case, and I reported that to the mediation outfit I was working for, and they took my co-mediator and me off the case and reported the clients to local law enforcement.

After that, I focused on the healing training and what the angels were teaching me, which required me being stood before many mirrors looking at

me, which was not much fun, but it was in keeping with Jesus advising in the Gospels: first take the beams out of my own eyes.

I also read the channeled book, *A Course In Miracles*, the thrust of which was, we don't know what anything that punches our buttons really is about, and we don't know what our dreams are about, so instead of trying to figure it out, we should not react, and we should sit with and stew in the emotions that are triggered, and if we do that for a year, we emerge a new person.

But what was the fun in that? And, I was having dreams that definitely had meaning for me about what was going on in my daily life. And, I was going through intense human training in psycho spiritual healing, as a practice client and as a developing practitioner. I became pretty good at helping people take the inward first approach, and sometimes that was all they needed, and other times they needed lawyer help to finish what remained of why they came to me. I did not have a Colorado law license, and they used a Colorado lawyer for that.

The book I dreamed of writing about practicing law in a new way, *The High Legal Road: A New Approach to Legal Problems*, published in 1990, is out of print, but sometimes can be found at online bookstores. The next book, *Prison & Freedom*, published in 1991, which I felt then, and still feel, was a much better treatment, sometimes can be found in online bookstores, and was digitized and is a free read at the internet library, [archive.org](http://archive.org).

As are my novels about a Birmingham trial lawyer named Riley Strange, who got into all sorts of weird legal and woo woo shit with a Florida Panhandle redneck gal named Willa Sue Jenkins: *Heavy Wait: A Strange Tale* (2001) and *Return of the Strange* (2023). I told some Alabama women I know that the only way to really get to know me, other than living with me, is to read those two novels. Maybe that applies to anyone who really wants to get to know me?

Since moving back to Birmingham in the spring of 2019, I have played a lot of bridge at a local duplicate bridge club, and I have played a lot of

chess with older men I met. That's fun, but it doesn't cause me to look forward to waking up in the morning and facing the day. Instead, it feels like getting up in the morning and going to an elder day care center, waiting for the Lord to take me; being half of myself at most, and I might be burned out writing about America politics and religion.

Very simply, after being trained for decades by angels, I am no longer of this world, but I still live on it. I don't know when I'm ever not in church, and people around me have no clue what is going on inside me and around me. But since I keep waking up each morning, I wonder if maybe it's time for me to make myself available to do what I was trained the old fashioned way to do, first in law school, then in healing schools, then by angels, and by what life served up to me along the way?

That's where I'm at right now. Or perhaps I'm in a thrall, and when it lifts, I'll see the tricks I played upon myself?

**Melchizedek Sunday School for lawyers, priests, business leaders, politicians and humans**



In April 2001, the second year in what would be a five-year stretch of being homeless, a familiar voice told me in my sleep, “You are an ordained Melchizedek exorcist priest going back into a prison where you once lived to help other people still living there.”

I saw myself in a facility of some kind, with men and women around my age dressed casually and milling around. Off to the right, I saw a way out of there and knew I would not use it until I was told to use it. I woke up, wondering what that was about?

The next night, I was told by the same voice in my sleep,” You cannot do this work correctly if you are trying to get anything back from the people you are trying to help.”

As time passed, I came to understand the prison was Christianity, as it was practiced, which was very different from what Jesus in the Gospels was about.

According to Christianity, salvation through Jesus is believing he is the son of God, and he died on the cross for our sins, and he was resurrected from the dead and ascended to heaven to sit on the right hand of God.

Yet Jesus in the Gospels said such things as: many are called, but few are chosen; the road to life is difficult and the gate narrow and few enter therein; the work is great and the laborers are few; turn the other cheek; pray for and do good to your enemies; first take the beam out of your own eye; judge not and God will not judge you; it is more blessed to give than to receive; if someone asks for your shirt, give him/her also your coat; love your neighbor as yourself; take no thought for tomorrow, for each day has enough troubles of its own; you cannot worship God and mammon.

I had many adventures since those two messages came through in April 2001, and I wrote a lot about that at blogs and in books, and I'm still in that prison, and I'm still being made to look at the beams in my own eyes by something a lot bigger and smarter than me.

Let me back up and start over.

My grandparents on both sides were Southern Baptists. They attended Southside Baptist Church in Five Points South, in Birmingham, Alabama. My grandfathers were deacons in that church. My parents attended that church when they were children.

I maybe recall being at that church a time or two in my childhood, but otherwise I do not recall going to church, or my parents attending church, until Mountain Brook Baptist Church was built a few blocks from my our home on Montevallo Road in Mountain Brook slightly south of Birmingham. Mountain Brook was a upscale white community.

Every Sunday morning before Sunday School class, which I really enjoyed, my father took me me on a drive into the undeveloped southern part of Mountain Brook. We talked about things, and when he drove us back to the church, he attended Sunday school and I attended Sunday school. As we drove home from the church, he



asked me what we had talked about in Sunday School, and I told him.

I recall attending two or three church services at Mountain Brook Baptist Church, which I hated, especially the long monotonous sermons.

When I was 12, my mother, who never attended church, discovered a small Episcopal church in an old farm house in the Crestline Village part of Mountain Brook, which had been started by a young pastor named Lee Graham.

After a while, my mother told my father, if he didn't get more involved in church, she would take her children to St. Luke's in Crestline.

My father and I continued our Sunday morning ritual, and my mother made me go to St. Luke's with her on Sunday mornings and sit with her through the church service, which I hated.

My mother caught bloody hell from her parents, my father's parents, and their minister at Southside Baptist Church, and the minister at Mountain Brook Baptist Church. But she was resolute.

My mother had me, my younger brother and our younger sister christened at St. Luke's, attended by my father and his and my mother's parents.

One Sunday evening dinner, my father asked me what the church sermon at St. Luke's that morning was about? I had no answer, because I was off somewhere in my mind fishing and hunting during the entire church service.

My father gave my mother the look, and my mother gave me a look that would kill, and she enrolled me in confirmation class at St. Luke's.

Confirmation classes were led by the young associate pastor, Ben Smith. He was nice, I liked him, but I hated being penned in the confirmation class for two hours every Saturday afternoon. I hated elementary school and felt I was sent to prison five days a week. Saturday was my one day off during the school year.

At nights, my mother drilled me in what I needed to learn in the Bible and the Episcopal Catechism to pass the

class. I hated being drilled with stuff that didn't interest me in the least and was ruining my Saturdays.

After the required number of confirmation classes, the Episcopal Bishop of Alabama came to St. Luke's to confirm the members of my class. I sat in a pew in the church nave with my mother and father and their parents.

The bishop spoke for a while to the people sitting in the pews, and after some Episcopal rituals were recited or read by the members of the the congregation, and some Christian songs, were sung by the choir and people in the audience, the time came for my class to go to the communion rail to receive our first communion.

The bishop passed us one at a time and gave us the wafer representing the body of Christ. He passed us again one at time and gave us the silver chalice containing the communion wine, the blood of Christ.

When I took a sip and swallowed the wine, my first ever alcoholic drink, it went down my throat wrong and I felt like I was choking to death. It took every ounce of my will to be still and say nothing.

After the bishop gave everyone in my class the wine, I stood up from the communion rail and willed myself to walk back to the pew and pull out the kneeling bench on which I kneeled with my eyes closed, pretending to pray, until I felt like I wasn't going to die after all.

It wasn't long before my mother starting trying to persuade me to become an acolyte, who would walk down the aisle before church carrying a cross on a long pole before the service began, and then light the candles on the altar, and after the service ended would snuff out the candles and carry the cross on the pole out of the church, followed by the paster and associate pastor.

There was no way I was going to do that, but my mother kept trying.

One day after a church service, she tried to get the new curate John Fletcher to talk me into being an acolyte, and when he saw me blanch, as if I had been bidden by a scorpion, he told my mother that it didn't seem I wanted to do it and he was going to let me be. The look of distress on her face caused me to feel awful, but no way I was going to be an acolyte.

I actually liked John Fletcher's sermons, because they were short and made sense. But I wanted to do other things on Sundays than attend church, such as fishing, hunting and playing golf, and in college that's what I moved toward doing, and it really distressed my mother. I felt guilty, but I really didn't want to spend time in churches.

Later in my life, I sometimes attended a church for a while, but it never stuck and took hold, and eventually I stopped attending church altogether.

By then I had been stood before endless mirrors looking at me. My perspective about everything had been changed.

I knew for fact that God by some name existed, Jesus and angels known in the Bible, and deities in other religions, and the Devil by any name, and demons, and beings from other planets existed, and I knew there was no way I could prove any of it to anyone, and I didn't know when I was ever not in church.

After my father and I became estranged in the fall of 1995, principally because of what I was experiencing, which he could not possibly fathom, he started coming to me in dreams and advising me in ways any son should want to be advised, even if some of his advice didn't sit well with me.

Maybe I dreamed twice about my mother, after she died in early 1967, and I don't remember what those dreams were about.

My father didn't like to fish, and my mother didn't understand why I loved to fish, but she knew that I would die if I didn't get to fish, so she found men to take me fishing, and she took me to lakes with a sack lunch and left me there all day, and when she came back, I was happy if I had a catch or not, because I had gotten to fish. She wanted me to be a priest, but she did not understand priests catch souls for the church, while fishermen catch souls for God. She did not know the lake was the church, the fish were angels, and when they taught me how to fish, they sent me forth to fish.

I memorialized Lee Graham in the "He was a parish priest" chapter of A FEW REMARKABLE PEOPLE I HAVE

KNOWN, which can be read at the free internet library. What most impressed me about Lee was, when his vestrymen wanted to hire Mountain Brook police officers to stop blacks from worshipping at St. Luke's, he told them, if blacks could not come to worship, he would close St. Luke's. He also did not like preaching on tithing to the church, and he only did it once a year, when the Episcopal Diocese required that he do it. Not long after Lee stood down his Vestrymen, he announced his work was done at St. Luke's and he left to pastor a small Episcopal church near Tallahassee, Florida. Here's a link:

[https://archive.org/details/a-few-remarkable-alabama-people-i-have-known\\_202210](https://archive.org/details/a-few-remarkable-alabama-people-i-have-known_202210)

The New Testament Letter to the Hebrews provides some insight into Melchizedek, an order of angel, and the Melchizedek priesthood, and its ordeal training, in which Jesus is high priest. I never once heard that mentioned in a Christian church, although every Episcopal minister is ordained by that Church as a priest forever after the order Melchizedek.

The Letter to the Hebrews was addressed to Jews who

had accepted Christ and were going back to their old ways. The unknown author tells them that they should be teaching, they should be eating meat, but they are still drinking milk, and the author urges them not to turn away from the chastening of the Lord.

Being trained by the Melchizedek Order is nothing like being baptized by water and accepting Jesus as Lord and Savior. Being trained by the Melchizedek Order is being burned alive for the rest of your life.

But then, John the Baptist said in the Gospels that one whose sandals he was not worthy to latch would come, who would baptize in fire and in spirit. In the Gospels, Jesus didn't baptize anyone in water. He said his baptism was in fire and he was anxious to get on with it.

Jesus did not mean for parents to use their children to prove they are okay. He meant for parents to live as he lived and taught others to live in the Gospels. I came to tell Christians they are saved by Jesus to the extent they live as he lived and taught in the Gospels, and in that way they incrementally deliver themselves from Evil and walk ever closer to God.



## Hebrews 12 NIV

12 Therefore, since we are surrounded by such a great cloud of witnesses, let us throw off everything that hinders and the sin that so easily entangles. And let us run with perseverance the race marked out for us, 2 fixing our eyes on Jesus, the pioneer and perfecter of faith. For the joy set before him he endured the cross, scorning its shame, and sat down at the right hand of the throne of God. 3 Consider him who endured such opposition from sinners, so that you will not grow weary and lose heart.

4 In your struggle against sin, you have not yet resisted to the point of shedding your blood. 5 And have you completely forgotten this word of encouragement that addresses you as a father addresses his son? It says,

“My son, do not make light of the Lord’s discipline, and do not lose heart when he rebukes you, 6 because the Lord disciplines the one he loves, and he chastens everyone he accepts as his son.”

7 Endure hardship as discipline; God is treating you as his children. For what children are not disciplined by their father? 8 If you are not disciplined—and everyone undergoes discipline—then you are not legitimate, not true sons and daughters at all. 9 Moreover, we have all had human fathers who disciplined us and we

respected them for it. How much more should we submit to the Father of spirits and live! 10 They disciplined us for a little while as they thought best; but God disciplines us for our good, in order that we may share in his holiness. 11 No discipline seems pleasant at the time, but painful. Later on, however, it produces a harvest of righteousness and peace for those who have been trained by it.

12 Therefore, strengthen your feeble arms and weak knees. 13 “Make level paths for your feet,” so that the lame may not be disabled, but rather healed.

14 Make every effort to live in peace with everyone and to be holy; without holiness no one will see the Lord. 15 See to it that no one falls short of the grace of God and that no bitter root grows up to cause trouble and defile many. 16 See that no one is sexually immoral, or is godless like Esau, who for a single meal sold his inheritance rights as the oldest son. 17

Afterward, as you know, when he wanted to inherit this blessing, he was rejected. Even though he sought the blessing with tears, he could not change what he had done.

18 You have not come to a mountain that can be touched and that is burning with fire; to darkness, gloom and storm; 19 to a trumpet blast or to such a voice speaking words that those who heard it begged that no further word be spoken to them, 20 because

they could not bear what was commanded: “If even an animal touches the mountain, it must be stoned to death.” 21 The sight was so terrifying that Moses said, “I am trembling with fear.”

22 But you have come to Mount Zion, to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem. You have come to thousands upon thousands of angels in joyful assembly, 23 to the church of the firstborn, whose names are written in heaven. You have come to God, the Judge of all, to the spirits of the righteous made perfect, 24 to Jesus the mediator of a new covenant, and to the sprinkled blood that speaks a better word than the blood of Abel.

25 See to it that you do not refuse him who speaks. If they did not escape when they refused him who warned them on earth, how much less will we, if we turn away from him who warns us from heaven? 26 At that time his voice shook the earth, but now he has promised, “Once more I will shake not only the earth but also the heavens.”[e] 27 The words “once more” indicate the removing of what can be shaken—that is, created things—so that what cannot be shaken may remain.

28 Therefore, since we are receiving a kingdom that cannot be shaken, let us be thankful, and so worship God acceptably with reverence and awe, 29 for our “God is a consuming fire.”

In 1991, as I recall, I was put into a trance and this came from very far away:

*Melchizedek*

*Melchizedek is an order of angel that comes to a planet in trouble to prepare it to receive the Christ*

*Christ does not come to a planet without Melchizedek*

*Mary Magdalene was of the Order Melchizedek*



Melchizedek Star

I later was told Mary Magdalene wrote Hebrews anonymously, because it was known no man would read anything a woman had written. Here's her poem:

Rosa Mystica  
Sweet Mystery  
Blood of Christ  
Living water  
without which

there are no Rainbows  
and God is dead.

Imagine an America where Christian lawyers, priests,  
business leaders, politicians and ordinary citizens  
experience the Baptism of Jesus Christ and Mary  
Magdalene.

the steep and narrow salvation of Jesus vs. the quick and easy salvation of the church



I play chess with a fellow who pastors a rural church south of Birmingham. When I was getting to know him, he got onto me about cussin' when I made a stupid move at chess and when I talked about American politicians. I told him I speak the language of the people I run with, and most of them do not attend church, and I don't know when I'm ever not in church.

That conversation repeated a few times.

The other day during a chess game, he made a dumb move and cussed, and he paused, and he said his wife had gotten onto him about cussin' and he had told her that men do that sometimes. He told me he bet Jesus's disciples sometimes cussed.

I laughed, reminded him that he had gotten onto me many times about cussin' and I was glad to see he is doing better. I told him that when I was homeless in Key West, a young church pastor asked me how I was doing and I said God is beating the shit out of me, and the young church pastor said it is a sin to cuss, and I said if cussin' is the worst thing I ever did, then I would be a saint.

My pastor friend laughed. I did not tell him lots of women I have run with cussed.

The mostly godly man I ever knew used to drink moonshine, cussed and did not attend church. You can read about US District Judge Clarence W. Allgood in the "He used to drink moonshine" chapter of *A Few Remarkable Alabama People I Have Known* by clicking on this link:

[https://archive.org/details/a-few-remarkable-alabama-people-i-have-known\\_202210](https://archive.org/details/a-few-remarkable-alabama-people-i-have-known_202210).

The other day, I stumbled across something at [religionsforums.com](http://religionsforums.com) and commented, and the fellow who posted it and I had a lengthy discussion about Jesus and the Bible. I thought the fellow was sincere, but when he insisted God dictated the Bible to men...

**Is it only that Jesus died or is it that we celebrate  
The Resurrection?**

Thread starter Kenny

Start date Apr 4, 2024

### **Redneck Mystic**

I grew up in a church family and eventually I came to wonder when I ever was not in church? And, I came to view salvation through Jesus is relative to living as he lived and taught in the Gospels.

### **Kenny**

Certainly living as he lives should be our goal!!

### **Redneck Mystic**

From what I've read and been told by people from various spiritual traditions, what's important is how we live, not so much what we believe about this or that, but how we relate to this world and people and what life serves up to us each day. In the Gospels, Jesus modeled and taught people an entirely new way to live, and in that way move closer to God. He thought that was really important. I came to the view that to the extent Christians live as Jesus lived and taught in the Gospels, they are saved by him.

### **Kenny**

I think those are conjoined twins with one heart. However the one heart residing in what we believe.



I liken it unto the relationship between a father and child. First and foremost it is the blood relationship that has the preeminence. In that relationship, it isn't based on works but on blood.

That being said, now that there is a relationship that overshadows any and all works, there is a process to grow in knowledge and capacity to live out what one believes. If one messes up in the living of the belief, fellowship may be hindered but relationship (faith) is still maintained.

Of course, I speak through the eyes of one who holds a worldview of the Christian faith; I'm sure that other religions have different viewpoints.

### **Redneck Mystic**

Maybe fellowship with God is affected by how one behaves? I was raised in Christendom, and I do not think just believing Jesus was the son of God translates to salvation through Jesus. Actions speak much louder. And, I think anyone who lives as Jesus lived and taught in the Gospels, even a Buddhist, or a Jew, or a Muslim, or even an Atheist, is in good standing with God. I do not speak from belief, but from daily direct experiences with angels known in the Bible since early 1987. They changed my perspective of everything, including me, and they went about it many ways, but the main way was standing me before

endless mirrors looking at me, and they still do that, and they do not claim to represent Christianity, nor any religion, but to God they are allegiant.

**Kenney**

Yes... Hoping that is what you understood in what i posted. Relationship abides but our actions, like unforgiveness, will hinder our capacity of intimate fellowship

**Redneck Mystic**

I was raised in Christendom, and I do not think just believing Jesus was the son of God translates to salvation through Jesus.

**Kenny**

I think it does. Every person who comes to Jesus has absolutely nothing good to offer in works or deeds to merit salvation. God so loved the world even when the world did not love Him nor deserved salvation.

**Redneck Mystic**

Actions speak much louder

**Kenny**

Can't argue that reality. But when I look at the book of Acts or Corinthians we can see that salvation was

effective even when their actions needed great correction.

Like a baby that dirties his/her diapers, messes are expected but you don't throw the baby out with the dirty diapers.

I leave the judging of hearts to God. I also don't accept what an angel says unless it is congruent with God's word. Satan comes as an angel of light but he is a wolf in sheep's clothing.

### **Redneck Mystic**

If you mean by God's word, the Bible, it was written by men, and it was men who decided which parts of handed down manuscripts would be in the Bible, and they decided nothing written by women would be in the Bible. If you lived in my skin a little while, you would know the angels on my case work for God and sometimes you might even wish there was no God .

I leave salvation to God, too, and when I read the Gospels, I see Jesus was very big on people learning to live differently from how they were living, and he began that approach with his disciples, and they really struggled with it, and when he left them they were still behaving like little boys and only after the Holy Spirit entered them at Pentecost and sprouted the seeds he planted in them did they start to grow up and become useful to God. The same happened to Paul after his

commeuppance as Saul on the road to Damascus. He went through a really rough patch before he emerged as something God could use.

John the Baptist said one would come whose sandals he was not worthy to latch and that one would baptize in fire and in spirit, and Jesus came and John recognized him and baptized him water, which Jesus never did to anyone after that, but he said his baptism was in fire and he was anxious to get on with it. He said such things as many are called, but few are chosen; the road to life is difficult and the gate narrow and few enter, the work is great and the laborers are few. I cannot reconcile that with the quick and painless salvation by Jesus the early church came up with. Consider what the unknown author of the Letter to the Hebrews wrote to Jews who had accepted Christ but the going was so rough that they fell back into their old ways. The author told them they should be teachers, they should be eating meat, but they were still drinking milk, and then the author told them:

### **Hebrews 12:**

Therefore, since we are surrounded by such a great cloud of witnesses, let us throw off everything that hinders and the sin that so easily entangles. And let us run with perseverance the race marked out for us, 2 fixing our eyes on Jesus, the pioneer and perfecter of

faith. For the joy set before him he endured the cross, scorning its shame, and sat down at the right hand of the throne of God. 3 Consider him who endured such opposition from sinners, so that you will not grow weary and lose heart.

4 In your struggle against sin, you have not yet resisted to the point of shedding your blood. 5 And have you completely forgotten this word of encouragement that addresses you as a father addresses his son? It says,

“My son, do not make light of the Lord’s discipline, and do not lose heart when he rebukes you, 6 because the Lord disciplines the one he loves, and he chastens everyone he accepts as his son.”

7 Endure hardship as discipline; God is treating you as his children. For what children are not disciplined by their father? 8 If you are not disciplined—and everyone undergoes discipline—then you are not legitimate, not true sons and daughters at all. 9 Moreover, we have all had human fathers who disciplined us and we respected them for it. How much more should we submit to the Father of spirits and live! 10 They disciplined us for a little while as they thought best; but God disciplines us for our good, in order that we may share in his holiness. 11 No discipline seems pleasant at the time, but painful. Later on, however, it produces a harvest of righteousness and peace for those who

have been trained by it.

12 Therefore, strengthen your feeble arms and weak knees. 13 “Make level paths for your feet,” so that the lame may not be disabled, but rather healed.

14 Make every effort to live in peace with everyone and to be holy; without holiness no one will see the Lord. 15 See to it that no one falls short of the grace of God and that no bitter root grows up to cause trouble and defile many. 16 See that no one is sexually immoral, or is godless like Esau, who for a single meal sold his inheritance rights as the oldest son. 17

Afterward, as you know, when he wanted to inherit this blessing, he was rejected. Even though he sought the blessing with tears, he could not change what he had done.

18 You have not come to a mountain that can be touched and that is burning with fire; to darkness, gloom and storm; 19 to a trumpet blast or to such a voice speaking words that those who heard it begged that no further word be spoken to them, 20 because they could not bear what was commanded: “If even an animal touches the mountain, it must be stoned to death.” 21 The sight was so terrifying that Moses said, “I am trembling with fear.”

22 But you have come to Mount Zion, to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem. You have come to thousands upon thousands of angels in joyful

assembly, 23 to the church of the firstborn, whose names are written in heaven. You have come to God, the Judge of all, to the spirits of the righteous made perfect, 24 to Jesus the mediator of a new covenant, and to the sprinkled blood that speaks a better word than the blood of Abel.

25 See to it that you do not refuse him who speaks. If they did not escape when they refused him who warned them on earth, how much less will we, if we turn away from him who warns us from heaven? 26 At that time his voice shook the earth, but now he has promised, “Once more I will shake not only the earth but also the heavens.”[e] 27 The words “once more” indicate the removing of what can be shaken—that is, created things—so that what cannot be shaken may remain.

28 Therefore, since we are receiving a kingdom that cannot be shaken, let us be thankful, and so worship God acceptably with reverence and awe, 29 for our “God is a consuming fire.”

I never heard that passage discussed in a Christian church, and I was in a lot of church services before I realized I’m in church wherever I am and the Devil of which you spoke correctly likes to hide, because no one in a church would think to look for the Devil there.

## **Kenny**

Well... this is the nature of man—differences. But I believe God's ways and thought are higher than ours. Man may have penned the words, but the God was the one who dictated what is right.

Yes... angels work for God. But there are principalities, rulers, powers etc. that don't.

Yes... the words sprout in hearts and they change us. Agree completely.

Yes! After I was filled with the Holy Spirit and fire of God, it has been a wonderful journey.

Yes... so true, they were still drinking milk.

interesting... not sure what churches you have been in. I have heard them preach on those passages often.

## **Redneck Mystic**

How do we know God dictated the Bible to men? How do we know Satan did not also do some dictating to those men?

In the Gospels, Jesus said the way is difficult and the gate is narrow and few enter therein, and the church says all who believe Jesus was the son of God who died for their sins die and go to heaven. I cannot reconcile that very wide chasm, but the church seems to reconcile it by fiat, and I think Satan really likes that. The soul is eternal, and living on this world in a human body is an experience, but it is not anywhere close to



the whole experience. Yet, the church says there is one shot at it, and after physical death it's heaven or hell, unless you are Catholic and there is purgatory as well.

The eastern spiritual traditions and the aborigine spiritual traditions viewed life on this world as a piece of something much greater and there was no all or nothing, heaven or hell.

In the Gospels, Jesus gave sight to a man born blind, and afterward his disciples asked him who had sinned, the man or his parents, so that he was born blind? How could a man have sinned before he was born, but in a prior life somewhere? Jesus did not rebuke the disciples for the question, but he said the man was born blind so that on that day the glory of God could be made manifest.

In another passage, the disciples asked Jesus if Elijah had returned and he said yes, but he was not recognized, and they understood he spoke to them of John the Baptist.

I tell Christians, to the extent they live as Jesus lived and taught in the Gospels, they are saved by him. I also tell them Jesus told his disciples that he had flocks of which they did not know, and where were those flocks?

There are indeed angels who are not in service to

God, and demons, and I deal with them all the time, and I have dealt with them in churches. Every human being has a demonic twin, and coming to terms with that is part of the journey. Jesus dealt with his demonic twin in the wilderness and later.

The angels who dragooned me in early 1987 stood me. before many mirrors looking at what was inside of me, and they still do it,, and it's no fun, but it is necessary.

It is not finished until we stop breathing and pass to the afterlife where we see things very differently, and we have a life review, to the extent we did not have it before we stopped breathing, and then we move on to the next thing God has in store for us.

The church does not care for that perspective, because it does not put people in fear of eternal damnation if they do not attend church and give it their money. The pastor of the Episcopal church in which I grew up, after my mother yanked me out of the Southern Baptist Church, which was the church of her and my father's parents, hated preaching tithing to the church, and he only did it once a year, when the Diocese made him do it.

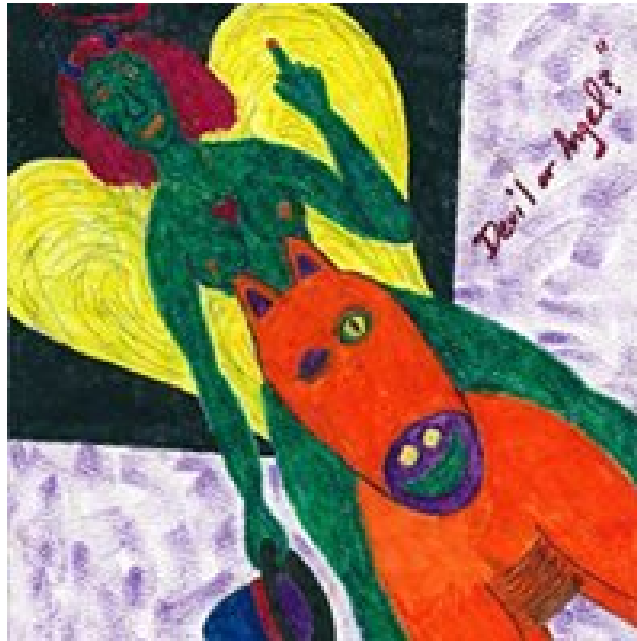
Not long after he told his vestrymen, if they used local off duty cops to stop blacks from attending their church, he would close the church, he left that church,

which he had built from scratch into a huge church, and he took a small rural Episcopal parish, where he remained until he left this life.

Over time, the church he built from scratch started having financial difficulties, and the woman I was with was a devout member and she felt like she would die and burn forever in hell if she did not attend Sunday services there, and I was there with her when the priests and lay members in that church reminded the congregation that Jesus had said to be a generous giver, good measure pressed down, and to give more money to the church, and my lady was as if stung by a wasp and she blanched and seemed to have trouble breathing.

You can read more about Lee Graham, who started St Luke's, in the "He was a parish priest" chapter of *A Few Remarkable Alabama People I Have Known*, by clicking on this link: [https://archive.org/details/a-few-remarkable-alabama-people-i-have-known\\_202210](https://archive.org/details/a-few-remarkable-alabama-people-i-have-known_202210).

rough passages and poetry



God, Fate or Something came visiting from several directions.

**Run to Write  
Gratitude for Moving Through...  
a Family Crisis**

JULIE B. HUGHES Substack Newsletter

JUL 12

I couldn't wait to share this with you!  
I had the privilege of being a guest on The Eddy  
Network Podcast hosted by Ed Brenegar. I was  
grateful to have the opportunity to talk with Ed about  
lessons learned, unexpected gifts, and gratitude during

my husband's cancer diagnosis.

I hope it is a light for another family going through cancer or an unexpected medical diagnosis. May it bring glory to God.

Please share with someone you love.

See you on Monday,

Julie

P.S. Thank you for letting me drop into your inbox today. Happy Friday!

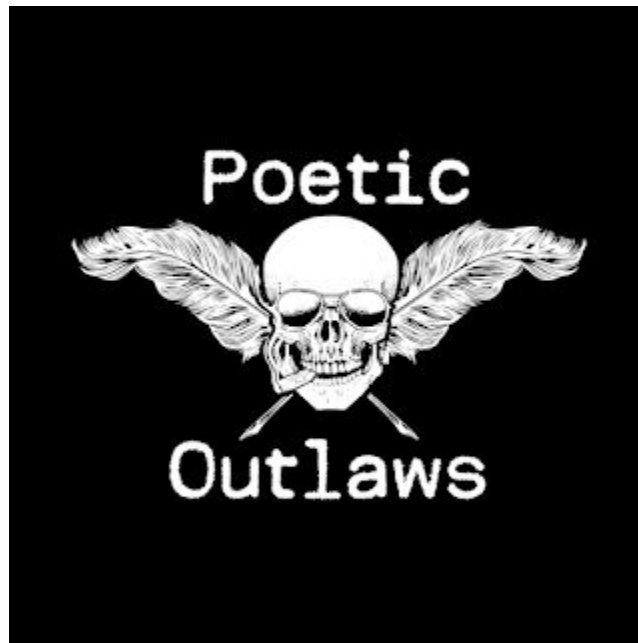
### **Sloan Bashinsky**

Based my experience with prostate cancer, which radiation remitted, yet the radiation damaged my urethra and colon, and my mother's fatal experience with lung cancer and my favorite niece's lethal experience with cervical cancer, and other people I have known's brush with or fatal experience with cancer, there is nothing glorious about it and I'm reminded of the grace under fire approach taken by Ernest Hemingway in his novels, and even in his own life when he was losing his mind to brain cancer. I hate for anyone to go through the hell that cancer is and I hope for people who do, they are able to retain their dignity and a sense of humor, sarcasm and comfort in knowing it too will pass and death is merely a passage, and God by whatever name is in the middle of it, even if that cannot be understood.

## **Julie B. Hughes**

Thank you Sloan for you message here. It is not easy. I was grateful for my faith, running, writing, and support to lean on during this time. I'm so sorry you have had to face it in so many ways. Take good care.

From Erik Rittenberry's Poetic Outlaws Substack Newsletter:



## **Poetry is Where Everything Happens**

By: Alejandra Pizarnik

JUL 11

Poetry is where everything happens.

Like love, humor, suicide, and every fundamentally subversive act, poetry ignores everything but its own freedom and its own truth. To say “freedom” and “truth” in reference to the world in which we live (or don’t live) is to tell a lie. It is not a lie when you attribute those words to poetry: the place where everything is possible.

In opposition to the feeling of exile, the feeling of perpetual longing, stands the poem—promised land. Every day my poems get shorter: little fires for the one who was lost in a strange land. Within a few lines, I usually find the eyes of someone I know waiting for me; reconciled things, hostile things, things that ceaselessly produce the unknown; and my perpetual thirst, my hunger, my horror.

From there the invocation comes, the evocation, the conjuring forth. In terms of inspiration, my belief is completely orthodox, but this in no way restricts me. On the contrary, it allows me to focus on a single poem for a long time. And I do it in a way that recalls, perhaps, the gesture of a painter: I fix the piece of paper to the wall and contemplate it; I change words, delete lines. Sometimes, when I delete a word, I imagine another one in its place, but without even knowing its name.

Then, while I'm waiting for the one I want, I make a drawing in the empty space that alludes to it. And this drawing is like a summoning ritual. (I would add that my attraction to silence allows me to unite, in spirit, poetry with painting; in that sense, what others might call the privileged moment, I speak of as privileged space.)

They've been warning us, since time immemorial, that poetry is a mystery. Yet we recognize it: we know where it lies.

I believe the question "What does poetry mean to you?" deserves one of two responses: either silence or a book that relates a terrible adventure—the adventure of someone who sets off to question the poem, poetry, the poetic; to embrace the body of the poem; to ascertain its incantatory, electrifying, revolutionary, and consoling power. Some have already told us of this marvelous journey.

For myself, at present, it remains a study.

---

Translated from the Spanish by Cole Heinowitz. You can find this passage in— *A Tradition of Rupture: Selected Critical Writings*

### **Sloan Bashinsky**

I think, feel, everything is poetry at some level. for 49 years, my only poem was for my senior law partner's



40th birthday. In 1991, the next poem came. It seemed to write itself. In 1992, the next poem came, it leaped out of me. That's how all of my poems came. They just happened. Sometimes there was an external provocation, such as the birthday poem for my senior law partner. But mostly, the poems seemed to come from somewhere else and I was their scribe and their target and their subject within a surrounding soup or sea in which I swam. There was only one draft, but sometimes a comma, dash, period, semi-colon was added or removed, and when I typed it, it had to be spell-checked sometimes.

A Crestline Heights Elementary School classmate wrote to me on Facebook about the

Melchizedek Sunday School for lawyers, priests, business leaders, politicians and humans post, and it went from there ...

### **Peter**

My vivid memory of Lee Graham [*pastor of St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Crestline*] was when he would come and give some vigorous yanks on the church bell rope because I wasn't pulling strongly enough! My family left Crestline for Forest Park and Saint Mary's Episcopal in the summer of 1955. My mother thought David Wright was a saint.

Did you ever hear of an experimental Episcopal Church in Birmingham called The Church of the Transfiguration?

### **Sloan Bashinsky**

I attended Transfig for about 2 years when Bob Ross pastored it. I knew most members by first name. One year, I was the church's treasurer for a while and I got to see every donor's check and some of them were earmarked for this or that, which was very revealing. As were a whole lot of other things that happened in that congregation.

### **Peter**

Well, I attended regularly from the Ross era into the Bill Yon era. So it may be that Transfig is why I remember your name more than Crestline elementary.

Our paths have crossed in interesting ways. I would say that we have both been fascinated more by the unconventional in our world than the conventional.

### **Sloan Bashinsky**

I remember Bill and Lib Yon. That was the time of encounter groups, open marriage discussion and perhaps more, kumbaya, Vietnam angst, and a great

deal of personal angst in me and my marriage which did not help my children. I wonder why I don't remember you there? Maybe my head was stuck somewhere the sun didn't shine much.

**Peter**

Ned Wright

**Sloan Bashinsky**

Ned Wright?

**Peter**

Son of David Cady Wright, minister at St. Mary's church.

**Sloan Bashinsky**

I think maybe I was in St. Mary's once, perhaps for a wedding. When I was in the black night of the soul, I ate some meals in nearby St. Andrew's soup kitchen and did a little cleanup afterward in the dining hall and bathroom, because I needed something to do. About two years later, I attended a service there with a friend from St. Luke's, it was right after a man had called me one morning to say God had told him when he was praying that I needed to read the Letter to the Hebrews, which I did and understood I was in

Melchizedek chastening. When the priest offered me the wafer at the communion rail, something knocked me off the rail and my friend caught me and pulled me back to the rail. Similar when I was offered the communion wine. My friend was very interested for some time in my reports of not of this world experiences, and he weathered my time at the communion rail that day. I lived in his home for a while after separating from my 4th wife and the black night began to lift. That was a really rough patch for me, but it was easy compared to the black night, which was like half my brain had died and I was only half there for 16 months.

**It's better to live a difficult life than to be known for having no spine**



Borrowing from Donald Trump's speaking style, two hugely important things happened yesterday.

The first was, for the second time in two weeks, I inadvertently emailed a blog post to some people I know with their email addresses showing, instead of being bcc suppressed. For the second time, I was mortified. I did it earlier this year, and was mortified.

I became plagued with dyslexia when I began 1st grade at Crestline Heights Elementary School in 1948. I wrote a word or a number in a test, and when the test paper came back marked with the teacher's red checks, I was mortified to see I wrote something I knew was wrong, but I wrote it anyway and I did not see it. For example, I wrote there for

their, or I wrote  $5 \times 9 = 54$ , instead of 45. It also appeared in typographical, er, typographical mistakes. I just now really did make that mistake. There was no talk of dyslexia when I was a boy in school. On my report cards, my teachers checked "makes careless mistakes". I felt awful and kept doing it.

I took a physics course in high school, and found I really liked physics. I thought I Aced every question on a physics exam, but the teacher gave me a 54 out of 100. Although I set up every equation correctly, I made arithmetic or algebra calculation mistakes. I chuckled last night when I thought maybe that was not an accident, but was my soul or God's way to steer me away from physics and mathematics, because my path lay in metaphysics :-). And in writing. My math-wiz father advised me to take a typing class my freshman year in high school, because being able to touch type would come in very handy later. :-). I type today without thinking, and boy does dyslexia love to play with that :-).

Even after I run something through Google Doc's spelling and grammar checker and publish it at one of my blogs, or in an email to someone, I later see a mistake or two or three in it. If I go back a day or so later and read it again, I see another mistake or two or three. Nothing I can do about that but hire a professional proofreader to live

with me and keep me on the writing straight and narrow. Or it might happen again.

My pediatrician uncle Leo Bashinsky quit practicing medicine after he realized he sometimes was forgetting appointments with his baby patients and/or what hospitals they were in. His wife told me it was the result of him contracting encephalitis, which affected his brain function. However, he later was diagnosed with Alzheimer's and perhaps that was the explanation.

I remember important stuff pretty well, perhaps all too well sometimes. But I am known to space out a doctor's or some other kind of appointment even after I write it down on my paper calendar. My friends can attest to that.

The second hugely important thing that happened yesterday is I found someone online who might be from the same or similar planet I am from. He showed up after I republished the Imagine an America where Christian lawyers, priests, business leaders, politicians and ordinary citizens experience the Melchizedek fire and spirit baptism of Jesus and Mary Magdalene post at [religiousforums.com](http://religiousforums.com) yesterday morning.

It took me several days to finally finish writing that post. I thought I was done, and something new came to me to

put into it. That happened several times. By the time it was done, yesterday, I felt it was the most important thing I ever wrote or will write about Christianity.

I republished it at [religousforum.com](http://religousforum.com) and someone showed up who seemed so very different from anyone I had discussed Christianity with online.

## **B**

It's funny, I skimmed your post then decided to open up my bible program on the laptop. My last reading or study was in Hebrews, but I backed up this morning to Hebrew 6, then located a Melchizedek reference. Our positioning in life varies between everyone, and while I don't expect everyone to understand your view of Melchizedekian fire, I'm certain that a truthful spirit will win out over deception one day. Me? Well, I'm an unaffiliated student who honors truth the best I'm able. To me "the fire" is about development and learning how to live in truth. We are "disciplined as we live our lives, learning the differences between truth and error. It's easy enough to set this on the side burner, but keeping it stoked up and active would offer greater increase in our abilities. A truthful spirit, imo, should be leading our actions always, but we know it isn't going to happen without forgiveness first, which doesn't seem very promising for a lot of people. Consequence



is ever present, and Hebrew 12 alludes to this as being the way, also ... I suppose it's good to teach a truthful spirit young. I should've listened better myself, but I finally caught on. It helps keep me out of a more troubling mix, nowadays. It wasn't easy "coming clean" after a lifetime of "under the radar", "hush hush" type of living recklessly.

### **Redneck Mystic**

Thanks, I'm 81, and I didn't really learn much during my church-going days, and that dramatically began to change in early 1987.

### **Hebrews 12:29**

For our God is a consuming fire.

What I see here of my post is not all that I posted. The beginning up to my recount of childhood church experiences is not showing, and Hebrews 12 and all that follows, including the Mary Magdalene parts, are not showing.

Are you familiar with the Sufi poet Rumi's "Chickpea to Cook" poem?

**translated by Coleman Barks)**

A chickpea leaps almost over the rim of the pot where it's being boiled.

'Why are you doing this to me?'

The cook knocks him down with the ladle.

'Don't you try to jump out. You think I'm torturing you. I'm giving you flavor, so you can mix with spices and rice and be the lovely vitality of a human being.

Remember when you drank rain in the garden. That was for this.'

Grace first. Sexual pleasure, then a boiling new life begins, and the Friend has something good to eat.

Eventually the chickpea will say to the cook,

'Boil me some more. Hit me with the skimming spoon. I can't do this by myself. I'm like an elephant that dreams of gardens back in Hindustan and doesn't pay attention to his driver. You're my cook, my driver, my way into existence. I love your cooking.'

The cook says, 'I was once like you, fresh from the ground. Then I boiled in time, and boiled in the body, two fierce boilings.

My animal soul grew powerful. I controlled it with practices, and boiled some more, and boiled once beyond that, and became your teacher.

**Compare the light and sparing touch to this translation by Chittick:**

Look at the chickpeas in the pot, how they keep on jumping up, driven by the fire.

At every instant the chickpeas boil up to the top and let out a hundred cries: “Why are you tormenting us with fire? Since you showed your appreciation for us by buying us, why do you treat us with contempt?”

The housewife keeps stirring with the ladle:

“Now, now! Boil sweetly and do not jump back from the one that made the fire.

I do not cook you because I dislike you: I want to gain taste and savor.

You will become food and then mix with the spirit. You do not suffer tribulation because you are despicable. Fresh and succulent, you used to drink water in the garden; your water-drinking was for the sake of this fire,”

His Mercy is prior to His Wrath, so that Mercy could acquire a stock-in-trade: existence. For without pleasure, flesh and skin do not grow.

If they do not grow, what can love for the Friend waste away? Gentleness will come again, asking forgiveness:

“Now you have purified yourself and jumped across the stream to safety.”

She says, “Oh chickpeas! You fed in the spring pasture, and now suffering has come as your guest.

Receive it well. So that the guest may return in gratitude and tell of your generosity before the King. Then in place of benefits, the Benefactor will come; all benefits will envy you.

I am Abraham, you are my son. Place your head before the knife: I saw in a dream that I must sacrifice you.

## **B**

I've never read this before. I guess the difficulty helps balance the equation - All work no play - all play no work, etc. Conditioning, strengthening, and navigation.

## **Redneck Mystic**

Here's the ending that was left out of my post, which ties in Mary Magdalene and what Hebrews presented, which I never heard mentioned in a church.

## **Hebrews 12 NIV**

12 Therefore, since we are surrounded by such a great cloud of witnesses, let us throw off everything that hinders and the sin that so easily entangles. And let us run with perseverance the race marked out for us, 2 fixing our eyes on Jesus, the pioneer and perfecter of faith. For the joy set before him he endured the cross, scorning its shame, and sat down at the right hand of the throne of God. 3 Consider him

who endured such opposition from sinners, so that you will not grow weary and lose heart.

4 In your struggle against sin, you have not yet resisted to the point of shedding your blood. 5 And have you completely forgotten this word of encouragement that addresses you as a father addresses his son? It says,

“My son, do not make light of the Lord’s discipline, and do not lose heart when he rebukes you, 6 because the Lord disciplines the one he loves, and he chastens everyone he accepts as his son.”

7 Endure hardship as discipline; God is treating you as his children. For what children are not disciplined by their father? 8 If you are not disciplined—and everyone undergoes discipline—then you are not legitimate, not true sons and daughters at all. 9 Moreover, we have all had human fathers who disciplined us and we respected them for it. How much more should we submit to the Father of spirits and live! 10 They disciplined us for a little while as they thought best; but God disciplines us for our good, in order that we may share in his holiness. 11 No discipline seems pleasant at the time, but painful. Later on, however, it produces a harvest of righteousness and peace for those who have been trained by it.

12 Therefore, strengthen your feeble arms and weak knees. 13 “Make level paths for your feet,” so that the

lame may not be disabled, but rather healed.

14 Make every effort to live in peace with everyone and to be holy; without holiness no one will see the Lord. 15 See to it that no one falls short of the grace of God and that no bitter root grows up to cause trouble and defile many. 16 See that no one is sexually immoral, or is godless like Esau, who for a single meal sold his inheritance rights as the oldest son. 17

Afterward, as you know, when he wanted to inherit this blessing, he was rejected. Even though he sought the blessing with tears, he could not change what he had done.

18 You have not come to a mountain that can be touched and that is burning with fire; to darkness, gloom and storm; 19 to a trumpet blast or to such a voice speaking words that those who heard it begged that no further word be spoken to them, 20 because they could not bear what was commanded: "If even an animal touches the mountain, it must be stoned to death." 21 The sight was so terrifying that Moses said, "I am trembling with fear."

22 But you have come to Mount Zion, to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem. You have come to thousands upon thousands of angels in joyful assembly, 23 to the church of the firstborn, whose names are written in heaven. You have come to God, the Judge of all, to the spirits of the righteous made

perfect,<sup>24</sup> to Jesus the mediator of a new covenant, and to the sprinkled blood that speaks a better word than the blood of Abel.

25 See to it that you do not refuse him who speaks. If they did not escape when they refused him who warned them on earth, how much less will we, if we turn away from him who warns us from heaven? 26 At that time his voice shook the earth, but now he has promised, “Once more I will shake not only the earth but also the heavens.”[e] 27 The words “once more” indicate the removing of what can be shaken—that is, created things—so that what cannot be shaken may remain.

28 Therefore, since we are receiving a kingdom that cannot be shaken, let us be thankful, and so worship God acceptably with reverence and awe, 29 for our “God is a consuming fire.”

In 1991, as I recall, I was put into a trance and this came from very far away:

*Melchizedek*

*Melchizedek is an order of angel that comes to a*

*planet in trouble to prepare it to receive the Christ*

*Christ does not come to a planet without Melchizedek*

*Mary Magdalene was of the Order Melchizedek*



### Melchizedek Star

I later was told Mary Magdalene wrote Hebrews anonymously, because it was known no man would read anything a woman wrote. Here's her poem:

Rosa Mystica  
Sweet Mystery  
Blood of Christ  
Living water  
without which  
there are no Rainbows  
and God is dead.

Imagine an America where Christian lawyers, priests, business leaders, politicians and ordinary citizens experience the fire and spirit Baptism of Jesus and Mary Magdalene.



## B

I had never heard the association until now. I have understood Melchizedek being associated with woman before, but I had never placed Hebrews 12 in perspective of a woman teaching a son. It's interesting. The star of David equates to a Melchizedek star, then? I wonder where Solomon fits into the paradigm. I'm looking at this from the perspective of someone who views life under the sun as being the lake prepared for the devil and the angels, which would include all of us also. We're developing here, and I might suggest a type of refinement process takes place as we learn how to navigate more effectively as people. Honestly, I think it's quite natural for some to understand the precept and for them to adhere to the guiding principles. I couldn't imagine everyone, at least not yet, being in tune with this mindset. Some are expecting disaster sooner than we would be adequately prepared to meet the challenges and others don't have enough concern to consider much at all. Maybe it'll balance out one day. I'll suggest that we are much like he was and that we are not exempt from the difficulties associated with life under the sun. I thought of a song when I read your post. It's titled "The Light" by: Disturbed. It may not be your flavor, but it touches point well enough to understand.

## Redneck Mystic

Judaism borrowed the Melchizedek star.

What's going on in America is mayhem chaos. That is not just confined to America, but I live here and I must deal with it as well as what all else crosses my path.

I found the lyrics to The Light and like them. They remind me of Leonard Cohen singing there's a crack in everything, that's how the light gets in, and of the title to Gloria Steinem's book, *The Truth Will Make You Free, But First It Will \*\*\*\* You Off* [*religiousforum.com's moderator suppressed Piss*], and of Jesus telling his disciples in the Gospels, if they abided in him and his ways, they would come to know the truth and the truth would make them free.

This poem fell out me in the fall of 1995, as I was starting a huge change in my life, and I can't say I lived the poem very well.

Love without truth  
is mush,  
Truth without love  
is harsh,  
Two sides of the same coin,  
they live together,  
or die.

**B**

You allude to brokenness and scar tissue thickening the skin. It's true, but as you suggest in your poem, it takes two to tango. Love without truth is mush, truth without love is harsh. Two sides of the same coin, they live together or (die). I'll presume the dying is about fading or becoming obscure.

"It's better to live a difficult life than to be known for having no spine." - B

### **Redneck Mystic**

Don't recall alluding to "brokenness and scar tissue," but that fits the path and scar tissue is very tough. Your quote is priceless and such a life develops a spine. I told my best friend today about finding you at this forum and that finally I had conversed with someone online who seems to be on a very different wave length. The moderator of this forum moved my post to Journals, which is a restricted platform.

Here's the beginning of what the moderator removed from my post:



In April 2001, the second year in what would be a five-year stretch of being homeless, a familiar voice told me in my sleep, “You are an ordained Melchizedek exorcist priest going back into a prison where you once lived to help other people still living there.”

I saw myself in a facility of some kind, with men and women around my age dressed casually and milling around. Off to the right, I saw a way out of there and knew I would not use it until I was told to use it. I woke up, wondering what that was about?

The next night, I was told by the same voice in my sleep, “You cannot do this work correctly if you are trying to get anything back from the people you are trying to help.”

As time passed, I came to understand the prison was Christianity, as it was practiced, which was very different from what Jesus in the Gospels was about.

According to Christianity, salvation through Jesus is believing he is the son of God, and he died on the cross for our sins, and he was resurrected from the dead and ascended to heaven to sit on the right hand of God.

Yet Jesus in the Gospels said such things as: many are called, but few are chosen; the road to life is difficult and the gate narrow and few enter therein; the work is great and the laborers are few; turn the other cheek; pray for and do good to your enemies; first take the beam out of your own eye; judge not and God will not judge you; it is more blessed to give than to receive; if someone asks for your shirt, give him/her also your coat; love your neighbor as yourself; take no thought for tomorrow, for each day has enough troubles of its own; you cannot worship God and mammon.

I had many adventures since those two messages came through in April 2001, and I wrote a lot about that at blogs and in books, and I'm still in that prison,

and I'm still being made to look at the beams in my own eyes by something a lot bigger and smarter than me.

Let me back up and start over.

to make living itself the highest art



A recent offering from Erik Rittenberry's Substack caught my fancy.



**To Make Living Itself the Highest Art**

JUL 6

*The capacities by which we can gain insights into higher worlds lie dormant within each one of us.*  
—Rudolf Steiner

**The creative act... is a self-discovery within the fullness of Divine life.**  
—Nicholas Berdyaev

Rising out the world, you and I,  
a finite flame among the infinite darkness  
of two nebulous chasms...

Born into a disenchanted world  
of Cartesian rationalism, our minds  
and spirits isolated from the universal,  
a race of convulsionaries trudging  
though the wastelands of a technocratic  
nightmare, afraid of what we might become  
if we rid ourselves of the empty shell of appearances  
and live out the soul's yearning--that luminous source  
that whispers from the depths.

To become a nobody, in the highest sense  
of the word, a BEING whose nature  
transcends the lower realms of



the synthetic self, and to coalesce with the timeless flame -- the "divine creative energy resounding through all things."

Those who know are calm and steadfast and have no need to disguise their ignorance with grandstanding and lavish exhibitionism. Their identities extend over and above the limits of the garnished flesh, the wildfires of intuition still ablaze, their transparent eyes gaze upon a sublime truth that lies beyond the paraphernalia of the measurable, "a lover" they are, "of uncontained and immortal beauty."

Our cosmic task, my friends, is to not piss away our passing days on the idiotic distractions cooked up by this cosmetic culture, clutching like desperate fools on to possessions and prestige, shackling ourselves to fixed formulas and stifling belief systems.

We're here to honor our brief existence

by elevating our minds  
above the sterile protocols of this  
menacing matrix. To break free  
from the cultural constraints  
and unleash our own life-energies  
toward a universal way  
of being.

We are here to evade the muck  
that's continually heaved at us,  
and revel beneath the empty skies  
like Dionysian gypsies,  
opening ourselves  
to the cosmic mysteries  
that are playing out  
endlessly  
beneath the surface of  
conceptual reality.

We are here to strip ourselves of  
the myriad of fashionable falsities  
and to actively participate in  
the poetry of life.

Our task is not to lose ourselves to  
the mundane necessities,  
but to courageously overcome

all that keeps us from hearkening  
the eternal throb of the spirit.

We are here to doff our civilized masks  
and reconnect with our higher nature.  
To reacquaint ourselves once again  
with the wisdom of the ancients,  
to explore the majestic beauty  
of the natural world,  
to pursue the unknown in  
spite of our fears,  
to read,  
to create,  
to love,  
to feed our divine curiosities,  
and to make living itself  
the highest art.

**Sloan Bashinsky**

**Sloan's Newsletter**

Jul 6

Liked by Poetic Outlaws

Amen

Earth-  
the sacred prism

through which souls are refracted  
into their elemental parts,  
purified in Holy Fire,  
then one-forged  
and sent on their way  
to not even God knows where,  
simply because they are all  
unique emanations of God,  
Evolving...

A year before that poem leaped out of me into my  
writing journal, this poem crawled one letter and a time  
out of me into my writing journal, as rivers of tears and  
snot fled my eyes and nose.

He is the paper,  
the ink his blood,  
the pen his soul,  
and the poet is God.

Not long after, this arrived in similar fashion.

He feels deep beauty in the dark pool from which  
his writings flow, she clings to him like fine silk  
precious oil, she feels compressed, solid- like a  
black pearl growing very larger from inside out with

each stroke of his pen, pushing her precious  
waters over her banks into his dreams and life.

What kicked off my being all I can be arrived in 1991:

### "Living Poets"

Dead poets are poets who never write  
Who obey shoulds and oughts  
Who live to please others  
Who value money over God  
Who die without ever having lived  
Death is their mark

Dead poets are remembered by the living.  
Living poets are remembered by time  
Dead poets never sing their song  
Living poets never stop singing it

The difference between the two is this:  
One worships fear, the other life

To be a dead poet is hard  
It requires being someone else  
To be a living poet is easy  
It only means being myself

One choice is hell, the other heaven  
That is what is meant by free will

Egged on by this in 1992:

"The Mockingbird"

I happened upon a mockingbird  
singing its fool head off –  
I asked it how and why it sang?  
But all it did was look ahead,  
all it did was sing.  
It never turned to see if I was watching,  
or listened for money jingling in my pockets,  
or asked if I liked its music,  
or expected a recording contract –  
It was too busy singing  
to pay any attention to me.  
Thus did I learn  
the greatest sin of all  
is to kill a mockingbird.

And this in 1993:

"Rules"

Who invented the rule that poetry must rhyme, have pentameter, be cast into verse? Yes, who invented that really silly rule? Surely it wasn't the maker of the first stone — otherwise there'd be no stone to break all those slaving rules!

And by this in 2003:

“I AM A MAN”

I am a man.

I said,  
I am a man!

What means it,  
being a man?

A man is a warrior:  
he lives by a code of honor,  
his word is reliable,  
his actions confirm his words,  
his commitment is holiness,  
his enemies are welcome at his hearth,  
he fears but moves forward,  
he cries and gets up again,  
he hates but forgives,  
he loves and let's go,

he doubts but trusts God,  
he's a good friend,  
he seeks resolutions,  
he demands nothing,  
he risks everything,  
he regrets his mistakes,  
he seeks to make amends,  
he puts others' welfare first,  
he accepts apologies truly made,  
he expects nothing back,  
he lives ready to die,  
he laughs when he "should" scream,  
he screams when he "should" laugh,  
he sings just because,  
he shrugs off insults,  
he learns from misfortune,  
he cusses God for making him,  
he wishes he was done,  
he loves children and animals,  
he relishes a woman's scent,  
he smiles when he's content,  
he knows God's his master,  
he walks in rainbows,  
his garden is the world,  
his way is nature,  
he loves fishing,  
his wife is his soul,



his food is life,  
his pay is whatever he receives.  
Yep, he's crazy.

the day after Donald Trump became a living martyr, claiming to be “One nation, under God” is a very good way to invite God to say, “Oh yeah, let’s see about that!”



Yesterday, Donald Trump was made a living martyr after President Biden had said Trump should be put in a bullseye, which I imagine will lead to Trump, MAGAs and Republicans and even some Democrats demanding the FBI and Congress investigate President Biden for hiring the shooter, and President Biden will deny it and maybe think to say he got the bullseye idea from Trump’s Supreme Court and his statement was an official act as president. Trump said God alone is why he was not killed.

Trump experienced what he had sown with plenty of help from his MAGA hordes and lots of Republicans and 6 Christian-right Supreme Court Justices. The shooter

missed for some reason. Perhaps God or an angel made him miss. Perhaps Lucifer made him miss. Perhaps the shooter simply did not have time to set up properly, relax, breathe out and squeeze off a shot. The shooter was killed, sowing what he had reaped, and he made Trump a living martyr and may very well got him elected in November, which I'm quite sure will please Lucifer, as will it please Lucifer if Joe Biden gets reelected.

Two criminals is the best America has to offer. No way Jesus and God, or Allah, like Biden helping Israel and Hamas kill, maim, displace and/or starve every civilian in Gaza. Jesus was boots on the ground, day after day. A demon has infiltrated Biden and Trump, and their followers. Their religious claims about themselves do not change that. Their religious training should have made them run from Biden and Trump, but instead their religious beliefs caused them to be certain God was on their side.

An angel helps Biden do poorly in the debate against Trump, and maybe the Dems will choose a different candidate. Same angel helps Biden call the Ukraine President Putin and Kamala Harris Trump, for same reason. God did not want Trump killed and made a martyr, and where would Lucifer find another Trump anytime soon? Who knows what might happen between now and Election Day? We can pretty much count on civil strife if

Trump does not win. America claiming to be one nation under God is a very good way to invite God to say, “Oh yeah, let’s see about that.”

Consider:

**Revelation 13:3**

New International Version

One of the heads of the beast seemed to have had a fatal wound, but the fatal wound had been healed. The whole world was filled with wonder and followed the beast.

**How about a demon distracted local police and the Secret Service detail and the shooter enough to save Donald Trump's life**



Consider this excerpt from a CBS News article:

By Nicole Sganga, Pat Milton

Updated on: July 14, 2024 / 11:53 AM EDT / CBS News

**The FBI is leading the investigation into the shooting.**

"We're pointing at the guy," said the witness, named Greg, adding, "he had a rifle — you could literally see him with a rifle." He told the BBC that he and others told the police and were pointing him out to U.S. Secret Service agents, and he estimated that the man was on the roof for "three or four minutes" before shots were heard. A man who was at the rally said that soon after Trump started speaking, he saw a man "bear crawling" up the building.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JcjLvhhq8nhw>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NP86CksBmoU>

Consider this excerpt from an AP article:

"The roof where Crooks lay was less than 150 meters (164 yards) from where Trump was speaking, a distance from which a decent marksman could reasonably hit a human-sized target. For reference, 150 meters is a distance at which U.S. Army recruits must hit a scaled human-sized silhouette to qualify with the M-16 rifle."

When I read the CBS News excerpt to my friend Bob, who does the tech work for my books at the free library archive.org and for The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast viewed on Torrent platforms around the world, he said cold chills ran up and down his spine.

I watched many CNN reports on the assassination attempt, and I heard no mention of attempts by people at the rally to alert local police and the Secret Service detail to a man with a rifle climbing a nearby building.

I read news reports that the 20-year-old white male shooter used the NRA's favorite hunting rifle, the AR-15, which his father had purchased about six months before the assassination attempt.

I read news reports that the shooter was a registered Republican, he was the lone conservative in his liberal high school class, he was bullied every day at school, and he contributed \$15 to Joe Biden's PAC on January 20, 2021, the day Joe Biden was sworn in as president.

I took that to mean the shooter was upset about the January 6, 2021 coup attempt orchestrated by Donald Trump, and Joe Biden and the Democrats had zero to do with the assassination attempt.

Let's return to the excerpt from CBS News, in which people in the crowd told Secret Service agents at the Trump rally about a man with a rifle climbing a nearby building.

I clerked for a U.S. District Judge, who presided over every criminal prosecution in his court's jurisdiction. I sat in his chambers many times when he and federal prosecutors and criminal defense lawyers discussed criminal trials over which he presided. I sat in many discussions with F.B.I. agents, U.S. Marshals and U.S. Treasury agents.

It is inconceivable to me that local police and Secret Service Agents(who work for the U.S. Treasury) were told

of a man with a rifle climbing a building near a presidential rally and the local police and local police and the Secret Service agents did nothing- unless they didn't like Donald Trump and wanted to give the shooter a chance to kill him.

I think the odds of that happening are less than zero.

From what I read in various news reports and saw on CNN, Trump had plenty of Secret Service protection.

So, what happened?

The local police and Secret Service agents blew off what they were told about a man with a rifle climbing a nearby building?

I think the odds of that happening are less than zero.

So, how about a demon distracted local police and Trump's Secret Service detail and the shooter just enough to save Donald Trump's life.

For this redneck mystic lawyer, there is no other possible explanation for Donald Trump being alive today.



## A demon saved Donald Trump's life



Today brings my 3rd post about the attempted assassination of Donald Trump.



Here is a link to a YouTube of a man in the crowd, who tells that he spotted the shooter climbing up the building and pointed the shooter out to local police and Secret Service agents who did not respond.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JcjLvHg8nhw>

I saw TV news reports and YouTube reports that a local police officer climbed up to the roof of the building where the shooter was and the shooter pointed his rifle at the officer, who turned around and retreated and fell as he left the roof, and the shooter started shooting.

Why didn't the officer approach the shooter from behind with his weapon aimed at the shooter and shoot the shooter when he turned and pointed his rifle at the officer? Why didn't the officer empty his weapon to send a warning to President Trump and his nearby Secret Service detail? The officer was stupid? He was a coward? A demon influenced the officer, who disturbed the shooter enough to cause him to only nick Trump's right ear, or the demon deflected the bullet just enough to only nick Trump's right ear and turn Trump into a martyr Trump, Republicans and MAGAs would believe with all their hearts was saved by God to save America from the Democrats.

I saw TV news reports this morning that a Secret Service sniper on the roof of another building had the shooter in his scope and waited for the shooter to fire

before shooting and killing the shooter. What possible reason could the Secret Service sniper have to wait when he saw the shooter aiming his rifle at Trump? The Secret Service sniper was stupid? A demon influenced the Secret Service sniper to protect the demon's plan to make Trump a living martyr saved by God to save America.

I spoke with two friends who know a lot about guns, one is a Republican and one is an Independent, and they are as baffled as I am about the police officer and the Secret Service sniper not shooting the shooter before he fired the first shot at Donald Trump. They with me, there is no human explanation.

The Independent said, the day after the assassination attempt, the odds in Las Vegas of Trump being elected jumped from 52 to 68 percent.

A woman friend texted me a photo of a T-Shirt Trump now is selling to go along with the Bibles, MAGA hats, etc, he sells.



Another women friend texted me:  
Appearing in a [YouTube interview](#) dated four months ago, Pastor Brandon Biggs described his vision of an attempt on Donald Trump's life that strikingly parallels the incident that occurred Saturday night at a rally in Butler, Pennsylvania. "Then I saw an attempt on his life. This bullet flew by his ear, and it came so close to his head that it busted his eardrum," Biggs says in the video. At this time, Trump's injury has been described as piercing the upper part of his right ear, though there's been no mention of damage to his eardrum.

